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# *Holidays in Home Counties*

Edward Walford

KD 41520

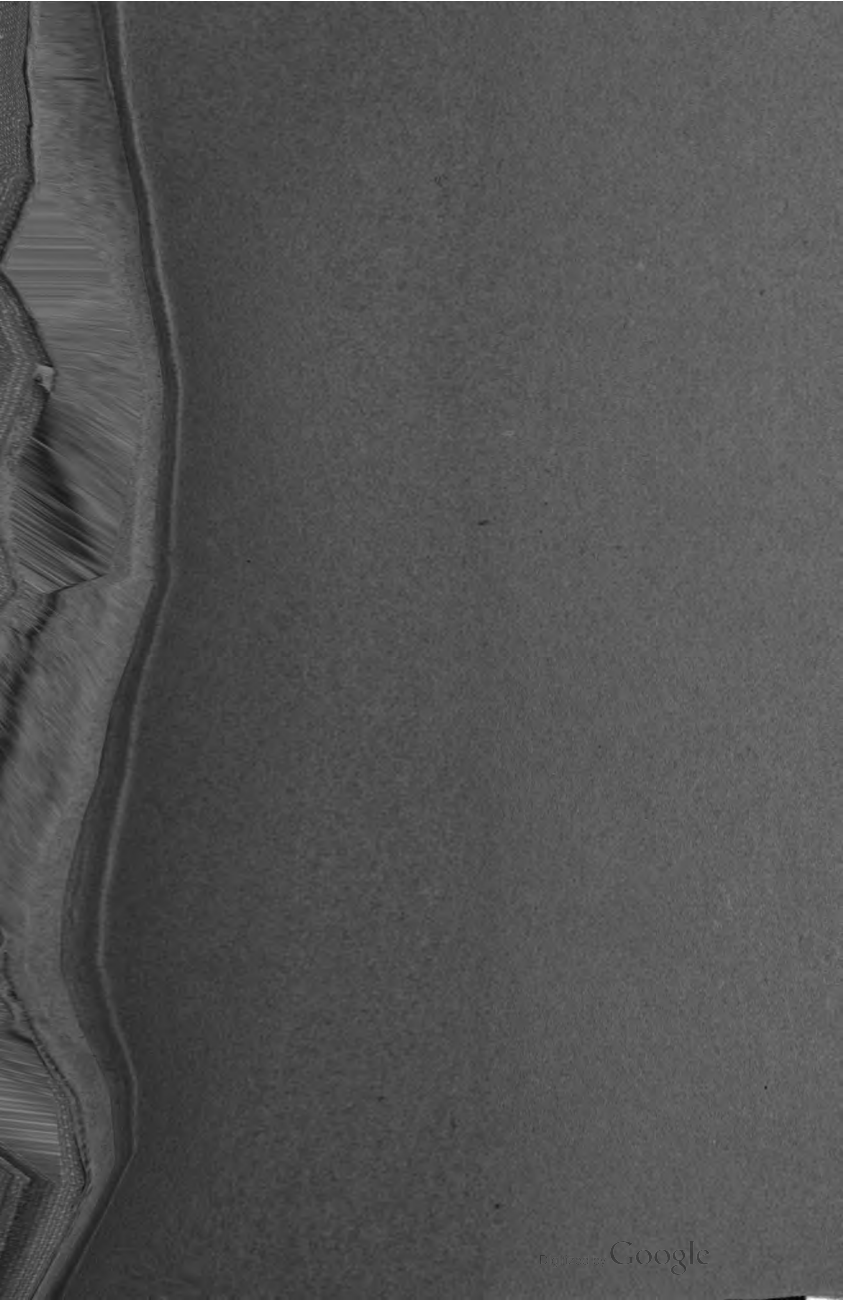
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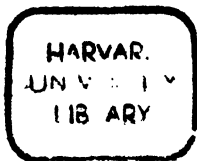
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# HOLIDAYS

IN

## HOME COUNTIES.

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### *A PILGRIMAGE TO THE BIRTHPLACE OF NELSON.*

NOT long since, as I happened to be attending a Congress of Archæologists at Norwich, I received from an old friend a pressing invitation to come over and spend a few days in his hospitable home. He added, by way of temptation: "Here I am, not far from either Walsingham or Burnham Thorpe; so if you like to take me on your way back to London, you may make a pious pilgrimage to 'Our Lady of Walsingham,' or else a secular one to the birthplace of Horatio Nelson." It is needless to say that I accepted his challenge, and performed at all events the second pilgrimage; with what results shall be told in the following paper.

Some twenty miles to the north-east of King's Lynn, not far from Holkham, the magnificent seat of



the Cokes, is a large district some six miles by four in extent, known far and wide as the "Seven Burnhams." It is a fine agricultural neighbourhood; and its yeomen farmers, I fancy, will bear comparison with those of any other locality in East Anglia.

The whole district for miles around, long since cut up into several parishes, was collectively called Burnham, perhaps from the "Burn" or brook which ran through them, and gave its name to its lords in the Saxon times, members of a knightly family called Burnham. When gradually the various manors and lordships passed into different hands, and churches were built for the population which grew up around them, seven parishes were formed, each bearing a distinctive name, as Burnham Sutton, Burnham Norton, Burnham Overy (*i.e.* over the water), Burnham Deepdale, Burnham Westgate, and Burnham Ulph. The south-eastern district became known as Burnham "Thorpe," that being the Saxon name for a village. Under our Saxon kings much of the land was in the hands of the Carmelites and members of other religious houses which abounded here; and, in fact, even to this day there are few districts in the Eastern Counties on which the Mediæval Church has left its mark so plainly as the "Seven Burnhams." Of the rest, a large share passed at the Norman Conquest into the hands of those powerful Earls, the Bigods of Norfolk, and the Earls of Warrenne and Surrey, from whom it descended to the Calthorpes,

and from them again to the Parkers and Lombards, and from the latter family it came by marriage to the Walpoles, Lords Orford, who still possess many of its manors and much of its patronage.

Of Burnham Thorpe more especially we are told by Blomefield, in his 'History of Norfolk,' that at the Conquest it was held by a great Saxon thane, named Toke, who was deprived of it by William. The township was then conferred on William, Earl Warrenne. Walter, who held it under the Earl, at the time of the Domesday survey, was the ancestor of the Burnhams, who, somehow or other, seem to have come gradually to be lords in the place of the Earl, who probably found that he had more and better "fish to fry" in Surrey and in the neighbourhood of Norwich, and so let slip his hold on this remote and perhaps profitless possession. Blomefield tells us that, William de Burnham dying without issue in the reign of Henry III., the manor of Burnham Thorpe came to Sir William de Calthorp, who had married his sister and heiress. Sir William and his wife Cicely appear to have been good friends to the people of Burnham, for they obtained a charter for a fair there to be held on the feast of St. Peter ad Vincula, and also a weekly market on Saturdays; the latter, however, has been discontinued for many years, though the place is still known as Burnham Market. The property remained in the Calthorpe family till Elizabeth, sister and heir of one Philip Calthorpe,

brought it in marriage to Sir Henry Parker, of Erwarton, in Suffolk; and the Parkers appear to have presented to the church until the reign of Queen Anne, when it passed to the Lombards, one of whom, Peter Lombard—*not* the author of the 'Sentences'—lies buried in the chancel of Burnham Thorpe Church.

Burnham Thorpe, or, as it is called by the natives, "Thorpe"—for the Burnhams are to them a little world—is a long, straggling village with two streets running parallel to each other, and intersected by other lanes at right angles. It contains one or two good substantial farms, with "Granges," that have seen more than three centuries, such excellent brick-work and tiling do they exhibit. The cottages are neat and plain, and each has a little strip of garden ground before it or else in the rear. And the village is cut nearly into two equal parts by a brook of clear water, in which I should have expected that Izaak Walton might have found good sport. Its rapid and darting stream half-provokes me to rush into the domain of poetry, and to style it "arrowy."

At the west end of the village is the church, which lies away from the road in the midst of green meadows and cornfields, fringed with a row of the largest and finest willows that I ever saw, marking the course of the brook on its way to the oyster beds at Burnham Overie. At the further or eastern end of the street,

nearly a mile distant, is the rectory, of which I had so often heard and read as having been the birthplace of our great naval hero. I pressed on to see it before the daylight was gone.

Sloping grounds, of a park-like kind, though small, lead up to a modern mansion, flanked in the rear by a grove of beech-trees, at the top of which is a small artificial mound, with a summer-house and seat, called the "Mount," which commands a pleasant view across the Burnhams. The church tower rises in the centre, out of trees under which Nelson must often have walked and played as a boy ; and the sea is to be seen in the offing, at three or four miles' distance. It was probably here that the boy Horatio used to sit and muse upon the element with which he had already made friends, and on which he was destined hereafter to build his fame.

Most of the trees in the rectory grounds are of more recent date than the boyhood of Nelson ; one umbrageous Spanish chestnut looks as if he must have played under its shade ; but it appears that it was planted by his father's successor in the living, only a year or two before Nelson was laid in his grave in St. Paul's. There are still, however, in these grounds some silvery beeches, which doubtless were flourishing trees in Nelson's time ; and the road to the church is fringed on either side by oaks and elms, which were already old trees in his infancy. The same is the case with the may and hawthorns which

grow on the left-hand of the grass pathway which leads from the village street to the church.

The little brook which runs past the rectory, accompanying the road for some two hundred yards in its course, is full to the brim in a rainy season, and flows so deliciously clear and bright that one can easily fancy that it produces delicious trout. These, however, are rarely found now, because in hot summers the water is nearly dried up. Large numbers of eels, however, are still caught in it by "spearing."

Its course towards the sea, which must often have been followed by the adventurous boy Horatio, lies through pleasant meadows, intersecting the village, and passing near the parish church. Thence it runs to Burnham Overie, where it turns a mill; and then it finds its way through the sand-hills into the sea, which hereabouts is famous for its oysters, as stated above. All along its course is marked by alders and willows, whose gnarled and knotted trunks would form a study for the artist's pencil.

The kingfisher still darts up and down this burn, whilst woodpigeons "coo" among the trees on each side of it; and a golden eagle was lately shot whilst hovering over one of its bends. From Thorpe the road still leads to Holkham, Wells, and Binham, just as it did a century or more ago, when Horatio and his brother William rode along it to rejoin their school at North Walsham, in the deep snow at the end of their

Christmas-tide holidays, as told by Southey in his 'Life of Nelson.'

But of all the parts of this quiet rural scene, after all, the rivulet is least changed by the hand of time :—

“ For men may come and men may go,  
But I flow on for ever.”

At the bottom of the rectory garden, facing the road between Thorpe and Creake, is another fanciful memorial of Nelson—a pond artificially formed as the facsimile representation of the deck of the *Victory*. The curved line of one end and the sharp angle at the other represent the stern and the bows of the gallant ship as she would be seen from above. The pond is now overgrown with weeds and water plants, so that its sharply-defined outline is rapidly disappearing. So true are the words of Shakespeare that men's good deeds are too often “writ in water.”

All individual traits of the great naval hero seem to have passed away in the village, though the chief inn commemorates him in the sign of the “Nelson's Head,” and is likely to continue to do so for a few more decades, as I noticed it was kept by “Thomas Parr.” The portrait which swings on the signboard is not a very flattering one nor of any great value as a work of art. Some of the cottagers, however, have prints of Nelson on their walls, more or less excellent. I noticed a good copy of an engraving of Nelson, by Cousins, in the sitting-room of the parish clerk.

Thorpe church, in spite of having been denuded

of its southern aisle, is still a handsome specimen of a partly decorated and partly perpendicular structure, quite of the Norfolk type, externally cased with flint and stone dressings, and having a clerestory and large windows. It is not richly decorated, but plain and simple throughout; there is a fine north porch, surmounted by a cross, and the east window is of good proportions. On either side of it is a niche, each once bearing the figure of a saint; but these are gone. Beneath it is a small pointed arcade, in stone; and at the east end of the churchyard lies a fine stone coffin-lid, which deserves to be placed within the church in order to preserve the fast-perishing sculpture which once adorned it.

In the church are monuments to several members of the Nelson family. The pulpit and reading-desk are modern and poor, the work of a village carpenter and of a village designer as well. But they are those which stood here when Horatio Nelson came back from sea to visit his parents; at all events, the pulpit was erected when he was quite a young man.

In the chancel are monuments to members of the Cornwallis and Lombard families; and on the north wall a tablet records the death in 1802 of the Rev. Edmund Nelson, "Rector of this parish, and father of Horatio Lord Nelson." Of his illustrious son there is no record here, save only in the parish register. This alone is visible to a stranger's eye

The church contains a fine though imperfect brass

to the memory of Sir William Calthorp, who died in 1420. It is fully described by Cotman. There is still a fillet of brass by his side, with the legend,

Quisquis eris qui transieris, sta, perlege, plora.

In Blomefield's time the other fillet was also *in situ*; on it was the line, rhyming with the above,

Sum quod eris, fueramque quod es; pro me, precor, ora.

Under the shields of the knight and his good lady, his second wife, Sibylla, daughter and heir of Sir Edmund de St. Omer, were other labels inscribed with "Pensez de Fyner."

Blomefield tells us, in his 'History of Norfolk,' that in the reign of Edward I. there was in Burnham Thorpe another church, dedicated to St. Peter, but at that time consolidated with Burnham All Saints', and given along with it to the prior and monks of Lewes. No traces of the church, however, exist; and even its site is unknown.

I searched the parish register, of course, for the entry of Nelson's baptism, which I felt sure would be found there. It has doubtless been sought by other curious eyes besides my own. It stands at the top of one of the pages, thus:—

BAPTISMS. 1758.

Horatio, son of Edmund and Catharine Nelson, born Sept. 29; baptized Oct. 9, privately; pub[licly received into the Church] Nov. 15.

The entry is in the handwriting of the Rev. Edmund Nelson, the father, who continued to hold



the living till his death. In the margin, Horatio's next brother, William, subsequently curate of the parish, and eventually the second Lord and first Earl Nelson, has added a marginal note to the effect that this same Horatio was "invested with the ensigns of the most Honourable Order of the Bath at St. James's, September 27, 1797;" and in another handwriting, probably that of Thomas Bolton, the third Lord Nelson, is added: "made Rear-Admiral of the Blue 1797, and created Lord Nelson of the Nile and of Burnham Thorpe October 6, 1798. *Cætera enarret fama.*"

There is in the register an entry to the effect that the pulpit was put up in 1783 by Nelson's father; the oak, he tells us, grew in the parish, and was given by Lord Walpole, the rector paying the other expenses. The pulpit, reading-desk, and clerk's desk form together what is called a "three-decker," or still more irreverently a "dickery, dickery, dock."

On the supposition that Lord Nelson was baptized at the font, the following lines were placed on it when it stood in the rectory garden, before it was sold to a neighbouring maltster:—

"How Nelson fought, let Nile, Trafalgar, tell,  
And grateful England how her hero fell.  
These native grounds his early footsteps trod,  
This font first gave Horatio to his God."

But in all probability the genuine ancient font is that at which Horatio Nelson was "publicly received

into the Church," and still stands near its western entrance.

It is worthy of note that another Horatio Nelson, midshipman of H.M.S. *Endymion*, born at Burnham Thorpe in 1793, died at Fahan House, near Londonderry, November 17, 1811, in the 18th year of his age. He was doubtless a son of a brother of the worthy rector, and a cousin of the Admiral.

In another volume I found the following entry:—

BURIALS. 1802.

The Reverend Edmund Nelson, A.M., Rector of this parish 46 years, died April 26, and was buried May 11, 1802, aged 79 years. He was Father to the Right Honourable Horatio, first Viscount Nelson of the Nile, Baron Nelson of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, and was next heir to the Barony of Hilborough aforesaid, on whom, and his heirs male, it was entailed in the year 1801.

The above is in the handwriting of William, the Admiral's next brother, the same who on Horatio's death was created Earl Nelson, and lived and died a canon of Canterbury Cathedral.

But very few stories and traditions about Nelson are current in the village. One, however, which I learned on the spot, may as well be recorded here. One Whit Monday, when Nelson was a captain, and the parishioners were "beating the bounds," according to custom, he resolved to accompany them; and when he came to the brook in the fields near Burnham Overy, it was necessary to cross it. On this, one of the labourers took the hero up on his shoulders, and carried him across, saying that he

would not allow him to get wet. A bystander, quite a boy, named Heigh, and a native of Burnham, then asked Nelson to take him along with him to sea, saying that he was ready to go wherever the captain would take him. "No, no, my young Valiant, you're not old enough yet," was Nelson's reply; and the boy, when he grew to be a man, was always called "Valiant Heigh," and remained so at Burnham to the end of his days.

This story may be "capped" by another, which is usually told as a sort of "rider" to it. No sooner was Lord Nelson safely deposited on *terra firma* across the brook, than his bearer asked him, "Now, haven't I done the right thing, sir?" "No," replied Nelson; "you should have dropped me into the brook, and then everybody present would have remembered the occurrence; as it is, your act will soon be forgotten."

I may add that as lately as last July (1879) there died at Docking, between this place and Lynn, at the age of a hundred and one, an old woman who remembered Nelson when on a visit to his father at Burnham Thorpe.

In a shed attached to a farmhouse in the village there has lain for twenty years, and still lies, a relic of Nelson—namely, one of the timbers of the old ship *Victory*. It is about eight feet long, and was presented by Lord Clarence Paget, Admiral Seymour, and other officials of the Portsmouth Dockyard, to the

parish of Burnham Thorpe, in order that it might be made into a lectern for the church ; and it was sent for that purpose to the late Hon. F. Walpole, M.P. He died, however, without carrying his intention into effect ; and it is to be hoped that the present year, or the next, will see the design carried out. A better memorial of Nelson than a lectern made out of the timbers of the *Victory* could scarcely be desired.

*A SUMMER DAY AT CHISWICK.*

A PLEASANT village is Chiswick ; though it does not stand on the breezy heights which add such a charm to Hampstead, Highgate, and Richmond, yet it looks upon the silvery Thames ; and, though the Chiswick *fêtes* have passed away, the place has old associations and literary recollections not inferior to those of any village within a dozen miles of this great metropolis. Let us, then, "gentle reader," spend a few hours together in reconnoitring the ground which is redolent of one at least of the greatest geniuses which the last century produced—I mean, of course, William Hogarth.

It is almost needless to add that Chiswick lies between Hammersmith and Brentford, and that it includes in its limits Turnham Green, so famous in Cromwell's reign as the scene of "the battle of the apprentices." Chiswick is not found by name in Domesday Book ; but it is mentioned in various records of the reign of Henry III. by the name of

"Chesewiche." The Roman road from Regnum, or Ringwood,<sup>1</sup> according to Stukeley, passed across Turnham Green; but though Roman silver coins were dug up here in 1731, it is impossible to identify the exact course of the ancient road with any certainty. There is but very little mention of Chiswick before the 17th century, and almost the first important event connected with the place that is mentioned by Lysons<sup>2</sup> is the fact of the Earl of Essex having assembled his forces there, being joined by the City train-bands, after the battle of Brentford, and Sir W. Waller having mustered his forces there in Sept. 1643, when he was ordered to go to the relief of the Lord General's army, after the battle of Newbury. The village contains two manors, both of which originally belonged to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, who still hold the patronage of the living.

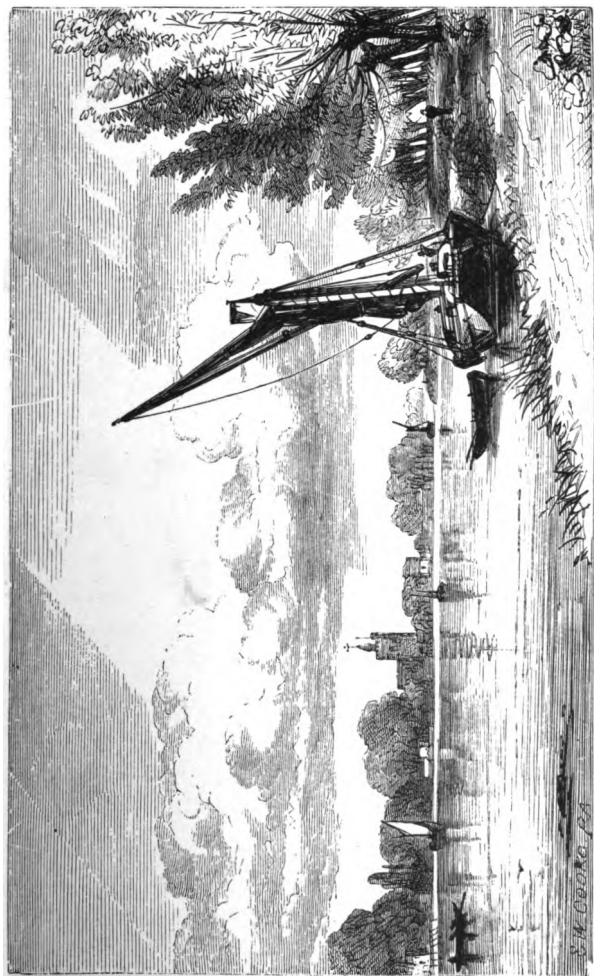
The parish church of Chiswick, which is shown in our engraving, stands near the water-side. It is dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of the fisherman. The present structure, though adorned with a handsome tower, is disfigured by a fair share of the deformities of the architecture of the 18th century, and in other respects is quite in harmony with its sister edifices which grace—or disgrace—the valley of the Thames between London and Windsor.

<sup>1</sup> Some writers identify Regnum not with Ringwood, but with Chichester.

<sup>2</sup> 'Environs of London,' vol. ii. p. 186.

Somer

It consisted originally of only a nave and chancel, and was built about the beginning of the 15th century, at which time the tower was erected at the charge and cost of William Bordal, vicar of the parish, who died in 1435. The tower is built of stone and flint, as was originally the north wall of the church. Some aisles or transepts of brick, in the hideous style of the Georgian era, jut out upon either side, one of them bearing the ominous date of 1772, and the other of 1817. These excrescences were first erected in the shape of transepts; but as the population increased, and more space was needed by the parishioners, they were extended westward, and so far as they can be described at all, ought, perhaps, to be termed aisles by courtesy. The inside of the nave is a most barn-like structure; and a modern roof, which not many years ago replaced the original handsome open timber-roof of the pre-Reformation era, is heavy and cumbrous to a degree. Besides the tower, the chancel-arch is the only original feature now retained inside, the chancel itself being encased in thick solid plaster both within and without, so as to conceal every portion of the stone and its mouldings. A handsome modern window of painted glass on the southern side of the chancel gives a faint idea of what the chancel must have appeared a little more than four centuries ago. This window has been recently erected to the memory of the Rev. Cornelius Neale, sometime Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Senior Wrangler of



E. W. COOKE, R.A.]

CHISWICK.





his year, the father of the Church historian and poet, the Rev. J. M. Neale.

Taking a general view of the interior of the church, it may be said that, with the single exception of Bath Abbey, we never saw a sacred edifice whose walls are more hideously disfigured with "pedimental blotches," in the shape of marble mural monuments. These are of every date, from the fine classical sculpture in the chancel, which commemorates one of the Chaloners of Elizabeth's reign in the boldest possible relief, and the more modest and retiring tablet which, adorned with a pile of Bibles on either side, records the virtues of the wife of Dr. Walker, a Puritan minister during the Commonwealth, who signalized his incumbency by the first enlargement of the church, and by substituting the "Directory" for the Prayer-book,—down to the present century. Among them are monuments to such a cloud of peers and peeresses and honourables, as ought to gladden the heart of "Garter" or "Ulster" himself. There is one to a Duchess of Somerset, another to one of the Burlingtons, three or four to the relatives of Sir Robert Walpole, all titled individuals. Sir Thomas Chaloner, who is here commemorated, was a chemist of great ability, and is said to have made a large fortune by the discovery of alum mines on his property near Yorkshire, having brought from Italy a knowledge of the method of its preparation. Another monument, very handsome of its kind, is to one of nature's gentlemen, Thomas Bentley, the able and

public-spirited partner of Josiah Wedgwood, who resided in the parish, and whose virtues it commemorates. Garrick erected the monument in the chancel to his friend Holland, the actor, who died at Chiswick House ; and he also wrote the inscription. Holland was the son of a baker at Chiswick, and was encouraged by Garrick to follow his bent for the stage. He made his first appearance in 1754 at Drury Lane Theatre, and was cut off by the small-pox at the age of thirty-five. The following is the inscription on the tablet to his memory :—" If talents to make entertainment instructive, to support the credit of the stage by just and manly action, if to adorn society by virtues which would honour any rank and profession, deserve remembrance, let him with whom these talents were long exerted, to whom these virtues were well known, and by whom the loss of them will be long lamented, bear testimony to the worth and abilities of his departed friend, Charles Holland, who was born March 12, 1733 ; died Dec. 7, 1769, and was buried near this place. D. GARRICK."

Among the other parishioners buried in the church are several members of an old Berkshire family, the Barkers, whose name is still kept in memory by "Barker's Rails," opposite Mortlake, a place well known to all oarsmen as practically the test-point of the University boat-races.

The tower contains a peal of five bells. The curfew was rung every evening at Chiswick as lately as

twenty years ago, when it was discontinued through the parsimony of the parishioners. The vestrymen of Chiswick appear to have shown either extreme precaution, or else extremely aristocratic tendencies ; for in 1817 (as we are told by a tablet on the wall of the church) they passed a resolution that henceforth no corpse should be interred in the vaults beneath the church, unless buried in lead.

Chiswick churchyard holds the ashes of more than a fair sprinkling of those whose names have been inscribed on the roll of the Muses, or have achieved or inherited names illustrious in history. Among those who sleep here their last sleep are many whose names have become historic : the third daughter of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, Mary, Countess of Fauconberg. She was married at Hampton Court in 1657, and resided at Sutton Court. "In person," says Noble in his '*Memoirs of the Cromwells*,' "she is said to have been handsome, and yet to have resembled her father. In the decline of her life she grew sickly and pale, and after seeing all the hopes of her family cut off by her father's death, she is said to have exerted such influence as she possessed for the restoration of Monarchy. She bore the character of a pious and virtuous woman, and constantly attended divine service in Chiswick church to the day of her death." Then there are Lord Macartney, our Ambassador to China ; and Ugo Foscolo, the Italian patriot. The tomb of the latter, restored and surmounted by

a fine block of Cornish granite in 1861, at the expense of Mr. Gurney, was visited by Garibaldi during his stay in England, who made a pilgrimage to it in company with M. Panizzi, at an hour when few of the good people of Chiswick were out of their beds.<sup>1</sup> Miles Corbet, the regicide, who died in 1728, aged 82; and Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, fairest and gayest of the fair but frail beauties of the Court of the second Charles. This Barbara Villiers was the daughter of William, Viscount Grandison, and wife of Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemaine, one of the Palmers of Wingham, Kent, and Dorney Court, Bucks. Here lie, too, Dr. Duck, an eminent civilian; de Louthenberg, the magnetiser and artist; and William Rose, LL.D., critic and journalist, the translator of 'Sallust,' and a constant writer in the 'Monthly Review.' Kent, the second-rate painter, moderate architect, but admirable landscape gardener, lies buried in the vault of the Cavendishes. He was the father of modern gardening; the Paxton of the last century. Horace Walpole says of him, "As a painter, he was below mediocrity; as an architect he was the restorer of the science; as a gardener he was thoroughly original, and the inventor of an art which realizes painting and improves nature. Mahomet imagined an elysium, but Kent created many." He frequently declared that he caught his taste for landscape gardening from reading the pictur-

<sup>1</sup> In 1871 Foscolo's remains were disinterred and conveyed to Italy.

esque descriptions of the poet Spenser. Mason, who notices his mediocrity as a painter, pays the following tribute to his excellence in the decoration of rural scenery :—

“He felt  
The pencil’s power ; but fired by higher forms  
Of beauty than that poet knew to paint,  
Worked with the living hues that Nature lent,  
And realized his landscape. Generous he  
Who gave to Painting what the wayward nymph  
Refused her votary, those Elysian scenes  
Which would she emulate, her nicest hand  
Must all its force of light and shade employ.”

Here, too, lie buried Sharp, the well-known and worthy engraver ; Judith, Lady Thornhill, the widow of Sir James Thornhill, the painter of the ceilings of Blenheim and Greenwich, and of the dome of St. Paul’s ; her daughter, married to the immortal Hogarth ; a sister of Hogarth—and last, not least, the great caricaturist himself, William Hogarth, to whose memory a large and conspicuous monument stands erected in the churchyard, on the south side of the church, surmounted with a brazen flame like the Monument of London. For it David Garrick, no less great than his friend, wrote the following inscription, which, though often quoted, will bear repeating here :—

“Farewell ! great painter of mankind,  
Who reached the noblest point of art ;  
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,  
And through the eye correct the heart.

“ If genius fire thee, reader, stay ;  
If nature move thee, drop a tear ;  
If neither touch thee, turn away,  
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here.”

The monument is adorned also with a mask, a laurel wreath, a palette, pencils, and a book inscribed ‘The Analysis of Beauty.’

Dr. C. Mackay, in his interesting volume entitled ‘The Thames and its Tributaries,’ criticizes this inscription rather severely, remarking that “the object of an epitaph is merely to inform the reader of the great or the good man who rests below,” and that consequently “there is no necessity for the word of leave-taking.” He adds, however, that “The thought in the last stanza is much better ; and, were it not for the unreasonable request that we should weep over the spot, would be perfect in its way. Men cannot weep that their predecessors have lived. We may sigh that neither virtue nor genius can escape the common lot of humanity, but no more ; we cannot weep. Admiration claims no such homage ; and, if it did, we could not pay it.”

Cary, the translator of Dante, was resident at Chiswick, in the house that was formerly Hogarth's, and lies buried in the churchyard, close under the south wall of the chancel. His monument was recently rescued from oblivion, and restored by the present vicar, who has carefully enclosed it with iron railings.

It appears from the parish books also, that Joe Miller, of facetious memory, and who was a comic

actor of considerable merit, was for many years an inhabitant of Strand on the Green, in this parish, where he died at his own house, according to the Craftsman, August 19, 1738. Near him sleeps James Ralph, well known as a political writer, and a friend of Franklin. He published some poems ridiculed by Pope in the 'Dunciad :'

" Silence, ye wolves ! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,  
Making night hideous ; answer him, ye owls."

If his poems were not good, at all events his political tracts showed great ability, and he was in high favour with Frederick, Prince of Wales.

On the outside of the wall of the churchyard, on the north-east, facing the street, is the following curious inscription, which is of interest as showing the sacredness of consecrated ground two centuries ago. It takes much the same view as that expressed at such length by Sir Henry Spelman in his book, '*De non temerandis ecclesiis* : '—"This wall was made at the charges of ye right honourable and truelie pious Lorde Francis Russel, Earle of Bedford, out of true zeal and care for y<sup>e</sup> keeping of this church yard and ye wardrobe of God's saints, whose bodies lay (*sic*) therein buried, from violating by swine and other profanation. So witnesseth William Walker, V. A.D. 1623."

It is noteworthy that, in the church and churchyard, lie buried a considerable number of Roman Catholics, including many members of old English



and Irish families, some of the Towneleys of Towneley, who owned a house in the village on the site of the former residence of the Earl of Bedford; and a Mr. Chideock Wardour, to whom there is a fine monument in the chancel.

The registers of Chiswick date from only 1680; the parish books go as far back as the year 1625. The latter contain, *inter alia*, an account of the great plague and of the sanitary measures adopted by the parish. Among other curious precautions it should be mentioned that a resolution was passed by the parish, that all loose and stray dogs and cats are to be killed for fear of conveying the infection, and that the poor bedesmen are to nurse the patients ill with the plague. The books during the next half-century contain several curious entries of rewards paid to the beadle for driving away out of the parish sundry poor women, who came into its aristocratic precincts in a condition which showed that they were likely to add to the population, and so entail a charge on the parishioners. To account for the disappearance of all earlier registers, it is said, but upon what authority we know not, that the Protector quartered his troops in the church, and that on that occasion he and his soldiers tore up those documents to light the fires, or for other and viler purposes. We may be pardoned for adding that, although there is a tradition that Lady Fauconberg got possession of her father's body at the Restoration, and deposited it carefully here, and

although Miss Strickland, in one of her biographies, mentions a report that the real child of James II. died of "spotted fever," and was buried at Chiswick, no traces of any entry of such burials are to be found in the parish records, which I have carefully searched for the purpose.

A little further to the west, on the road towards Brentford, stands Chiswick House, one of the many



CHISWICK HOUSE.

seats of the Duke of Devonshire, almost hidden from our view by the tall cedars and other trees among which it stands embowered. "Procul, O procul, ite profani!" This house stands on classic ground: for did not Charles James Fox and George Canning pass many hours of their chequered lifetimes in elegant

retirement here, and did not they at last die, at an interval of some twenty years or so, within its hospitable walls?

Lady Chatterton says that when she visited Chiswick, she had pointed out to her by Samuel Rogers the room in which Fox had expired and the very place where his bed had stood. It is a small room on the ground floor. When she saw it again, at a fête, the room was used to serve refreshments. *Sic transit gloria.*

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' describes the room in which Canning died, as a small, low chamber upstairs, which had formerly been a nursery, and which he chose when he went there, sick and ill, on account of the duke having accidentally slept in it a few days before, and was, therefore, less likely than others to be damp and unaired. The room, he adds, commands no view whatever, but looks out on a gloomy back-yard, and nothing can be more cheerless than the paper on the walls or the furniture of the apartment.

The house was erected by the last Earl of Burlington in the reign of George II., from a design by Palladio; and it is a proof of the skill and taste of the noble architect, though its merits have been variously estimated. Its early history is given as follows in Faulkner's 'History of Chiswick':—"Of Chiswick House, Horace Walpole, whose judgment in the fine arts is well known, observes that it is 'a model of taste, though not without faults, some of

which are occasioned by too strict adherence to rules and symmetry. Such are too many corresponding doors in spaces so contracted, chimneys between windows, and what is worse, windows between chimneys, and vestibules, however beautiful, yet little secured from the damp of the climate. The trusses that support the ceiling of the corner drawing-room are beyond measure massive ; and the ground apartment is rather a diminutive catacomb than a library in a northern latitude. Yet these blemishes, and Lord Hervey's wit, who said the house was 'too small to inhabit and too large to hang to one's watch,' cannot depreciate the taste that reigns throughout the whole. The larger court dignified by picturesque cedars, and the classic *scenery* of the small court that unites the old and new house, are better worth seeing than many fragments of ancient grandeur which our travellers visit under all the dangers attendant on long voyages.

“‘The garden is in the Italian style, but divested of conceit, and far preferable to every style that reigned till our late improvements. The buildings are heavy, and not equal to the purity of the house. The lavish quantity of urns and sculptures behind the garden front should be retrenched.’

“The ascent to the house is by a double flight of steps, on one side of which is the statue of Palladio, on the other that of Inigo Jones. The portico is supported by six fine fluted columns, of the Corinthian order, with a very elegant pediment ; the cornice, frieze

and architraves being as rich as possible. The octagonal saloon, which finishes at top in a dome, through which it is lightened, is truly elegant. The inside of the structure is finished with the utmost elegance ; the ceilings and mouldings are richly gilt, upon a white ground, giving a chaste air to the whole interior. The principal rooms are embellished with books, splendidly bound, and so arranged as to appear not an encumbrance but ornament. The tops of the book-cases are covered with white marble, edged with gilt borders.

“The gardens are laid out in the first taste, the vistas terminated by a temple, obelisk, or some similar ornament, so as to produce the most agreeable effect. At the end opposite the house are two wolves by Scheemaker ; the other exhibits a large lioness and a goat. The view is terminated by three fine antique statues, dug up in Adrian’s garden at Rome, with stone seats between them. Along the ornamental waters we are led to an inclosure, where are a Roman temple and an obelisk ; and on its banks stands an exact model of the portico of St. Paul’s, Covent Garden, the work of Inigo Jones. The arched gate, formerly of Beaufort House at Chelsea, also the work of Inigo Jones, and the gift of Sir Hans Sloane to the Earl of Burlington, was removed here. The pleasure-grounds and park include about ninety acres, together with an orangery, conservatory, and range of forcing-houses, three hundred feet in length.

“ Horace Walpole, being a *connoisseur*, must needs find fault with something. He desires that the lavish quantity of urns and statues behind the garden front should be retrenched ; and this might be desirable if these urns and statues were not exquisite gems of art, and individually of great beauty and value, demanding a more undivided attention than would be given them if considered merely as ornamental appendages to the grounds. The bronze statues of the Gladiator, Hercules with his club, the Faun, are worthy a place in any gallery. Three colossal statues, removed hither from Rome, although mutilated, are very fine, as are also the profusion of minor marbles scattered throughout the grounds. Nothing can be more exquisite than the taste that presides over this Versailles in little. The lofty walls of clipped yew, inclosing alleys terminated by rustic temples ; the formal flower-garden, with walks converging towards a common centre, where a marble copy of the Medicean Venus woos you from the summit of a graceful Doric column ; the labyrinthic involution of the walks, artfully avoiding the limits of the demesne, and deceiving you as to its real extent ; the artificial water with its light and elegant bridge, gaily painted barges, and wild-fowl preening themselves upon its glassy surface ; the magnificent cedars feathered to the ground, kissing with pendent boughs their mother earth ; the temples and obelisks, happily situate on the banks of the river or embowered in wildernesses

of wood ; the breaks of landscapes, where no object is admitted but such as the eye delights to dwell upon ; the moving panorama of the Thames, removed to that happy distance where the objects on its surface glide along like shadows ; the absolute seclusion of the scene, almost within the hum of a great city, make this seat of the Duke of Devonshire a little earthly paradise. The house, notwithstanding Lord Hervey's sarcasm, is a perfect gem, and a worthy monument of the genius and taste of the noble architect. Nowhere in the vicinity of London have wealth and judgment been so happily united ; nowhere in the neighbourhood of the metropolis have we so complete an example of the capabilities of the Italian or classic style of landscape gardening."

The arched gateway, mentioned above, was originally erected at Chelsea on the premises which once belonged to the great Sir Thomas More, but which afterwards were known as Beaufort House, being occupied by the head of that family. After having stood empty for several years the house was purchased and pulled down by Sir Hans Sloane, about the year 1738. The removal of this gate occasioned the following lines by Pope :—

PASSENGER.	O Gate, how cam'st thou here ?
GATE.	I was brought from Chelsea last year,
	Batter'd with wind and weather,
	Inigo Jones put me together ;
	Sir Hans Sloane
	Let me alone,
	Burlington brought me hither.

Dr. Waagen, who visited Chiswick House for the purpose of art criticism, reports, in 'Art and Artists in England,' that "among the pictures are many good, and many even excellent, but that unfortunately they are partly in a bad condition, either from wanting cleaning, or from dryness. Several pictures too," he adds, "are hung in an unfavourable light, so that no decided opinion can be formed of them."

Among the pictures are several of Vandyk, Gasper Poussin, Paul Veronese, Titian, Tintoretto, C. Maratti, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Cornelius Jansens, Holbein, &c., and one very exquisite miniature portrait of Edward VI. after Holbein, by Peter Oliver, son of Isaac Oliver, one of the favourite painters of Charles I. Perhaps the finest of all the paintings is one of Charles I. and his children, by Vandyk, as to which it is uncertain whether it is a duplicate or the original of the picture in Her Majesty's collection at Windsor. Another celebrated picture is by J. Van Eyck, which Horace Walpole mentions in his book on painting in England, the Virgin and Child attended by angels, as represented in the figures which it contains—namely, several members of Lord Clifford's family (from whom the Earl of Burlington was maternally descended), though the statement was controverted at considerable length by an eminent antiquary and genealogist in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' in 1840.

Among the other articles of *vertu* in Chiswick House is a splendid present from the late Emperor

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of Russia to the late Duke of Devonshire, a magnificent clock in a case of malachite, surmounted with a representation of the Emperor, Peter the Great, in a storm, who is standing in a boat with his hand upon the helm, in a firm and defiant attitude. The boat itself, which is about a foot long, is of bronze.

In 1814 the Emperor Alexander of Russia and the other allied Sovereigns visited the Duke of Devonshire here. In June, 1842, Her Majesty and the late Prince Consort visited his Grace here, and on June 8, 1844, the Duke gave here a magnificent entertainment to the Emperor (Nicholas) of Russia, the King of Saxony, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and about 700 of the nobility.

In the ninth year of Edward IV., one Baldwin Bray, whose ancestors were settled here for many generations, conveyed the lease of the manor of Sutton within Cheswyke to Thomas Coveton and others; and during the civil war this manor was sequestered to the lord mayor and aldermen of London. In 1676 the lease came into the hands of Thomas, Earl of Fauconberg, whose son's great nephew, Thomas Fowler, Viscount Fauconberg, assigned it about the year 1727 to Richard, Earl of Burlington. After the Earl's death, the lease was renewed to the Duke of Devonshire, who married his daughter and sole heir. The other, or prebendal, manor, is still in the hands of the Weatherstone family.

The Duke's villa stands near the site of an old house, which, it is said, was built by Sir Edward Warden, or Wardour, but which was pulled down in 1788, and by Kip's print of it seems to have been of the date of James I. Towards the latter end of that king's reign, it certainly was the property and residence of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, whose abandoned Countess died there in misery and disgrace. The earl, who was a partaker in her crimes, survived her many years, but was never able to retrieve his broken fortunes and dishonoured name. On the marriage of his daughter, Lady Ann, with Lord Russell, he was obliged to mortgage his house at Chiswick to make up the marriage portion which the Earl of Bedford demanded with his wife, and the mortgage never being paid off, the estate passed away into other hands, from whom again it passed through several changes into the possession of Boyle, Earl of Burlington, already mentioned.

Faulkner, in his '*History of Chiswick*,' mentions it as a curious fact, "that, though the estate was sold by the beautiful Lady Ann Carr's father, to enable her to marry, it was not lost to her descendants; for Rachel, the daughter of Lord Russell who was beheaded, and his celebrated wife, married the second Duke of Devonshire, so that the present duke is descended from that lovely girl, and is a possessor of the place where her youth was spent—the home of her ancestors."

The Russell family had in this parish a seat where, in 1602, Queen Elizabeth paid a visit to its then owner, William, Lord Russell ; and that his son Francis, first Earl of Bedford, lived here, and took an interest in the concerns of the parish, is plain from the inscription on the churchyard wall already mentioned.

A few hundred yards north-west of the Church, in a lane leading towards one entrance to the grounds of the Duke of Devonshire's villa, still stands the little red-bricked house which was once occupied by Hogarth, and still bears his name. The house is very narrow from front to back ; one end of it abuts on the road ; but the front of it, which apparently is in much the same condition now as when Hogarth lived, looks into a closed and high-walled garden of about an acre, in which a prominent object is a fine mulberry tree planted by the painter's own hand. At the bottom of the garden stood till recently the workshop in which he used to ply his art, secluded and alone. Hard by against the wall were formerly memorials in stone to his favourite dog and cat, engraved, it is said, by his own hand, although this is manifestly impossible in one case, at least, as the dates did not correspond. They were as follows :—

LIFE TO THE LAST ENJOYED, HERE POMPEY  
LIES. 1759. ALAS ! POOR DICK. 1769.

There was also once a similar memorial to a favourite bird of Hogarth's. The two leaden urns

which adorn the entrance to the house were the gift of David Garrick to his friend.

Passing on a few steps further, we come to a plain house, externally more modern, occupied by a private gentleman, in whose garden stands Hogarth's portable sun-dial, duly authenticated. The same gentleman owns Hogarth's chair, a stout, strong arm-chair made of cherrywood, and seated with leather. The latter is very much decayed, and one of the arms is a good deal worm-eaten, but the rest is sound and good. This chair, in which Hogarth used to sit and smoke his pipe, was given by the painter's widow to the grandfather of the present (1867) owner, who was a martyr to the gout. It moves very easily on primitive stone castors, three in number. To this same gentleman's grandfather it was that Mrs. Hogarth offered to sell a quantity of her late husband's pictures for 20*l.*; but the bargain was never concluded, and his paintings were eventually dispersed.

In Mawson's Row,—formerly called Mawson's Buildings,—a row of respectable-looking brick-built houses running at right angles from the river-side,—Alexander Pope and his father lived for some three or four years. They came hither from Binfield, the poet's birthplace, in 1716, and left Chiswick for Twickenham about 1719. The elder Pope died here in 1717, and was buried in the churchyard close by.

Dr. William Rose, of whom we have already made mention above, was a schoolmaster of some repute,

and lived in a moderate-sized house in Chiswick Lane.

Among Dr. Rose's visitors, it appears, were many, if not most, of the literati of the day. J. J. Rousseau took lodgings in Chiswick, during his brief stay in England, in order to be near him; and there is recorded in Faulkner's 'Chelsea' an anecdote of another visitor of very opposite principles, Dr. Samuel Johnson, who, as we learn from Boswell, often came to Chiswick. One day, being invited by his host to take a stroll as far as Kew Gardens, then in the possession, if not in the actual occupation, of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and subsequently of the Princess Dowager and family, he replied to Rose, "No, sir, I will never walk in the gardens of an usurper;" a tolerably convincing proof, if one be needed, of the great lexicographer's Jacobite partialities being still unabated at a time when the crushing defeat of Culloden was still rankling in the minds and memories of all the adherents of the exiled family. This anecdote, it may be added, was communicated to the late Mr. J. W. Croker, for insertion in his edition of 'Boswell's Johnson'; but suppressed by him from motives (as he thought, no doubt) of prudence and propriety.

Bentley, the partner of Josiah Wedgwood, whose monument in Chiswick Church we have already noticed, lived in a large and substantial mansion near Chiswick Lane, on the high road leading from

Turnham Green to Hammersmith. The bas-reliefs of which he speaks so often in his correspondence with Wedgwood, still grace the walls of the house, which (if we except a few additions) is much in the same state as when owned by Bentley.

There are many other interesting localities within the limits of the parish of Chiswick, but we have not room to describe them at length. The old Manor House, which was once inhabited by the lords of the Manor, and has all the imposing exterior of a French *château*, is now a private lunatic asylum. In the middle of the village is the Griffin Brewery, where, aided by the medicinal virtues of a spring of their own, Messrs. Fuller, Smith, & Turner produce ales in no way inferior to those of Bass and Allsopp.

Most readers are aware that Chiswick was the place where Whittingham, towards the close of last century, set up that printing press which turned out so many beautifully printed octavos and duodecimos; but they possibly may not be aware that the house in which Whittingham's press was set up, was originally the Pest House of Westminster School. What was then the school-room was more recently known as Chiswick Hall, and the gloomy old dormitories turned to far other purposes from those intended by the designer. The school was removed to Chiswick once or twice during Dr. Busby's days (about 1657) on account of the "hot and sickly season of the year." But there is no record of the house being so used since that

date, though to this day a piece of ground is reserved in the lease of the house as a play-place for the Westminster scholars. Lysons says that a few years ago the names of Lord Halifax and John Dryden, who were Busby's scholars, could be seen written on the walls of this interesting old house. Chiswick Hall was demolished about 1874, and its site is now covered by a row of dwelling-houses.

In 1235, according to Lysons, an agreement was made relating to the fish within the manor of Sutton in Chiswick between the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's and the Prior of Merton, who enjoyed a grant from the King of the fisheries of the River Thames for a certain district, which included the shores of Chiswick. By this agreement, the men of Sutton and Chiswick were permitted to place "forty weirs (burrochæ) for catching barbels and lamprons (*sic*) only;" for which permission they were obliged to pay 23s. per annum to the Prior of Merton.

Originally a little fishing village, Chiswick has now come to have a population of some 7000 souls, of whom the greater part are engaged in the market gardens, in which the district abounds, and which have long since superseded the rich dairy and pasture lands whence the parish is thought by some to have derived its name of Cheese-wick. It has not been improved by recent buildings between the villas on the river bank and Turnham Green.

*A DAY AT SELBORNE.*

I LOVE a pilgrimage as I do a pic-nic. No matter whether it be to the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham, or to the birthplace of the Bard of Avon,—to the magnificent ruins of Kenilworth, or the rich quaint Elizabethan structure of Bramhill,—whether to “visit sweet Melrose by the pale moonlight,” or the crowning keep of Dover Castle by day,—whether the goal be associated with religion or war, with revelry or love,—I enjoy to travel out of the beaten track, athwart black commons and through rutty and shady bye-lanes. Sometimes the object of my veneration combines both person and place, and then the memory of one of the world’s Worthies adds charms to a spot which merits a meed of admiration in itself.

Such was my conviction before visiting Selborne. That conviction has since been strongly confirmed. Whether we visit that sequestered village for the sake of recreation, or wishing to pay respect to the shade of Gilbert White, we are doubly gratified; for the locality which that eminent naturalist selected for his



abiding-place is eminently beautiful, and well repays a pilgrimage. Like a fair picture *encadred* in a graceful frame, the home of the Naturalist is set amidst exquisite scenery which stretches far and wide from his gravestone as from a centre.



SELBORNE CHURCH.

The village of Selborne lies in a somewhat secluded part of Hampshire, about equally distant from the towns of Alton, Petersfield, and Alresford ; but is easily approached by the South-Western Railway, either from Alton, or else from the little station of Liss, whence a pleasant walk of some five miles through shady lanes will bring you under the shadow of 'the Hanger,' with an excellent appetite for luncheon or dinner at the Queen's Arms, a country inn which can boast of good cheer, the best of eggs, milk, and butter, and a civil and honest host.

Of course I had read all about the natural beauties of the village. White himself is special on this topic, and his editors have thought it necessary to expatiate still more largely upon the physical virtues of the vicinity. But fortunately it does not lie within the compass of the pen to depict trees, and rising grounds and dells, and ravines, and gentle vales, so as to convey an adequate and just idea of a landscape. The brush of the painter is far better suited to this task; and by the aid of perspective and colouring, light and shade, he may present a picture which, if not altogether so true as a photograph, nevertheless enables a spectator to realise a large conception of the characteristics and the beauties of a particular view.

I was not, therefore, I confess, disappointed in my first impressions of Selborne. Notwithstanding the descriptions—the “word-paintings” as Carlyle would term them—which I had read, something fresh and unique broke upon my sight when, passing over the brow of the hill which slopes down to the Church on the road from Alton, I first came in sight of the quiet hamlet that sleeps so peacefully close at the foot of the beechen Hanger. Long before I had arrived so far, however, the Nore and Selborne hills—the two most conspicuous features in this landscape—had been visible, standing out in bold relief against the clear blue sky, and terminating a range of elevated down which stretches across the country in a south-

easterly direction. Almost in the centre of the place stands the house in which Gilbert White resided, and from which he issued forth to study the natural curiosities of Selborne. It is now the abode of another well-known naturalist, Mr. Thomas Bell. There is nothing striking about this quiet mansion, of which we give an illustration on the opposite page. It was doubtless large enough for White, and is therefore only remarkable as associated with his name. It has, however, I may state, undergone considerable changes since his death. Still there it is, and the visitor passes it by with a feeling of veneration and regret, thinking of him at whose unseen bidding he has directed his footsteps to this pleasant spot.

On the opposite side of the road, and close to the church, is the 'Playstow' or 'Plestor,' a spot on which used to be celebrated the sports of the village. According to White, here formerly stood a magnificent oak of immense age and girth, whose branches overshadowed its whole area. But this magnificent monarch of trees was blown down in a tremendous storm in the year 1702, and although many efforts were made to restore it to its original position, it never recovered the calamity. It is curious, however, to reflect on the life which this venerable spot has witnessed. How many generations of happy hearts have recreated on its green plateau! How young and old, rich and poor—in those days when rich and poor mingled more together than they do now, and the aged conde-

scended to join without scruple or reserve in the innocent pleasures of the young—the village sires and the village matrons, the village lads and the village lasses, joined together in the mazy dance, or the thousand merry holiday sports of the spring and summer season! Appropriately, too, was this spot placed; it adjoined the churchyard where

“The rude forefathers of the hamlet slept.”

There the tale and the moral of life were close by. If it were necessary to have a skeleton at one's feast, here it was at hand, and with equal force administered the lesson of the vanity and fleetingness of all human enjoyment.

Selborne, which I have been inclined to call a hamlet rather than a village, contains not many houses, and of these nine-tenths, at least, are humble cottages. It is very pretty to fancy that the eyes of the great naturalist and antiquary had been fixed upon those low white-washed walls and those thatched roofs; but only to a few enthusiasts would it appear desirable that the state of things which existed in Gilbert White's time should remain in ours. In fact, the case was very naively put by a fellow-pilgrim who accosted me in the court-yard of the only inn of which Selborne can boast.

“Sir,” said he, “’tis twenty years and more since I first read Gilbert White's ‘Natural History of Selborne,’ and ever since that time I have longed to pay a visit to this place. For thirty years I drove the

coach between Portsmouth and Guildford, and could never find an opportunity of gratifying my wish ; however, the railways have thrust that opportunity upon me, and three years ago I drove over from Alton with a friend for the first time. But, sir, it's distressing to see in what slovenly hovels the people of the place are hived ; I had expected better things."

Curiously enough, on going into the inn and turning over an album placed upon the table of the dining-room, for visitors to sign their names or write their opinions of the place in, I alighted upon the following gratuitous illustration of the moral aspects of the place. "If Nature taught men to look to Nature's God, those who dwell amid lovely scenery should be the most pious. To-day a rustic wedding is held at this house. The bridegroom, a native of charming Selborne, is already so tipsy he can scarcely stand (one o'clock P.M.) ; the brother is but a shade better, whilst the whole party are singing below uproariously, and certainly seem to have but little thought of Nature's God." Then follows a pithy sermon : "It is Grace, not Nature or external circumstances, which leads the sinner to the Saviour—C. L., October, 1859."

My first impulse in visiting a place is to discover the highest rising ground or tower, and from such eminence to take a survey and acquire some faint knowledge of the topography. There could be no hesitation what to do, therefore, at Selborne. No

sooner had I stabled my horse and seen him fed, than I made my way to the top of the Hanger, up the zigzag path. The view amply repaid the trouble of the ascent.



COTTAGE BELOW THE HANGER AT SELBORNE.

I may observe here that the word Hanger is descriptive of a steep hill covered with trees. It is common throughout Hampshire, and even gives a name to the mansions of private gentlemen—as, for example, Oakhanger, near Selborne, and Mosshanger, near Basingstoke. The effect of these Hangers, especially when planted with beech, is exceedingly

lovely ; for the tree, whether individually, in groups, or forming a large wood, is graceful in the extreme. Whether clothed with leaves or bare, whether in summer or winter, in spring or autumn, the soft mass presents by its form and hues a pleasing object in any landscape.

No wonder, then, that Selborne attracts so many visitors, when it can boast of so magnificent a hill overlooking its quiet retreat. From the brow of this Hanger an extensive view is obtained. There are the hills to the south-west of Alton, on the road to Basingstoke ; north-east are the magnificent Surrey Hills, stretching from Farnham to Guildford, of which the Hogsback is the most celebrated ; from east to south-west are seen the Sussex Downs—that giant barrier of chalk which lines the Channel coast. Immediately beneath, to the right, is that Black Heath, commonly called Woolmer Forest, formerly a wild, uncultivated tract, the pasture of innumerable herds of deer, and where, as tradition asserts, Queen Anne on her way to Portsmouth enjoyed a stately battue. It still presents a vast unbroken expanse, and is made available by our military authorities for the purpose of an encampment. In fact, the white tents of the soldiers, seen in the far distance and glittering in the sunlight, add an exceedingly picturesque feature in summer to this view. On the extreme summit of the Hanger, between the Nore Hill and Selborne Hill, is a monolith, at present of

no great size, having crumbled away through the action of wind and rain, heat and frost, until it has become merely a dwarf stone. No inscription is upon it; and no one—at least of the present generation—knows by whom or when it was placed where it stands. A rustic to whom I applied for information could supply me with none, only adding enough to convince me of his gross ignorance, for his hypothesis was to the effect that it “grewed” there.

The Church of Selborne is not a very modern structure, neither is it very old, though some parts of it, and especially the rude, thick, squat pillars which support the present edifice, bespeak an antiquity higher than the foundation of a priory here, by Peter de la Roche, in the thirteenth century. It is a plain and simple rustic structure, with pointed windows, a quaint old porch, and square tower, coarsely stuccoed. On the south side it is overshadowed by a magnificent yew, upwards of thirty feet in girth, and whose massive bulk betokens its great age. One peculiarity about the Church is, that this irregular fabric does not point to the east and west, but bears so much to the north-east that the four corners of the tower, and not the four sides, stand to the four cardinal points. Gilbert White attempts to account for this deviation by saying that the workmen, who probably were employed during the longest days, endeavoured to set the chancels to the rising of the sun.

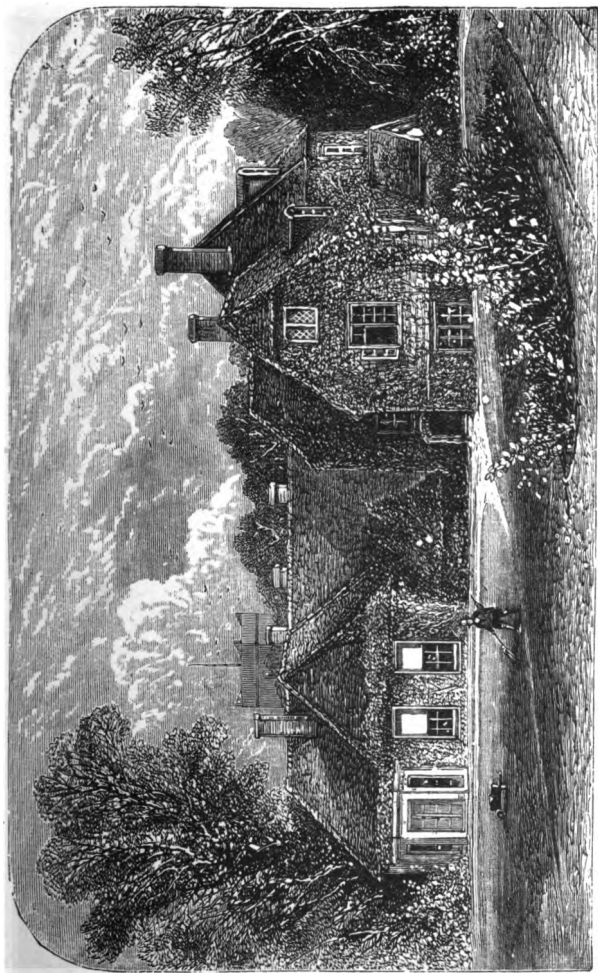
On passing through the churchyard, a rapid descent



leads us into what is called the Dell of the Liths, a charming glen lined with fir and beech ; at the bottom meanders a rippling rivulet, which in winter time doubtless becomes a riotous stream. At the further extremity of the Dell, a group of charcoal-burners were engaged in burning charcoal for the Farnham hop kilns, the curling smoke from the fires forming no disagreeable object in the still air of the summer afternoon, although the acid and acrid odour emitted from the wood was anything but pleasant. In such quiet spots it was that Gilbert White loved to roam in search of the botanical curiosities of Selborne, or watch the habits of the feathered tribes indigenous to the neighbourhood : and a more charming locality could scarcely be imagined. Had it no other name, it might well have been called the "Nightingale's Valley," or the "Cuckoo's Walk," for each of these birds revels in such secluded solitude as the woods of this pretty glen afford.

I have, however, yet to allude to one of the most remarkable features in the scenery of Selborne—the deep dell-like lanes which here and there intersect the soil. White himself refers to them in the following passage :—

"Among the singularities of this place, two rocky, hollow lanes, the one to Alton and the other to the Forest, deserve our attention. These roads, running through the meadow lands, are, by the traffic of ages and the fretting of wet, worn through the first stratum



GILBERT WHITE'S HOUSE AT SELBORNE.

P. SKELTON.]



of our freestone, and partly through the second, so that they look more like water-courses than roads, and are bedded with naked rag for furlongs together. In many places they are reduced sixteen or eighteen feet beneath the level of the fields, and after floods and in frosts exhibit a very grotesque and wild appearance, by reason of the tangled roots that are twisted among the strata, and from the torrents rushing down their broken sides, especially when those cascades are frozen into icicles hanging in all the fanciful shape of frost-work. These rugged gloomy scenes affright the ladies when they peep down into them from the path above, and make timid horsemen shudder while they ride along them, but delight the naturalist with their various botany, and particularly with the curious *filices* with which they abound."

These lanes are most delightful promenades on a hot summer's afternoon or evening, being sunk deep in the bed of the earth, and resembling far more the dried-up pathway of a torrent than a habitual roadway. A wooden bridge, thrown across one of these lanes, formed a picturesque feature, until its recent removal. Here, indeed, a naturalist may revel to his heart's content. If these miniature chasms are gloomy, they abound in vegetation which delights in shade and moisture. The fern, the moss, the fox-glove, the daphne, the wild strawberry, grasses of all kinds, tangled furze and thistles, and plants

innumerable, which elsewhere would be weeds, but here appropriately adorn the garden of nature, literally mantle the banks on either side, whilst the trees which line their top thrust their roots down and in and out in the most fantastic shapes.

It is, however, to be regretted, that Selborne and its neighbourhood are not better supplied with streams. With the exception of the Well Head, which is a perennial fountain, there is no real river to refresh the eye as it wanders over this beautiful scenery. After a storm of rain a thousand little channels are indeed filled with a temporary flood, but these soon ebb away, enjoying only a short tumultuous existence. No landscape can be said to be perfect without water. It is the beautiful meandering of the silvery Thames from Twickenham towards Kew that gives to the view from Richmond Hill so exquisite a charm; it is the absence of such an accessory that makes the visitor to Byron's tomb in Harrow churchyard feel, whilst overlooking the fertile plain between him and Windsor, that something is wanting to perfect the picture.

Happily, it is only to the eye of the artist that this defect is palpably visible. Selborne presented a thousand attractions to White; and to the lover of natural history it will present a thousand-and-one attractions, for it will have the additional charm of being associated with the name of its venerable son. I have not thought it necessary to dwell upon the

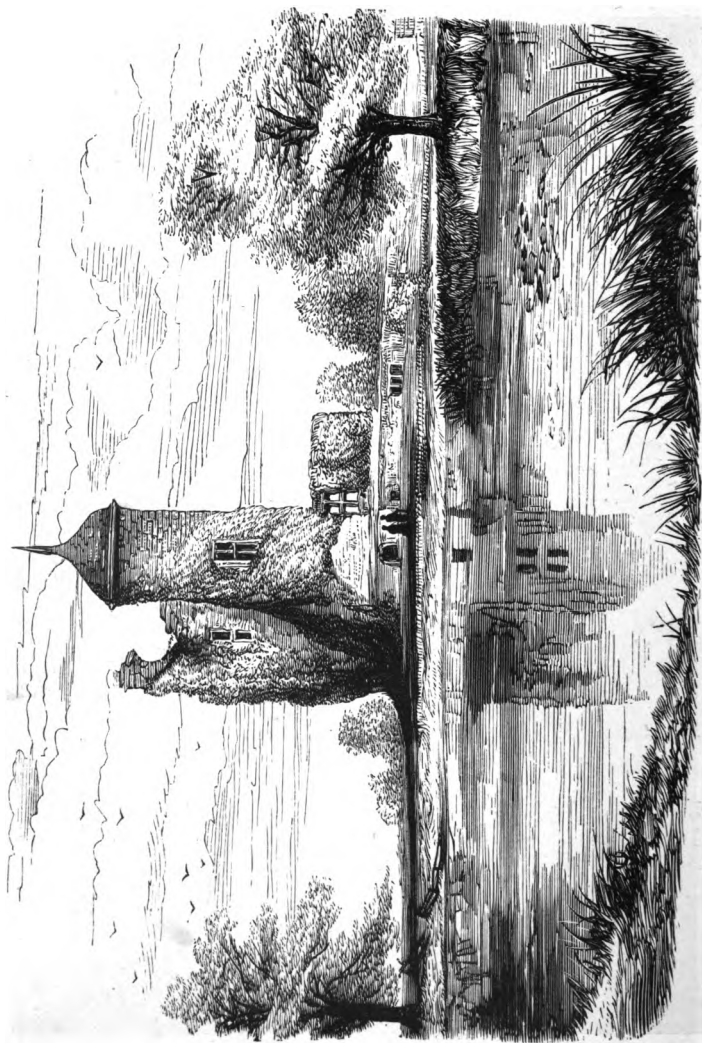
biography of this illustrious man, for few are there who are unacquainted with its outlines. That he was born in the early part of the eighteenth century, and died in the year 1793; that he was educated at the Basingstoke Grammar School, under the superintendence of Dr. Thomas Warton, the father of the celebrated author of the 'History of Music;' that he graduated at Oxford, and that he had the gateway of preferment open to him, but chose the quiet retirement of Selborne, in order that he might carry on his favourite studies there—these are facts so generally known, that I have not thought it necessary to dwell upon them. His letters to Mr. Pennant and the Honourable Daines Barrington afford an admirable insight into his mind, his love of nature, and his manner of life; and what could I say to enhance his reputation which he has not already bequeathed to posterity in the monument which he has unconsciously raised to his quiet fame?

Yet the celebrity which Gilbert White has attained affords a striking lesson. It is a remarkable instance of what may be achieved by quiet observation and perseverance. When penning his letters, White knew not that he was constructing for himself a niche in the Temple of Fame. He minutely investigated Nature in her outward attributes; he jotted down his notes to a friend, scarcely regarding the style in which he poured forth his information, though that style shows him to have been an elegant scholar; and,

without any special effort on his part, he has won the ear of thousands and tens of thousands whom he had not the most remote idea his epistles would ever reach. How unlike those who strive by night and by day, with severe toil and ceaseless assiduity, to acquire a bubble reputation in order that they may shine before men !







BRAMBLETYE HOUSE.

*BRAMBLETYE HOUSE.*

AT a short distance to the south of the pleasant town of East Grinstead, on the borders of Sussex, and situated in a picturesque valley, stand the remains of the castellated mansion known as Brambletye House, a building of the late Tudor style, and dating from the commencement of the reign of James I. Its towers rise in lonely grandeur at the foot of a hill, down which, as the traveller walks in a southerly direction, he has a wood on his right hand, and fair fields on his left, while before him lies the old forest of Ashdown, as dark and as grim in the nineteenth century as it appeared three hundred years ago.

The mansion is supposed to have been erected by Sir Henry Compton, who held the lordship of the manor at that period. The remains of this once noble mansion consist of the principal entrance, one square turret, and a portion of another, the upper part of which, together with much of the building, was ruthlessly pulled down some years ago by the tenants

on the manor for building purposes. The domestic offices underneath the building are said to have been very extensive, and among them are to be seen some traces of Gothic arches and pillars. Over the principal entrance, carved in stone, are the armorial bearings of Sir Henry Compton, impaling the arms of Browne, as having married, for his second wife, a daughter of Sir George Browne, Knight.

From the beginning of the reign of Edward I. to that of Edward III. the manor of Brambletye was held by a family of the name of Audehame; but at the latter period it fell into the hands of the St. Cleres, with whom it continued for many years. After the Comptons, the court-rolls of the manor do not show who were next in possession; but towards the end of the seventeenth century it is clear that Sir James Richards was the owner; for in his patent of baronetcy, dated 22nd of February, 1683-4, he is described as of Brambletye House. To this gentleman the tradition which accounts for its premature decay is supposed to apply. It is related, that on a suspicion of treasonable practices against a proprietor of this house, officers of justice were dispatched to search the premises, where a considerable quantity of arms and military stores were discovered. The owner, who was just then engaged in the diversion of the chase in the neighbouring forest of Ashdown, receiving intimation of the circumstance, deemed it most prudent to abscond; and the mansion, being thus

deserted, was suffered to go to decay. The well-known loyalty of the Comptons has led to the surmise that this occurrence took place during their tenure, under the Commonwealth, in behalf of their lawful sovereign ; but that can scarcely have been the case, as John, the son of Sir Henry, is recorded to have died at Brambletye in July, 1659.

On the other hand, it is certain that the house was occupied during the reign of Charles II. by Sir James Richards, who received the honour of knighthood for an act of bravery in the naval service, and was afterwards advanced to the dignity of a baronet. It is recorded of him that he quitted this country and settled in Spain, where some of his descendants have occupied high stations in the Spanish army. These circumstances, coupled with that of Sir James being the last known resident at Brambletye, render it more than probable that the destruction of this house, attributed by report to the rebellious propensities of its owner, ought to be dated from his occupation of the estate. An additional, and in some sense a factitious interest, is given to the old crumbling towers of Brambletye, through the fact that the place gave its name to a novel, which was very popular in its day, by Horace Smith, and which still holds its place as a classic in fictitious literature. It is entitled 'Brambletye House ; or Cavaliers and Roundheads,' and lets the reader into some interesting and exciting scenes, of which the neighbourhood of East Grinstead

and Ashdown Forest formed the scene in the latter years of Oliver Cromwell's protectorate. And readers of that historic novel will not forget the lord of Brambletye, good, staunch, honest Sir John Compton, or the scenes laid at the "Swan," now, as then, a small public-house in the adjoining hamlet of Forest Row, and the jolly old host, with his strong Cavalier sympathies. Now, as then, the place was closely invested by the glades of Ashdown Forest; but the venerable ash which stood before the door of the "Swan" has been succeeded by a large cherry tree, surrounded by a seat for the comfort of the weary traveller.

Of the Comptons it is on record that there would seem to have been a sort of Nemesis which hung over the family for several generations. One of the race, it is said, was killed in a duel by Lord Chandos; another, William Compton, went raving mad—and, strange to say, mad with money, in consequence of a princely dowry brought to him by his wife, the daughter and heiress of Sir John Spencer, Lord Mayor of London. And then—as the Roundhead, Caleb, asks in the novel already alluded to, "Was not the nephew of the man who built Brambletye House killed at the battle of Hopton Heath, and his son Lord Compton, wounded? And he and his brother, are they not exiles and wanderers on the face of the earth? And was not an only child of one of the Comptons murdered or stolen away from this very

Brambletye by the club men? And has there not been ever since a deadly feud in consequence between both branches of the family? Verily the hand of the Lord is upon them!"

Ah, Master Caleb, you would seem to be right after all with respect to Brambletye; for the stone walls are crumbling into dust, the gardens and pleasure-grounds are desolate, and the ivy which clings round the ruined towers serves only to harbour the birds, or in the Sussex tongue, the "birdès," that eat up the corn in the adjoining lands. The estate now belongs, or till recently belonged, to Mr. Anthony Wright-Biddulph, of Burton Park, near Petworth; but I have never heard that it has been the intention of the present owner to revive the bygone glories of "Brambletye House."

*A PILGRIMAGE TO CHENEYS.*

MOST persons associate the names of the Russells and the Dukes of Bedford with the almost princely splendour of Woburn ; but I must ask my reader now to follow them to their last long home in the parish church of Cheneys, or Chenies, where we shall see the earlier heads of that family entombed with a splendour and magnificence rarely matched in England, save in Westminster Abbey, and paralleled only, as Mr. Froude observes, by the tombs of the Mendozas in Spain.

For myself, I scarcely know in the whole of middle England a pleasanter district for a day's excursion than that which lies among those beech woods which, if antiquaries are to be believed, give its name to Buckinghamshire. The chalky and gravelly soil, where the colours crop out, contrasts so pleasantly with the pale green tints of the beech woods in spring ; and towards the end of summer combines even more charmingly still with the rich autumn tints of gold,

and brown, and red, with which the face of nature is painted all along the Chiltern Hills. And when, on a bright sunny day in October last, I made my first pilgrimage to Cheneys, in order to visit the tombs of the Russells, I could not help thinking that the American poet was guilty of no exaggeration when he sung or wrote :

“ With what a glory comes and goes the year ! ”

At all events, I was glad to exchange the dull, sombre streets of London for a day in such a country even so late in the summer ; and I think that when the long days come around again I shall try and repeat the experiment.

A short branch railway, consisting of a single line of rails, connects the pretty little riverside town of Watford with another sister town, also by the water-side, namely, Rickmansworth. From the station here, a walk of about four miles along the Amersham road leads the pilgrim to Cheneys. The road is crooked, but nevertheless picturesque on that account ; but, as it is nearly all “ against the collar,” the ascent is rather a trial for bad walkers. Still the woods of Rickmansworth Park, and of Loudwater, and Chorleywood Common, and the “ glints ” which you catch every here and there of pleasant country houses serve to beguile the way, to those at least who are content with English scenery ; and almost before I was aware that I had scored four miles on the road I found myself at the entrance of Cheneys. That the road is one of



"the Queen's highways" I was reminded by discovering still standing at Chorleywood a veritable toll-gate, which I had fancied to be a thing of the past.

Cheneys stands on a spur of the Chilterns, on one of those chalk hills which are their "appendages." It was not a parish at the time of Domesday Survey, in the reign of William the Conqueror; but the place, nevertheless, possesses a particularly old-fashioned appearance, and seems altogether to have escaped the attention of the modern Goths and Vandals. The river Ches, which joins the Coln at Rickmansworth, as of old still flows along the foot of the chalk hill upon which the village stands; while the red brick-built houses, with their pointed gables and lofty chimneys, which cluster round the village green, impart to the spot a charming aspect of quietude and seclusion. The manor house was built out of the materials of an older mansion, which Leland says stood close by. It is a fine specimen of the domestic architecture of the Tudor times, and was built by the first Earl of Bedford, who here entertained Queen Elizabeth in 1570. It has been said that Henry VIII. held a council at Cheneys, but there is no trace of such an event in the records in the archives of the Duke of Bedford.

The first object that strikes your eye on approaching near to the village, is a somewhat heavy but handsome Jacobean structure, forming three sides of a quadrangle, and bearing on its front a ducal coronet, with the letter "B" placed below it, contrary to all the

laws and rules of heraldry. This is a group of almshouses, very much resembling another charitable institution of the same kind at the entrance of Woburn. It was erected in 1605 by Anne, Countess of Warwick, eldest daughter of Francis, Earl of Bedford. She endowed it with £50 a year for the support of ten poor persons, natives of Cheneys and two other parishes. The income was subsequently raised by the Duke of Bedford to £63. Its gables and its tall red chimneys are remarkably fine, and the colour so rich that I wonder that the artists have not laid hold of it more frequently. Like many of the middle-class dwellings in the village, it bears a strong family likeness to the old manor house, which we shall presently approach and inspect more closely.

We pass on between smiling cottages dotted about on either side, each standing separate from its neighbours in a garden of its own, and all marked by the uniform red tint of their bricks and roofing-tiles. All are neat, clean, tidy, and substantial, and bear testimony to the good sense and good management of their owner, the lord of every acre of soil within the parish, his Grace of Bedford. It is often said that a drunken man or woman is never seen in Cheneys; and possibly that is true; but two innkeepers are allowed to carry on their business within a few yards of one another. The population is only a little over three hundred souls; and of course there is neither a doctor nor a lawyer in the place. Close to the church,

however, stands the parsonage, for these fifty years past the residence of the Rector of Cheneys, the Duke's own uncle, Lord Wriothesley Russell; and it is the only house in the village which is built of white bricks. Just before the rectory gate is the village green, an irregular plot of public ground, studded with a group of some ten or twelve tall elms, under which is a well with a picturesque roof, reminding the tourist of many a village in Normandy. The green at its western extremity slopes upwards towards the manor house and the church, which here stands, as it always should stand—in a commanding situation.

Whilst one of the school children is gone to fetch the sextoness, who has in her charge the keys of the church and of the Russell chapel within it, we walk up and reconnoitre the old house. Only part of the mansion which was erected here by the first Earl of Bedford is standing; it looks as fresh as if it was built yesterday, owing doubtless to the excellence of its materials. It formed part of a quadrangle, and its stacks of chimneys rising clear above its high-pitched roof of red tiles are conspicuous objects, from whatever side you view them. They look all the more picturesque and artistic on account of the folds of ivy with which the walls are mantled, and the dark evergreens which form the background. On the south side, one cannot help remarking as singular the absence of windows, a peculiarity caused doubtless by a wish to make the place secure against external foes

and assailants. In the rear are a few walls and other remains of more extensive buildings and terraces, along which the dainty feet of fair ladies of the Cheney and Russell families must have paced three centuries ago. In a field adjoining the manor house stands a withered and decayed oak, traditionally said to have been planted by Queen Elizabeth whilst staying at Cheneys. There is no doubt that the Virgin Queen came to Cheneys in one of her progresses ; but it is equally certain that this monarch of the forest must have sprung from an acorn sown in the time of our Norman sovereigns, if not earlier still. At all events, it is clearly older than the church, which forms the centre of attraction at Cheneys, and into which we now will enter.

There is little to describe in the edifice itself. It is a decorated structure, consisting of a nave, chancel, and south aisle, and with a tower at the west end. Its date is concealed by sundry restorations, which have made it neat and substantial, but which sadly needed the presence of a master hand. The walls, arches, and windows are all in perfect order ; the chancel is of the most orthodox type, and the windows are filled with painted glass, in which heraldic shields are set in the midst of diaper work ; but the *coup d'œil* is scarcely such as to satisfy an educated eye. Ranged along the wall of the tower at the western end, near the font, are some five or six monumental brasses, with which the chancel floor was

once inlaid, and which still commemorate sundry members of the Cheneys, and more than one priest who possibly acted as chaplain at the great house whilst he lived, and sung or said mass for the souls of the squires when they were gone.

The northern aisle is railed off as a mortuary chapel for the Russells, who, though owners of princely Woburn, have chosen to be buried here for some ten generations. The chapel is kept locked and guarded, and no stranger is allowed to enter it, except in the company of the old dame who for seventeen years and more has been the *custos sacelli*. Admitted within its solemn precincts the visitor is warned by her that he is not allowed to make a sketch of the tombs or even to take a note of the inscriptions without a special permission from the duke himself. Perhaps such a regulation is necessary, though I cannot see its object; and I think that as the inscriptions are not all recorded *verbatim* in 'Lipscomb's History of Buckinghamshire,' the duke ought to be only too grateful to those who will be at the trouble of preserving and perpetuating in print a series of epitaphs which the accidental over-heating of a flue might at any time cancel and destroy. Once destroyed their loss would be irreparable, not only to the house of Bedford, but to every intelligent student of the annals of England; for, standing as I do within these four consecrated walls, I feel as if I could almost read the history of England under the Tudors and the Stuarts written *in extenso*.

The chapel cannot fail to strike the visitor on first entering it as precisely parallel in plan and design to that which occupies the same position in the parish church of Whitchurch, near Stanmore, and which holds the ashes of the owners of princely Canons, the Dukes of Chandos. But how different are the histories of the two ducal houses! Whilst that of Chandos was remarkable for nothing but pride, profusion, and display, the house of Russell for three centuries has fought in the van of progress and constitutional liberty, and has identified itself with the cause of the people whenever the people and the Crown have come into collision. It would, therefore, be a most interesting task to record the lives of the great and noble souls whose dust lies in the vaults beneath our feet at Cheneys—from William, the first Earl of Bedford, down to Earl Russell and his son, Lord Amberley. But these lives are recorded in almost all our biographies, and so need not be repeated here.

The eastern end of the chantry chapel of the Russells is filled by three altar-shaped tombs, on which are recumbent figures of the first and second Earls of Bedford and their wives, richly decorated with armorial bearings, and forming quite a study for those who love the Jacobean era of art, before the classical style had driven out every element of chivalry and poetry. In the centre of the chapel stands another square tomb, consisting of a plain slab, on which no

figure rests, but which bears an inscription stating that it records the virtues of one of the female members of the house, who died in the flower of her prime. The west wall is wholly occupied from roof to floor by the monument of the first Duke and Duchess of Bedford, the parents of the unfortunate Lord William Russell, who was executed in Lincoln's-inn-fields as a victim to the spite and malignity of James II. when Duke of York; the pair are represented in a sitting attitude full dressed, as if for a public show, but turning aside from each other in horror and disgust, on seeing before them a medallion of their ill-fated son. Of course no monument could be more thoroughly out of place in a church, or out of keeping with those pious feelings of devotion and resignation which the Christian faith is meant to inspire; but it is so magnificent a memorial that apparently it has caused the Russells to abandon all idea of superseding it, or of supplanting it by anything holier or more beautiful; and accordingly from that day to this no monument has been erected at Cheney's to a single Duke of Bedford, though five or six of them rest under its tessellated pavement. Indeed, there is not as yet a stone or a tablet erected to commemorate the public services of Earl Russell, who lived to be "the Nestor of the Whig party," and whose body, it will be remembered, was here consigned to its last resting-place nearly two years ago. Perhaps the Russells, as having been the leaders of the popular party in the State for three centuries, consider, like

Pericles, that "the whole earth is the tomb of illustrious men," and when asked to point out the memorials of their forefathers, would exclaim with good old Sir Christopher Wren, "*Si monumentum quæris, circumspice.*"



## A SUMMER DAY ABOUT DOVER.

BY the ordinary excursionist or casual visitor to Dover, apart from the sea itself, the time-honoured castle—that famous stronghold which has for ages guarded “perfidious Albion” from the invasion of continental foes—is looked upon as the chief centre of attraction ; but there are other antiquarian features to be met with in odd nooks and corners of Dover that are none the less interesting to all true lovers of the relics of by-gone ages. The ancient Church of St. Mary the Virgin—probably the oldest in the town—formed the subject of one of J. M. W. Turner’s earliest water-colour drawings, which is reproduced as the frontispiece of this volume.

The building probably constituted one of the three religious houses founded by the canons of St. Martin’s Priory, during the latter part of the Saxon times, or in the early period of the Norman rule in England, as the architectural decorations of the tower denote its erection at the former period, whilst the bases, columns,

capitals, and arches, in portions of the interior, are as decidedly Norman in style. Mr. Knocker, in his 'Lecture on the Antiquities of Dover,' says, "It is not improbable that the church, having been erected at a very early period of the Saxon dynasty, was enlarged in the time of the Normans, when the town became so famous for its castle and fortress, and the whole of it, with the exception of the tower, replaced by Norman builders; and that subsequently, to make provision for an advanced population, the eastern end was added to the Norman work. Hence the three orders or styles of architecture which it presents. In this respect it is interesting to view the old tower, and to feel that what still forms the belfry and entrance to a place of worship was the work of our Saxon forefathers, most probably upwards of one thousand years ago." Kilburne, in his 'Survey of Kent,' fixes the date of the erection of the church in the year 1216; but as mention is made of it in the Domesday Record, it is clear that its origin must have been at least a century or two earlier. The tower forms the principal entrance into the church, and it is surmounted by a spire, the summit of which was formerly crowned by a leaden cross; this latter was taken down in the year 1634, and replaced by a wooden one. In digging a vault, some years ago, it was discovered that the foundation of the tower had been laid upon the remains of a Roman bath.

Of the original fabric of the body of the church

very little remains, nearly the whole having been rebuilt in the years 1843-4 ; the spacious vestry, which abuts upon the north side of the tower, and the two rows of columns which support the roof, are nearly the only portion of the old work now visible. The body of the church originally consisted of a nave, two side aisles, and three transepts, the north aisle being nearly of the same width as the nave itself. The aisles were separated from the nave by seven arches and their pillars, six of them towards the west being circular, and resting on round pillars, at unequal distances from each other, whilst the seventh, or easternmost arch, was pointed, and rested on octagonal pillars ; a small circular arch, eastward of this, spanned the eastern transept, which projected about twelve feet beyond the wall of the south aisle. Plain bases supported the thick and heavy columns, but some of the capitals were slightly ornamented with mouldings, and some had a little foliage. Early in the present century the two heavy low arches at the eastern end of the nave, on each side, were removed, and replaced by a lofty circular one, the alteration being regarded at the time as such a great improvement in the edifice that a subscription was entered into for the removal of three more of the old arches on each side in a similar manner ; but, in consequence of some misunderstanding with the churchwardens, the idea seems to have been abandoned, and the money was subsequently returned to the subscribers. At the date above-mentioned the

entire restoration of the exterior and interior of the church, except the tower and the five circular arches of the nave adjoining the tower, was effected; the chancel was at the same time extended, the church was new roofed throughout, and the floor relaid. Further alterations were made in the chancel, in the way of sittings, as recently as 1863, when the flooring of that part of the sacred edifice was relaid with encaustic tiles.

The history of this old fabric is not a little curious. From Hasted and other Kentish historians we learn that King John gave the advowson of this church to Hubert de Burgh, the founder of the Masion Dieu (now the Town Hall) in Dover; and that, upon the suppression of that hospital in 1534, it again reverted to the Crown. In the reign of Henry VIII. the advowson is said to have become the property of the parishioners. In the visit of that king to Dover, in 1547, it is reported that the inhabitants entreated that he would give them St. Mary's Church for a place of worship. As there were no tithes, nor any provision for the maintenance of a minister, he readily consented; and, on his departure, the parishioners "put a seal on the door" in token of possession, as is inferred from an entry in an old account-book of the churchwardens which stands thus:—"Paid for sealing up the church dore at the king's departure out of the town, 5s." Shortly after the above date the parishioners set to work at remodelling the interior of the church, to suit the

requirements of the reformed religion ; and by the sale of the priests' vestments, images, altars, &c., they were enabled to remove the chapels, shrines, and stalls in the choir, and to "beautify" the church. On Queen Mary's accession, in 1553, the parishioners were again required to conform to the Roman Catholic faith ; Richard Thornton, the suffragan Bishop of Dover, being the first to say mass in obedience to the royal command. On Queen Elizabeth coming to the throne, in 1558, the Protestant worship was again introduced. In her reign also the custom of electing mayors and members of Parliament, which had hitherto been conducted "in St. Peter's Church," was transferred hither. This desecrating ceremony, it may be remarked, was suffered to continue until very lately ; for it was not until the year 1826 that an Act of Parliament was passed removing these elections to the Town Hall.

Many have been the contentions which formerly raged between the inhabitants and the corporation respecting the "sittings" of the latter in this church—"a range of highly ornamented and distinguished seats," occupying the whole east end of the recess *behind* the communion-table, close to which (if not upon it) the mace borne before the chief magistrate was placed during his attendance at Divine worship. Charles II., on his visit to Dover, repaired to this church ; and, being conducted with great pomp and ceremony to the mayor's seat, his majesty is said to

have declined the use of a seat placed, as he emphatically observed, "above the majesty of Heaven!" These sittings remained, in all the glitter and magnificence of velvet cushions, fringe, lace, and finery, around the communion-table, until their removal in 1836.

Among the monuments in St. Mary's Church is one to the memory of Churchill, the poet, and another to Samuel Foote, the dramatist, neither of whom it appears were interred there, the former lying in the burial-ground of St. Martin's, Dover, and the latter being honoured with a grave in Westminster Abbey. The inhabitants of St. Mary's parish enjoyed the "privilege" of electing their own incumbent, down to the year 1872, when they agreed to abandon their right, at the instance of the vicar, the Rev. J. Puckle, and by the advice of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

It may be added that the drawing of St. Mary's Church, from which our frontispiece is taken, was made by Mr. Turner in his early artist days, soon after his release from attendance at the school of the Royal Academy. It was probably drawn on one of the evenings which he and his friend Girtler used to spend at the house of Dr. Monro, who gave the then unknown artists their supper, bread and cheese and beer, in return for the productions of their pencils. The drawing was bought among the contents of Dr. Monro's portfolios by the late Mr. Wadmore, and is

now in the possession of his son, my friend, the Rev. Henry R. Wadmore.

The interesting conventual edifice of St. Martin's Priory is situated in the western end of the town, near St. Mary's Church, on the Folkestone road. The remains cover a considerable extent of ground, and until the year 1844 were surrounded by a stone wall, which was then taken down for the purpose of forming streets and terraces. The materials that formed the church had been removed, except to within a few feet of the foundations. The picturesque old gateway of the "Decorated" period remained intact, as did the refectory and dormitory, although converted to the purposes of farm buildings, the refectory serving the purposes of a barn. This latter edifice, which is constructed of flints and cement, is of the later Norman style of architecture, and is 107 feet in length, 24 in width, and of corresponding elevation, the walls being 3ft. 6in. in thickness. It has eight windows and six buttresses on the north side, and seven on the south side. The exterior of the building is almost entirely devoid of decoration, but the interior presents curious ornamental features, and owes no small portion of its effect to the countenance it receives from a handsome arched roof: of this roof, the central bay perhaps dates from the fifteenth century; the rest, however, is comparatively modern. The wall is blank to the height of 12ft. 6in., above which an arcade is carried quite round the apartment. The two arches next the east

end are pierced for windows, as if to give greater light to the high table ; after them every alternate arch is pierced for windows, which are deeply splayed, whereby a pleasing effect of light and shade is produced. In the gable at the west end there are two small windows. At the east end, in the south side, is an aperture in the wall, divided by a stone slab, which is presumed to have served as a locker or cupboard. On the wall at the east end, under the arcade, are slight traces of fresco paintings, apparently representing the Last Supper ; some of the nimbi surrounding the heads may still be made out. It is worthy of note that the stone facing of one portion of the wall on the north side of the refectory is of a reddish tinge, such as may be seen in other buildings as the effect of fire. Hasted, and other Kentish historians, state that in the twenty-third year of Edward I. (1295) the French landed at Dover, and burnt the greater part of the town and religious houses, amongst which was this Priory ; and it is probable that this may have caused the discolouring of the walls.

In 1844, upon the ground being levelled for the purpose of forming new streets, the foundations of the once large and magnificent Priory Church were laid open. The Rev. F. C. Plumptre, who visited the spot in the following year, succeeded in tracing out the foundations of this structure. The result of Mr. Plumptre's explorations formed the subject of a paper read by that gentleman at the meeting of the Kent



Archæological Society at Dover in 1860, from which it appears that on the right of the gateway (above-mentioned) were the remains of the Priory Church with its nave, transepts, choir, and Lady Chapel ; and on the north side of the nave was an area 110 feet square (which for many years served as a stack-yard), with its modern boundary wall, built in part on the foundations of the walls of the church, which was an open court surrounded by a cloister. On the east side of this was the chapter-house, with a line of buildings extending beyond the refectory, which Mr. Plumptre considers to have been the dormitory, library and buttery. In clearing away the ruins of the church were found several fragments of stalactite, or Bethersden marble, which seem to have been used for shafts similar to those in Canterbury Cathedral and Hythe church ; a few fragments of glazed tiles, with patterns on them, were likewise found ; and under an apse, on the south side of the chancel, a number of silver coins were discovered, some of the time of Henry I. and others of Henry II.

On the north side of the precincts of the Priory is the building commonly known as the dormitory, but which Mr. Plumptre calls the Strangers' Hall. The building, which is constructed of Kentish rag with Caen dressings, is divided externally by buttresses into six bays, with a turret, as if for a bell, at the south west angle, and there are doorways in the third and sixth bay. The windows are pointed in the Early

English style, with plain chamfers ; but internally they have a semicircular arch. The middle portion of the outer wall at the west end projects considerably, with an arch below, as if it had been intended for a recess for a fire-place. Internally the two eastern bays were some years ago converted into offices for the adjoining farm-house, whilst the remainder were converted into pens for cattle. The building appears to have been originally one room or hall about 85 feet long by 34 feet wide, including the side aisles, and open to the roof. On the north side is a row of five arches, slightly pointed, resting on circular pillars of good proportion ; the bases of these pillars have the angles cut off, and the capitals are of the Norman cushion-pattern. "There is reason to believe," says Mr. Plumtre, "that the Benedictine monks who occupied this priory were required by the rules of their order to provide food and lodging for a single night, not only for ordinary poor travellers, but also for a large number of pilgrims who used to pass through Dover on their way to and from France. And it may have been found desirable to place the building assigned for this purpose at some little distance from the rest of the Priory."

From Dugdale's '*Monasticon*' we learn that the College of St. Martin was originally for twenty-two secular canons, and was established by Eadbald within the precincts of the castle prior to the year 640. Towards the end of the seventh century, or about the year 696, Withred, king of Kent, finding the residence

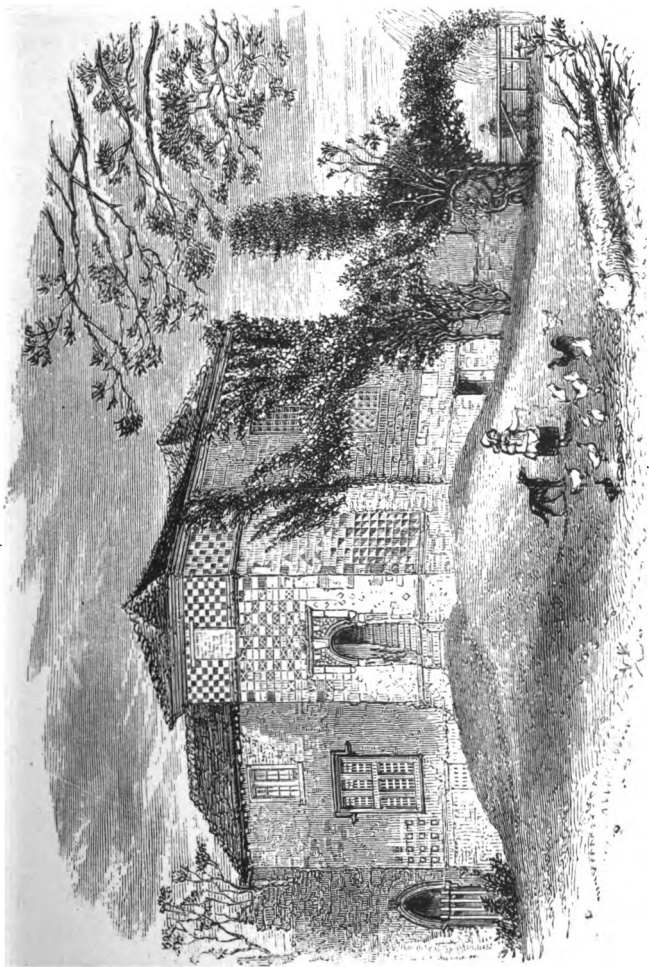
of a religious body within a military fortress inconvenient, removed them to a new locality in the town of Dover, where he had built for them the church of St. Martin, which is presumed to have stood on the site of the ruins of St. Martin-le-Grand, on the west side of the market-place. These canons of St. Martin seem to have been a wealthy body; they were exempt from episcopal jurisdiction, and subject only to the Pope and the king of England, the church itself being esteemed the King's Chapel. The result was that great jealousy existed between them and the archbishops, who were anxious to bring them under the control of the canons of the Convent of Canterbury, and who at length succeeded in obtaining a grant from the king of the whole lands and revenues of the canons of St. Martin, the church being placed under the control and protection of the Archbishop. In consequence of this grant, Archbishop Corboil, who had found the canons guilty of great irregularities, turned out those who were then upon this foundation; and in order to prevent future grounds of complaint through misconduct, which might be promoted by their living in the middle of the town, which had spread around the monastery, he began in 1131 to lay the foundation of another collegiate church, without the walls of the town, which was called the "New Work," which he dedicated to St. Mary and St. Martin, intending to add every building necessary for the accommodation of a society of canons from the Abbey

of Merton in Surrey. This arrangement, however, was vehemently opposed by the canons of the convent of Canterbury, who claimed a right to send monks from their own house, and constitute a prior over them. On the death of Archbishop Corboil the building of St. Martin's Priory was continued by his successor, Archbishop Theobald, by whom it was finished in 1139. Instead of regular canons, he established in the building a society of monks of the Benedictine order from his own priory, with Asceline, sacrist of Christ Church, to be prior over them, making them subordinate to the Priory of Canterbury; this being done by the Archbishop, with the consent of the chapter of his metropolitan church, was confirmed by Papal bulls. Continual dissensions arose as to their respective jurisdictions and privileges, but it was eventually settled that it should be called a cell to the Priory of Christ Church, Canterbury, the two houses being independent of each other as to their revenues and expenditure, but the Priory of Canterbury having the regulation and superintendence of St. Martin's. Although the whole of the buildings belonging to this Priory were evidently framed by Archbishop Corboil on a somewhat grand scale, as if for a large monastic establishment, with ample endowments, it appears never to have prospered, so far at least as regards its finances; for in the year 1336 a petition was addressed to Edward III., praying for exemption from payment of tenths to the Crown, on the plea

that the revenues were so much reduced, that they were not sufficient to maintain the prior and the monks. In the Deed of Surrender of the Priory into the hands of Henry VIII. in 1535, previous to the Dissolution, they say that, "considering the state of our house; and the small revenues belonging to it, and the great and heavy debt which oppresses and almost overwhelms us, and which can have no earthly remedy, we have, by the king's permission, of whose foundation the said Priory now exists, consented that this Priory be totally annihilated, in spirituals as well as in temporals," &c.<sup>1</sup> At the time of the Dissolution there were only sixteen monks in the Priory, and the revenues were, according to Dugdale, valued at £170 14s. 11½*d.*, and, according to Speed, at £232 1s. 5½*d.* After the Dissolution a power was granted to the See of Canterbury, to whom the Priory with all its possessions was granted by Henry VIII., to use the materials of the buildings for the repair of the town gates and walls, as well as for erecting private houses.

Early in 1868, on its transpiring that the land constituting the Priory homestead would be sold for building purposes, several gentlemen sought to obtain the property of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners on easy terms, with the view of preserving the remaining fragments of the Priory, and throwing the ground open to the public for the purpose of recreation, but in this they were unsuccessful. Mr. S. Finnis then became the

<sup>1</sup> Hasted's 'History of Kent,' where the Deed is given at full length.



ST. RHAEGUNDE'S PRIORY, DOVER.



purchaser, and forthwith obtained plans for so laying out the ground as to preserve its antiquarian features, and at the same time promote the success of his enterprise. In the disposal of the land there was a condition that retained intact the Norman Refectory, the Early Decorated Gateway, and the Norman Strangers' Hall. The Refectory was leased to Mr. Chignell, of St. Martin's Hill school. In 1871 was formed a company, of which Earl Granville, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports and Governor of Dover Castle, was the president, having for its object the founding of a college, which should "supply a sound education of a high order on moderate terms;" and in order to carry out their scheme the company selected and purchased a portion of the site and ruins of the old Priory of St. Martin, and set about restoring part of the buildings, and otherwise adapting the place for its new purpose. What ~~was formerly~~ the refectory was restored and converted into a college hall. The old gateway, and some other portions of the ruins, come within the area of the college; the ground secured by the company altogether extending to something over two acres.

Another interesting relic of the past is St. Rhadegunde's Abbey, the remains of which are situated about three miles westward from Dover, on high ground. Leaving Dover by the Buckland Road, hard by St. Martin's Priory, the tourist, after ascending a rather steep hill, will suddenly enter the open fields.



Continuing the footpath he will arrive at the top of some rising ground, from which he will have a very extensive view on all sides, including the Church of Buckland in the valley beneath, and the Castle of Dover on his left ; whilst, further out in the distance, an extensive view of the sea will be obtained. Indeed, to this spot may almost be applied the beautiful pastoral lines of Milton :

“ Here thine eye may catch new pleasures  
While the landscape round it measures ;  
Russet lawns and fallows grey,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;  
Mountains, on whose barren breast  
Labouring clouds do often rest ;  
Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks and rivers wide ;  
Towers and battlements it sees,  
Bosom'd high in tufted trees.”

Extensive moorlands, covered with furze and abounding in botanical specimens, are next traversed ; whilst the tinkling of sheep-bells on the fallow lands will convey to the mind of the traveller an idea of rural serenity that is not enjoyed by the dwellers in the city or the busy town. But, when once the high road is gained, grass and cornfields range on either side, dotted here and there with houses and pleasant homesteads, and, after continuing along this road for a distance of about three miles from Dover, the abbey of Bradsole, or, as it is commonly called, St. Rhadegunde's Abbey, comes in view. These remains stand on table-land apparently a few feet higher than the top of Dover

Castle, and on clear days command a fine view of the French coast. The site, no doubt, has been jocosely termed "table-land" by many a worthy citizen of Dover, when he has brought his wife and children hither for the annual family pic-nic. Indeed, during the summer months its grey walls and green turf are visited by many a pleasure party of visitors from Dover and Folkstone; and I only wish that I had not here the duty of protesting against that silly trick which seems to prevail among the second and third-rate classes of our countrymen and countrywomen, of writing their names and the dates of their visits. When I visited the place in June 1865, I found a number of names written up in pencil on the walls, with dates not a week old; and as Miss "Agnes Emma Monkton" and Mr. "Joseph Carpenter" appeared to be most recent offenders, I venture to give them here the full benefit of that publicity and immortality of which they seem to be so ambitious.

Passing through the gate of the yard belonging to the farm which stands on its site, the visitor will have on each side of him portions of the ancient walls, and before him the huge pile which formed the chief entrance. The walls of the out-buildings, gardens, &c., cover a considerable extent of ground; and the whole appears to have been surrounded by a broad ditch and rampart, inclosing an extensive circular area. The walls of the entrance gateway remain nearly perfect; they are of great strength, some six

feet in thickness, and are finely mantled with ivy, as indeed are most of the other parts of the ruins. This gateway forms a massive tower, probably as early in date as the foundation of the monastery. Only two stories are now standing; the mullions of the windows have disappeared, and the groined roofs within and the rafters above have long since rotted and crumbled to dust. The large semi-circular arch in the centre is now underset with a facing of red brick, and has also a smaller arch adjoining for foot passengers. Having passed through the gateway, we enter a large court; this is surrounded on three sides with massive and noble ruins, while the fourth side is occupied by some portion of the domestic buildings, now converted into a farm-house. The latter had a projecting porch in the centre; but this now forms the end of the building. That part of the front adjoining it is curiously chequered with flints and Caen stone; the door, to which there is an ascent of several steps, is made of solid oak, studded thickly with nails of various patterns, and handsomely carved in the style prevalent in Queen Elizabeth's time. Over the doorway is a shield sculptured with the armorial bearings of one of the former owners of the abbey,—probably those of the Edolphs, who, according to Hasted, owned the property and resided here in the reign of Elizabeth, and by whom the dwelling-house was much altered; this shield is charged with five lozenges and a rose in chief. Other armorial bearings also adorn the inner doorway.

On the west side of the square stands all that remains of what once was, in all probability, the refectory, together with a sort of ante-chamber leading to the kitchen. It contains several narrow, low, and deeply splayed windows, which seem to have been so shaped for purposes of defence. Like the rest of the ruins, these are roofless and bare to the sky. On the opposite side of the court-yard is a high wall, without buttresses, and pierced by four Early English arches, now blocked up with stones. Three of these arches probably led into the chapel; whilst the fourth, doubtless, led into a cloister. The chief portion of the ruins is constructed of flint, intermingled with chalk, and coigned with free-stone.

Throughout the ruins the ivy on all sides has everywhere laid so firm a hold upon the stone, that here and there it has thrown arches and buttresses out of all shape and form. Early English shafts and capitals and corbels lie scattered about in picturesque confusion in every direction in the gardens and orchards,—some of them appearing now as sharp in their outline and ornamentation as in the day when they were first carved.

The old tithe-barn of the abbey, built of well-hewn and neatly-faced stone, is still standing. It is cruciform in plan, and at the eastern end there are some well-shaped Early English windows, now blocked up. At the end of the north arm or transept of this building is a curious double arch of stone, apparently of

the same date as the windows, though flatter in the crown. Much of the farm-yard is paved with flints and other stones taken from the ruins; and in the farm-yard there is still, as there was 400 years ago, a large, broad pond, of great use in this dry and barren spot, and from which the manor of Polton—the name of the parish in which the abbey stands—took its *alias* of Broad-sole, now corrupted to Bradsole; the word *sole*, which is of Saxon origin, being a name significative of a pond. The ground beneath the ruins is said to be pierced with long subterranean passages.

The abbey of St. Rhadegunde was founded about the end of the 12th century for canons of the Præmonstratensian Order, but by whom is uncertain, although it is generally attributed to Geoffrey, Earl of Perth, and Maude his wife. The endowment of the institution at first appears to have been upon a grand scale, and its revenues were subsequently increased by numerous benefactors; so much that it was considered of sufficient importance towards the close of the reign of Edward I. to entitle the abbot to be summoned to Parliament. In a manuscript 'Visitation of the Præmonstratensian Order,' written in the year 1500, the abbey is described as being in a very ruinous state, and deficient in the number of its inmates, the then abbot having wasted the income of his house in licentious pleasures. Shortly before the "Dissolution" Leland visited the abbey, at which time the fabric had been repaired.

Upon the dissolution of the lesser monasteries, St. Rhadegunde's passed first into the hands of Archbishop Cranmer, and secondly into those of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, on whose attainder it reverted to the Crown. In the reign of Philip and Mary we find the manor, including the ruins, granted to Edward Fynes, Lord Clinton and Saye, who sold it to the Edolphs, a family who lived here in the reign of Elizabeth, turning a portion of the convent into a dwelling-house. It afterwards passed through the Chandlers into the hands of the Sayer family, who are still the owners of it.

The abbey is thus described, in the reign of Henry VIII., by Leland, in his 'Itinerary': "St. Rade-gundis standeth on the toppe of a hille, iiii litle myles by west and sumwhat by south from Dover. There be whyte chanons, and the quier of the chyrche is large and fayr. The monasterie ys at this tyme netely mayntayned; but yt appereth that yn tymes past the buildinges have bene ther more ample then they be now. There ys on the hille fayre wood, but fresch water laketh sumtyme."

The priory stands in the parish of Polton, and, indeed, is almost co-extensive with it; and as the latter had scarcely any inhabitants except the inmates of the monastic buildings, it is no wonder that the parish church of Polton has long since been swept away. It was dedicated to St. Mary, and its former site, in a bottom, some half mile south of the abbey,

is marked by a stone with an inscription. Hasted tells us that the church was so small as to be styled "Ecclesiola," and it is not mentioned in any valuation of churches, and benefices, probably because the convent of St. Rhadegunde's being exempted from tithes, there could be no one to pay, and no one to receive, tithes. One of the canons probably administered the Sacraments to the few persons who lived round the monastery walls, and buried the dead in the cemetery within them. It is almost needless to add, that no one has been presented to the living since the Dissolution of the monastery by Henry VIII., and that Polton consequently is practically extra-parochial.

The manor of Bradsole, according to Hasted's 'History of Kent,' was given by Walter Hacket, and Emma, his wife, with consent of Richard I., to the canons of the church of St. Rhadegunde of Bradsole, who had settled there in the year 1191; and the gift was confirmed by King John, on his accession to the throne. Though there was a design, in the ninth year of King John's reign, to transfer the foundation bodily to the adjoining parish of River, yet that transfer never took effect. When the abbey was at the height of its glory, the wide-spread reputation of its sanctity caused many noble and eminent persons to choose to be buried in its chapel. Amongst others whose bones rested here were several of the Criols, Lords of Westenhanger, and of the

Malmayns, Lords of Waldershare. In the reign of Edward III., Thomas, Lord Poynings, was buried in the middle of the choir before the high altar, and had placed over him a "fair tomb, with an image of a knight upon it." Sir Nicholas Evering, of Evering, and John Kyryel, gentleman, of Lympne, in 1504 were buried here, next to the sepulchre of Bartrahan Kyryel, and the latter gave money by his will to eight priests, to bring his body from Bellavowe hither.

In the reign of Edward the Confessor, the manor of Polton was of the annual value of forty shillings, and at the time of the survey of Doomsday, it was part of the possessions of Hugh de Montfort. On the voluntary exile of his grandson, Robert de Montfort, in the reign of Henry I., the manor passed into the hands of the king, who granted the seignory of it to Geoffrey, Earl of Perth, under whom it was held by a family named Polton, whose descendants or representatives, in the reign of Henry III., gave it to the abbey of St. Rhadegunde at Bradsole, "to hold in pure and perpetual alms." And "it appears," says Hasted, "from the book of Dover Castle, that the abbot afterwards held it by knight's service under that castle, being part of those fees which made up the barony called the Constabularie, by the performance of ward for the defence of it." In this condition it appears to have remained until the reign of Henry VIII., when we know its fate.



As the traveller returns to Dover, by way of River down the hot, dusty road cut in the chalky hill-side, let him not forget to call in at the little, quiet, peaceful inn, which assumes for its sign the belligerent sign of "The Dublin Man-of-War"—which I suppose, in English, means the Irish soldier—and he will find one of the most snug and pleasant of old-fashioned bowling-greens, where he can while away an hour before he returns to the town; not, however, forgetting to ask mine hostess, a fair portly dame of sixty years and more, for a glass of her very best ale, and for instruction in the game of "bumble-puppy,"—a sport which flourishes on her premises, and of which I must frankly own that I never heard before the day that I visited her hostelry, but which must surely have come to us from America.

But it is time to return back to my starting-point, and add a few words about Dover itself.

Dover, it need scarcely be added, is the chief of the Cinque Ports; and, as such, the scene of the swearing-in, or inauguration, of the Lord Warden, who also for the time being is Constable of the Castle of Dover. In connection with this ancient ceremony, there is a relic of ancient Dover about which perhaps very little is known, namely, the "Bredenstone." Before speaking of that in particular, however, it would be as well to give a short retrospect of the past history of the Cinque Ports and the high dignity of their Lord Warden.

The Cinque Ports were originally five only, as their name implies,—Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, Romney in Kent, and Hastings in Sussex ; and it is curious to note that when at a later period the two “ancient towns” of Winchilsea and Rye were added to their number, no change was made in their collective designation—they were the “Cinque Ports” still.

Attempts have been made by enthusiastic antiquaries to carry back the foundation of the Cinque Ports to Anglo-Saxon times ; but although it is probably true, as stated by Jeake, in his comment on the ‘*Magna et Antiqua Charta Quinque Portuum*,’ that “the five ports were enfranchised in the time of Edward the Confessor” (for the fact stands recited in the first charter which they received from Edward I.), yet the organization of the Cinque Ports as a body politic, such as it has existed during the last 800 years, is plainly to be traced to the policy of William the Conqueror in securing for England easy and constant communication with the continent, together with immunity from foreign attack ; and the permanence of the Norman name of the seven towns seems to warrant the same inference, in spite of the fact that all and each of the towns included under the collective name enjoyed some special privileges even before the Conquest.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader how after the battle of Hastings, the southern and eastern coasts of Kent formed that portion of his newly-

acquired kingdom which William was most anxious to secure ; how he made it his first object to reduce that tract of seaboard even before he marched on London ; or how he exacted from Harold, even during the lifetime of Edward, a solemn pledge that he would surrender into his hands the castle and keep of Dover, —no doubt as being the centre of all military action in respect of the opposite coasts.

“To enable his government to wield the resources of this maritime district with the greater vigour and promptitude,” observes a writer on the Cinque Ports, “William severed it wholly from the civil and military administration of the counties of Kent and Sussex, erecting it into a kind of palatine jurisdiction under a *guardian* or *warden*, who had the seat of his administration at the Castle of Dover, and exercised over the whole district the combined civil, military, and naval authority ; thus uniting in his own hands all the various functions which (to use the terms most intelligible to modern readers) we may describe as those of a Sheriff of a county at large, a Custos Rotulorum, a Lord-Lieutenant, and an Admiral of the Coast.”

It is well known that, from the Conquest to the reign of Henry VIII., the country at large had no navy, the maritime defence of the kingdom being all along entrusted to the “good men and true” of the Cinque Ports, who were bound jointly to fit out, at their own cost, such armaments as were wanted from time to time. Such being the case (the army and

navy not being as yet separate services), the warden of the Cinque Ports held really, to some extent, the modern post of Minister or Secretary for War, and formed part of the executive of the nation; and, accordingly, it is still a prescriptive rule that no one but a privy councillor is capable of being nominated to that office. In the reign of Edward I. the ports, we find, were ordered to supply jointly a fleet of fifty-seven sail, fully equipped for fifteen days' service; but in the reign of Edward III. the respective quota was assigned to each port and its members, or tributary towns; and English history teems with similar examples. The gradual rise of the British navy and its permanent organization have, of course, rendered obsolete the naval services of the ancient palatinate of the Cinque Ports; and, indeed, even if such had not been the case, the same result would have followed from the great physical changes which have come over the ports and harbours by the change of the coast line; even "New" Romney and Sandwich—the latter once well known to history as the "Port of London"—being now both separated from the sea by a mile or two of alluvial deposit, to say nothing of Winchilsea, which is now remarkable for little but its ecclesiastical antiquities.\*

Another proof of the Norman origin of the Cinque Ports is to be found in the use of the terms "Jurats" and "Barons," in lieu of the analogous Saxon names

\* See 'Pleasant Days in Pleasant Places,' p. 70.

of "Aldermen" and "Freemen," so familiar to English ears, and so redolent of English liberties. In former days, under the Norman and Plantagenet kings, and indeed to a much later date, the civil and municipal rulers of the Ports used to meet and transact their business in a Parliament of their own, the framework of which still remains in the "Brotherhood" and "Guestling," which is convened from time to time for purposes of internal regulation. It was assembled during the present century in 1811, and again in 1828, and more recently on two occasions; and, according to present arrangement, it is ordered to be convened once, at least, in every seven years. When the Brotherhood is convened, the barons and "com-barons" still meet in the parish church at New Romney to elect a speaker with the ancient solemnities. These are celebrated with a scrupulous adherence to ancient precedent, which, pleasing as it may be to the lover of old associations, can scarcely fail to raise a smile on the lips of those who care as little as most men in the middle of the nineteenth century for shadows whose substance has departed. It is remarkable that, to the present day, the members returned to Parliament by the boroughs of Hastings, Dover, Hythe, and Sandwich, are still termed "Barons" of the Cinque Ports, and that they still claim to exercise, in virtue of the original grant, the honorary office of holders of the canopy over the head of the sovereign at every successive coronation. Their claim of right to dine, as they dined in olden days,

on the right hand of the sovereign at the dinner in Westminster Hall was most ruthlessly and cruelly ignored at the coronation of George IV., when the barons, to maintain and assert their right, refused to give place, or withdraw, and stood (we are told) all the time till the banquet was over, for which act, no doubt, they were subsequently rewarded by the thanks of their grateful "com-barons," of whose privileges we may literally term them the *upright* representatives.

The jurisdiction of the Cinque Ports, which now extends from Seaford in Sussex to Birchington near Margate, originally embraced a large portion of the Essex coast, and also employed a deputy or bailiff at Great Yarmouth, but they have lately been shorn of these outlying portions of their jurisdiction. The Ports, we should add (except Hythe and Winchilsea), had each several detached "members" assigned to them, as tributaries—not unlike the *συντελεῖς πόλεις* of early Greek antiquity. Thus, to Hastings were attached Pevensey, Seaford, and part of Bexhill and St. Leonard's, together with Beakesbourne near Canterbury, and Grange near Rochester; to Rye was tacked on Tenterden; to Romney, Denge Marsh, Lydd, and Orlestone; to Dover, the towns of Folkestone, Faversham, and Margate, and the parishes of St. Peter, Birchington, and Ringwold; to Sandwich, the towns of Fordwich, Deal, and Ramsgate, and the villages of Walmer, Sarr, and Brightlingsea; but some of the most distant "members" were pruned

off early in the present century, on account of the many practical difficulties which arose in the administration of justice, and other inconveniencies. It is by the several surviving "members" of these Ports that the bailiffs and jurats are sent to the court of the Guestling above-mentioned, the court of the Brotherhood being restricted to the mayors of the five Ports and two "ancient towns," together with a certain number of jurats, thus forming a sort of Upper House.

As may naturally be expected, the list of the Lords Warden of the Cinque Ports includes several names well known in history, including more than one member of the royal family. Since the office was held by James, Duke of York, afterwards James II. (who, by the way, was married at Dover Castle to Mary of Modena), it has been filled by Lord Sydney, Prince George of Denmark, the Duke of Dorset, the Duke of Ormonde, Sydney, Earl of Leicester, D'Arcy, Earl of Holderness, Lord North, William Pitt, the Earl of Liverpool, the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Dalhousie, Lord Palmerston, and Earl Granville.

It does not appear from the existing records, that till lately any of the Lords Warden have been installed with a public solemnity since the *Duke* of Dorset, who was thus inaugurated, in 1765, at the "Bredenstone." Even of this installation there is no authentic record in the public documents of the authorities of the Cinque Ports; and we understand that for the entire programme of the ceremonies performed at the

admission of Lord Palmerston, recourse was had to an old newspaper of the day which had recorded the affair with the minuteness of a reporter of our own time. Even "Sylvanus Urban" has placed upon record no outline of the proceedings among his 'Domestic Occurrences' in the 'Gentleman's Magazine.'

I will now ask the reader to accompany me leisurely up the western heights of Dover to nearly the top of the "Drop Redoubt," where he will see worked into the wall of the barracks part of the ancient "Bredenstone" of which I have spoken above.

This "Bredenstone," or "Kissingstone," or "Devil's Drop," as it is vulgarly styled by tradition among the inhabitants of Dover—was certainly standing on the western heights in the middle of the last century. It is not only mentioned in his 'History of Dover Castle' by Darell, chaplain to Queen Elizabeth (the original of which is in the Herald's College), but a cut of it, as it appeared in 1760, is to be seen in the edition of Darell published at that date. As to the name, the story is that the good people of Dover thought it was too big a mass to have been made by the hands of man, and therefore somewhat hastily concluded that it must have been the work of the Prince of Darkness.

The masonry of which it is composed is of hard reddish concrete, flint, Kentish rag, and Roman fluted tiles; it was laid upon a platform of flintwork



of the same date, and, to judge from its site and from other points, it must have formed the lower portion of a second Roman Pharos, or lighthouse, corresponding to the well-known Pharos still standing within the walls of the castle on the opposite hill, which is nearly coeval with the Christian era. Such, at all events, is the opinion of a well-known local antiquary, Mr. Knocker, the worthy town clerk of Dover, who tells us, in a lecture which he delivered some few years ago, that there is a tradition that a third Pharos of a similar shape and material once stood on the heights above Boulogne. At all events, it is an authenticated fact that their Bredenstone for many centuries was the spot at which the Lords Warden were installed into their office,—the last instance of its use on record, we believe, being in the year 1765. In 1808, when the present Drop Redoubt was formed, the general in command of the Engineers being more of a soldier than a scholar, and there probably being at hand no local antiquary to rescue it from destruction, the military authorities, unable to pick it to pieces with axes, tumbled it over on the ground and buried it *in situ*, where it was found in the year 1861, when, as stated above, it was made to form a portion of the barrack wall.

*FOOTPRINTS OF WOLSEY AT ESHER.*



WOLSEY'S PALACE AT ESHER.

IT is not only at Whitehall or at Hampton Court that we meet with the footprints of Cardinal Wolsey, but in at all events one other place which, thanks to modern railways, may be styled almost a suburb of London. In a green meadow, close by the side of the river Mole, within the grounds of Esher Place—about

a mile from Esher Station, and in the rear of Sandown Park—stands a curious Gothic building, a castellated gateway, which is always styled in the neighbourhood “Wolsey’s Tower.” Though it was not built by that statesman, it was once tenanted by him, shortly before his fall from the King’s good graces, and when he had begun to have reason to cry aloud,

“Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness.”

And doubtless here he often walked at eventide, and on the grassy banks of the Mole, which flowed deep and full beneath his windows, mused upon the transitory nature of royal favour.

This gateway is all that remains of a house which, from a survey of the manor of Esher taken early in the reign of Edward VI., appears to have been “sumptuously built, with divers offices, and an orchard and garden.” There was also, we are told, a park adjoining, three miles in circuit, well stocked with deer. In the early part of the last century the mansion of Esher Place—as its successor is still called—consisted of little more than the old tower, or gatehouse, above mentioned; but Mr. Henry Pelham, brother of the Duke of Newcastle, and then owner of the property, made considerable additions to the building, in a style supposed to correspond with the original, but, it must be owned, rather in the gingerbread-Gothic fashion of Strawberry Hill. The additions, consisting of wings and offices, were designed

by Kent, the architect of the eastern front of Kensington Palace; but they were inferior to the central part of the edifice, and, as Walpole himself remarks, "were proofs how little he conceived either the principles or graces of the Gothic architecture." The name of Kent, however, whom Walpole styles "the inventor of an art that realises painting," has been inseparably connected by the poet with

"Esher's peaceful grove,  
Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's love."

Several engravings of the house and grounds at Esher have been published at different times. One of the earliest is a bird's-eye view, by Knyff and Kip, taken when the estate (with the manor of Esher) belonged to Mr. Thomas Cotton, in the reign of William and Mary. Another and larger plan, including both fronts of Mr. Pelham's mansion, together with four ornamental buildings, styled the Temple, Grotto, Hermitage, and Thatched House, was engraved by Rocque in 1737. Another view, showing the east front, was published in the same year by Buck; and in 1759 a large engraving was made of the west front by Luke Sullivan. Of the Tower, as it now stands, there is a fine steel engraving given as a vignette on the title-page of the first volume of the new edition of Brayley's 'History of Surrey,' now in course of publication.

This gateway, though it stands low, forms a most picturesque object when seen from the flat meadows

on the opposite side of the stream, backed as it is by the dark foliage of the trees in the park which surrounds Esher Place ; and it must be owned that it bears a striking resemblance to Wolsey's Gateway at Ipswich, and to the towers of Layer Marney and Leigh's Priory, in Essex. It owes its erection to William of Waynfleet, Bishop of Winchester, nearly a century before the day of Wolsey's pride.

Aubrey in his Survey, tells us that Waynfleet, who held the see of Winchester from 1447 to 1486, erected a "stately brick mansion" on the bank of the Mole within the park of Esher. He adds : "Over the gatehouse, and on several other parts of the building, he placed the armorial bearings of his own family and those of his see, sculptured in stone ; and on the timber-work of the roof of the hall were carvings of angels supporting escutcheons, on which were inscribed in scrolls the words 'Tibi Christe' ; and in the windows the sentence 'Sit Deo Gracia' was several times repeated." The interior of the tower comprises three stories ; but the apartments are small, and the flooring for the most part is so sadly decayed that it is dangerous to enter them. There is, however, within one of the octagonal turrets, a very skilfully wrought staircase of brick, in a good state of preservation, and in the roofing of which the principles of the construction of the oblique arch (a supposed innovation of modern times) are practically exhibited. The windows and the door-frames, and the dressings,

are of stone. In the character of the tower itself there are indications of an earlier period than that of Wolsey. Cavendish, in his 'Life of Wolsey,' speaks of the removal to Westminster (Whitehall) of "the new gallery which my lord had late before his fall newly set up at Asher"; and "the taking away thereof," he continues, "was to him corrosive—the which, indeed, discouraged him very sore to stay there any longer—for he was weary of that house at Asher, or with continual use it waxed unsavoury." This, it may be stated, is the only distinct notice which has appeared to connect Wolsey's name with any architectural works at Asher (or Esher) Place.

As might naturally be expected, the Bishops of Winchester occasionally resided on this pleasant spot, which was at the same time near the Court, and yet far removed from the bustle and strife of tongues. In fact, it was not their Lambeth, but their Addington. The historians of Surrey record the fact that Cardinal Wolsey, not content with his other ventures in the way of building, gave instructions for the partial rebuilding of his house at Esher, which he fondly purposed to have made one of his residences after he had surrendered Hampton Court to his jealous sovereign. Many interesting circumstances relating to the last retirement of the great Lord Cardinal to Esher, on the declension of his favour with the royal tyrant, are mentioned by his biographers; but unfortunately there was no Pepys or Evelyn in the

Tudor days to throw light upon his movements by the help of a personal Diary.

It may be remembered, however, that when the Cardinal was at Whitehall in the summer of 1529, and when the King sent the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk to demand back from him the Great Seal, Wolsey was ordered to retire to Esher. But, the order being unaccompanied by any voucher of authority, the fallen Chancellor refused to obey it until the return of the king's messengers next day with his Majesty's written commands. He then went by water to Putney, whence he rode leisurely to Esher. It was in the course of this journey that, being overtaken by one of the king's courtiers, who assured him that the storm would soon blow over, and that he stood really as high as ever in the tyrant's favour, he sent back his fool or jester, Patch, as a welcome present to his royal master.

For the rest of the story we have the 'Chronicle' of 'honest' John Stow to guide us. We read that Wolsey, having returned to Esher, continued there, with a numerous family of servants and retainers, for "the space of three or four weeks, without either beds, sheets, table-cloths, dishes to eat their meat in, or wherewithal to buy any: howbeit, there was good provision of all kind of victual, and of beer and wine whereof there was sufficient, and plenty enough: but my Lord was compelled of necessity to borrow of Master Arundell and of the Bishop of Carlisle plate

and dishes, both to drink in and eat his meat in. Thus my Lord, with his family, continued in this strange estate until after Hallownetide." The Cardinal then dismissed a large part of his attendants, and sent Thomas Cromwell, afterwards Earl of Essex, to London to "take care of his interest at Court." But apparently Cromwell did not take much trouble in the matter; for, though the charge of treason originally preferred against the Cardinal was abandoned, Wolsey was subjected, as every reader of English history knows, to a *præmunire*, the result of which was to place him, with all his worldly goods and chattels, at the mercy of the King his master.

During the next few weeks of Wolsey's existence our interest is fixed on the river-side at Esher. For it was here that, whilst his enemies were pursuing their plans for his destruction, the King sent him "gracious messages," betraying occasional symptoms of returning favour, first by Sir John Russell, and afterwards by the Duke of Norfolk; and it was whilst he was entertaining the Duke here that Sir John Shelley, one of the Judges, arrived for the purpose of obtaining, or rather of extorting, from Wolsey a formal cession of York House (Whitehall), the town mansion of the Archbishops of that see. We are told that the Cardinal hesitated so much to execute this royal command, that he only put his pen to the parchment upon being assured that the Judges of the land considered it to be a lawful act and deed. It



was here, therefore, that, on finding all opposition vain, Wolsey did that which was required at his hands; but the deed threw him into a severe fit of illness. Dr. Butts, the Court physician, who came down to visit him here, was forced to go back to London with the news that his life was in danger; and it was here that, lying on his sick-bed, Wolsey received the historic ring which Henry, in a fit of ill-timed regret, sent to him with a "comfortable message." The latter was so far-effective that the great statesman was somewhat cheered by the seeming kindness of his tyrannical master, and recovered for a time. It must, however, have been at Esher that the document was signed which alienated Whitehall from the prelates of York, and handed over that magnificent palace to the tender mercies of "Old Harry."

That he was "sick unto death" whilst here for the last time is clear from the Cardinal's last letter to Stephen Gardiner, which is dated from Esher, and in which he writes: "I pray yow at the reverens of God to helpe, that expedicion be usyd in my persue'ts, the delay whereof so replenyshth my herte with hevynes, that I can take no reste; not for any vayne fere, but onely for the miserable condycion that I am presently yn, and lyclyhod to contynue yn the same oneless that yow, in whom ys myn assuryd truste, do help and releve me therin. For fyrst, contynuyng here in this mowest and corrupt ayer, beyng enteryd into the

passyon of the dropsy, *cum prostratione appetitus et continuo insomnio*, I cannot lyve; Wherfor of necessitye I must be removyd to some other dryer ayer and place, where I may have comodyte of phsycyans," &c.

A reference to Hume or Froude, or to any other historian of the Tudor times, will serve to show the reader that only a few months subsequently the Cardinal obtained permission from Henry to remove from Esher to Shene, or Richmond, where he appears to have remained—making occasional expeditions to Esher,—till his journey into Yorkshire, a few months previous to his death, which took place at the Abbey of Leicester, in November 1530.

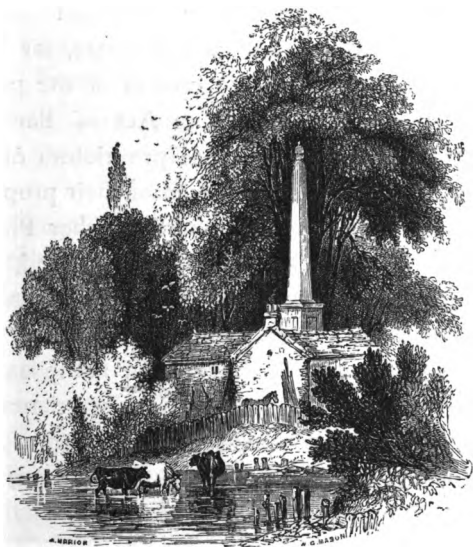
When Henry VIII. had resolved to constitute Hampton Court an "honour," and to make a "chase" around it, he purchased several neighbouring estates, and among others that of Esher. In 1538, as we learn from Rymer's 'Fœdera,' Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, conveyed to the King "his manor of Asher, in Asher, Ditton, Cobham, Kingston, and Walton; William Basyng, *alias* Kingswell, prior of the monastery and Cathedral of St. Swithin at Winchester, confirming the deed." In consequence of these acts this manor, with other lands, was annexed to the "honour and chase of Hampton Court" in 1540. Ten years afterwards, King Edward gave the office of chief keeper of the mansion of Esher, with its gardens and orchards, and that of Lieutenant of the Chace of Hampton Court, to John Dudley,

Earl of Warwick, and John, Lord Lisle, his son, for their joint lives and the life of the survivor. The Earl had a grant of the manor and park to himself and his heirs, but he soon re-conveyed them to the King. Bishop Gardiner obtained from Queen Mary the restoration to his see of this estate, described as the "lordship and manor of Eshere," with the park (part of the "honour" of Hampton Court), the rabbit warren, about 185 acres of land, and the land called Northwood in Cobham, "to be held of the Crown in frankalmoigne."

In 1538, Queen Elizabeth bought this manor of the Bishop of Winchester, and very shortly afterwards granted it in fee to Charles, Lord Howard of Effingham. The estate subsequently passed, probably by sale, to Richard Drake, Esq., Equerry to the Queen, who was in possession in 1603, in which year he died. His only son and heir, Francis Drake, held it in 1631; and five years later it had become the property of George Price, Esq. The manor of Esher was subsequently purchased by Thomas Pelham Holles, Earl of Clare, and afterwards Duke of Newcastle, Prime Minister to George II. and III., who built on part of the estate the mansion of Claremont, which has since been rebuilt, the grounds being laid out by "Capability Brown." In the grounds is a monument to the great Lord Clive, in the form of an obelisk, of which we present an illustration.

After numerous intermediate transfers, in 1768

this manor, together with Esher-Wateville and the mansion and estate of Claremont, was purchased by Lord Clive, who continued in possession until his decease in 1774, when his property at Esher was sold to Viscount Galway, an Irish peer. He again disposed of the whole to the Earl of Tyrconnell, who made



CLIVE'S MONUMENT AT CLAREMONT IN ESHER.

Claremont his residence until the beginning of the present century, when he resold the estate to Mr. Charles Rose Ellis, afterwards Lord Seaforth. He, in 1816, conveyed the property by sale, for 66,000*l.*, to the Commissioners of His Majesty's Woods and Forests, for the purpose of providing a suitable

residence for the Princess Charlotte, on her marriage with Leopold, Prince of Saxe-Coburg.

About the same time that the manor of Esher was sold to the Duke of Newcastle, the park and mansion-house of Esher, which had been separated from the manor, were disposed of to Mr. Peter de la Porte, one of the directors of the South Sea Company ; but he possessed it only a few years, for on the breaking of that bubble the estates of the principal directors were seized under an Act of Parliament, and sold for the benefit of those proprietors of South Sea stock who had been deprived of their property by the practices of the general board. Esher Place was thereupon purchased by a Mr. Dennis Bond, who in 1729 resold it to the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, who was celebrated as a statesman in the reign of George II., and who, as stated above, soon made extensive alterations in the building. Few statesmen have been more highly eulogized by contemporary poets and other writers than Pelham. Thomson, in his 'Seasons' (Summer), thus refers to

Esher's groves,  
Where in the sweetest solitude, embraced  
By the soft windings of the gentle Mole,  
From courts and senates Pelham found repose.

Edward Moore also, in an ode addressed to Pelham, and entitled 'The Discovery,' in which the goddess Virtue is portrayed as in search of an earthly abode, has sung the praises of the retired statesman in several

stanzas: the two here quoted are selected as being peculiarly applicable to the place under notice:—

Long through the sky's wide pathless way  
The Muse observed the Wand'rer stray,  
And marked her last retreat ;  
O'er Surrey's barren heaths she flew,  
Descending like the silent dew  
On Esher's peaceful seat.

There she beholds the gentle Mole  
His pensive waters calmly roll  
Amidst Elysian ground ;  
There through the windings of the grove  
She leads her family of Love,  
And strews her sweets around.

By will, dated 1748, Mr. Pelham devised his lands in Esher to his eldest surviving daughter, Frances, on whose death in 1804 they devolved on her nephew, Lewis Thomas, Lord Sondes. In the following year, however, his lordship sold the estate in parcels, by which means, according to the public prints of the day, he realized the good round sum of 37,000*l*. Esher Place, and the park and other lands adjoining, were purchased by Mr. John Spicer, who pulled down what was left of the old house, with the exception of "Wolsey's Gateway," and with its materials erected a new mansion, of brick, stuccoed in imitation of stone, on higher ground. The estate now belongs to Mr. Money Wigram, a member of the family of Sir F. Fitzwygram.

The new mansion commands extensive views, particularly towards the north-west and north-east

points ; the vale of the Thames, with all its delightful scenery, composing as it were the leading features of the intermediate landscape ; whilst the hills of Harrow, Hampstead, and Highgate unite with the horizon in the extreme distance. Independently of the extensive prospects obtained from the boldly-swelling heights of Esher, the home views in themselves possess great interest, both from variety and contrast. How far the creations of the landscape gardener may have contributed to this effect it is now too late to ascertain ; yet the natural undulations of the ground would seem to have required but little improvement from his conceptions. At all events, Kent has the credit of making alterations in conformity with the disposition of the ground and the range of scenery it commands. Within a sunken dell, in that part of the grounds called the Wood, is a large votive urn, standing on a pedestal of freestone, which, as appears from the following inscription, was placed there as a grateful and becoming record of the beneficence of Mr. Pelham, by one whom he had patronized ;—"HENRICO PELHAM PATRONO SVO OPTIMO SEMPERQUE HONORATO, BENEFICIORVM GRATA VT DECVIT RECORDATIONE POSVIT. I. R." On the three other faces of the pedestal are bas-reliefs of Charon preparing to carry a disembodied spirit over the river Styx ; shepherds leaning upon a sarcophagus, on which are the words, "et in Arcadia Ego ;" and a mourning figure reclining against a column, surmounted by a vase. The

following lines, adapted from the Odes of Horace, are annexed to these sculptures, respectively :—

Tellus et Domus et placens Uxor linquenda.

Nec Pudor aut Modus Desiderio.

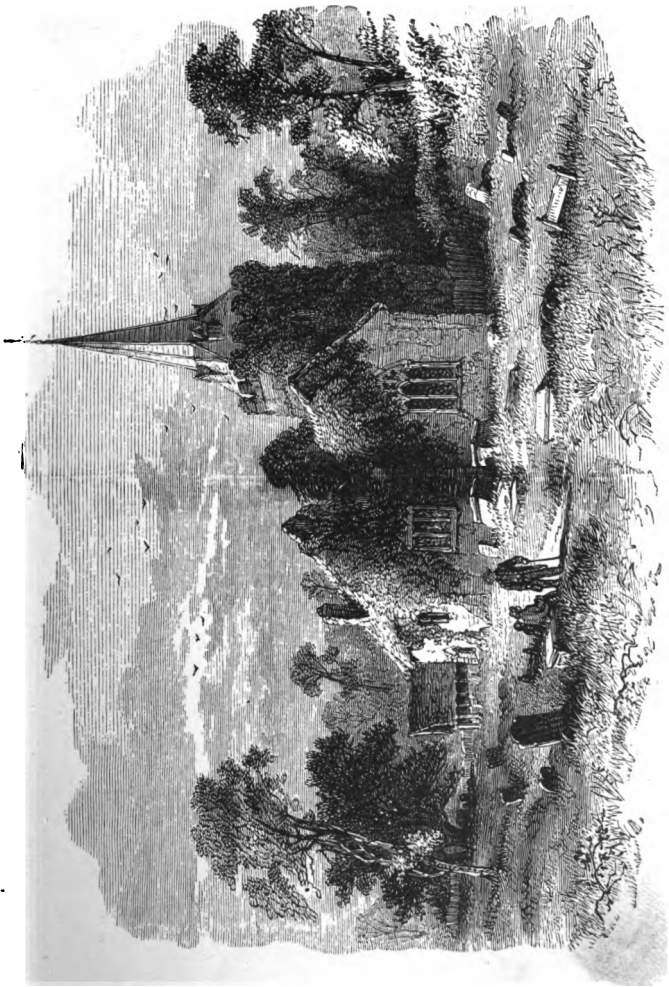
Debitâ spargens Lacrymâ Favillam.

The plantations of fir, beech, &c., which cover the heights, add much to the picturesque effect of the views; and there are some fine old oaks, beeches, and elms in different parts, together with a remarkable holly-tree, the girth of which is between eight and nine feet. There are likewise several small ornamental buildings in the park; but the principal feature of that description, as we have already shown, is the old brick tower, which formed part of "Asher Palace," when the estate belonged to the see of Winchester. The ivy by which it is now luxuriantly clothed was planted by the late owner, Mr. Spicer, when yet a boy.



### *A DAY AT STOKE POGES.*

THOUGH Slough is, as all must own, a most unattractive country town, yet it forms the centre of a district which all around is classic, and even hallowed, ground. Did not Herschel make his first great discoveries in astronomy while residing at that old-fashioned red-bricked mansion on your left as you pass down the high road to Eton? Did not Milton write his 'L'Allegro' at Horton, not three miles distant to the north-east? is not Cooper's Hill, standing on the high ground that rises before your eyes just across the Thames, consecrated by the muse of Denham? are not the "Burnham Beeches" within a walk to the north-west? Did not Edmund Burke and Edmund Waller live at Beaconsfield? and is not Stoke, with its fair village Church, scarce two miles to the north-west, the spot above all others most thoroughly immortalised with English readers as the very self-same "Country Churchyard," which inspired the poet Gray with his elegy?



STOKE POGES CHURCH.



I propose asking my readers to accompany me on a pilgrimage to Stoke Poges, as the village is called ; it will not occupy us, going and returning, more than half one of these bright June days.

Stoke Poges, as the county historians tell us, is so named from the fact of Amicia de Stoke, an heiress, having brought the manor in marriage to one Robert Poges, a knight of the shire in the 12th century. His grand-daughter and heir, Egidia, marrying Sir John Molyne, a member of the household of Edward III., the estate passed into the possession of this family, who had a licence from the king to fortify and embattle a mansion here. The manor of Stoke Poges subsequently descended through female heirs to the house of Hastings, Earls of Huntingdon, one of whom rebuilt the manor-house early in the reign of Elizabeth. It next came into the hands of Sir Edward Coke, attorney-general to Queen Elizabeth, who entertained her majesty here in a most sumptuous and costly manner, and whose only daughter was Lady Hatton. Gray supposed that the Lord Chancellor Hatton was once the owner of Stoke House, and he has told, in oft-quoted lines, how—

“ Full oft within the spacious walls,  
When he had fifty winters o’er him,  
My grave lord-keeper led the brawls ;  
The seals and maces danced before him.  
His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,  
His high-crown’d hat and satin doublet,  
Moved the stout heart of England’s queen,  
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.”

But Sir Harris Nicolas has shown, in his well-known 'Life of Hatton,' that the Lord Keeper never resided at Stoke. When Gray wrote his 'Long Story,' Lady Cobham was the owner of the manor-house.

But we will not weary our readers with a genealogical tree, or a long table of the descent of the manor; it is sufficient to say that, in 1647, Stoke House was for a short time the residence of the unfortunate King Charles, when he was a prisoner in the power of the army. Not long after the death of Lord Purbeck, which happened in 1656, the manor of Stoke was sold by his heirs to John Gayer, Esq., elder brother of Sir Robert Gayer, K.B., who afterwards possessed it. It was purchased of the Gayers, about the year 1720, by Edward Halsey, Esq., one of the representatives of the town of Buckingham, whose daughter Anne married Lord Cobham. Stoke House and the manor were sold by her heirs to William Penn, Esq., chief proprietor of Pennsylvania; and now, having passed in succession through the hands of the Penn and Labouchere families, the estate of Stoke Park is the property, by purchase, of a London accountant, named Coleman, who resides at the great house built by Wyatt, in the classic style, a century ago, about two hundred yards from the site of the old manor-house, immortalised by Gray in his 'Long Story:'

In Britain's isle, no matter where,  
An ancient pile of building stands;

The Huntingdons and Hattons there  
Employed the power of fairy hands  
To raise the ceilings' fretted height,  
Each panel in achievements clothing,  
Rich windows that exclude the light,  
And passages that lead to nothing.

Of the old manor-house only a portion remains, and that is in a dilapidated and almost untenable condition. It is used only as a brew-house, and comprises one wing of the old mansion, showing externally the tall gable, half covered with ivy, and the handsome, quaintly arranged, carved brick chimney-shafts rising above it; whilst, internally, there is sufficient evidence remaining to show its original splendour and ancient hospitality. In the kitchen is still to be seen the wide fire-place with its heraldic devices; and in a small room on the second floor there are some rude paintings, also heraldic, on the plastered walls, with the initials, E.R., together with some quaint inscriptions, such as "Feare the Lorde," "Obey the Prince," "Love thine Enemis," "Beware of pride," "Speke the trueth," "Beware of mallis," and the like. The old building was once on a time a fine brick mansion, with those projecting wings and deeply embayed windows and oriels, which form the chief characteristics of the architecture of the Elizabethan era. It occupied a somewhat low, sheltered situation, in the midst of an extensive and richly-wooded park; and the deep colour of the bricks standing out from the bright foliage of the stately old

trees with which the house was surrounded, tends to produce a most striking and picturesque effect.

The house that Gray occupied at Stoke was not the old manor, but a far less pretentious edifice, which in his day bore the modest name of West End Cottage. Of late years it has been altered and added to so extensively that, from a cottage, it has passed into the category of mansions, and is now, or was lately, owned by a wealthy ironmaster, Mr. Darby.

The study of Gray, however, a summer-house, or grotto in which he used to sit in summer, and a walnut-tree, planted by the poet's own hand, still remain, so as to localise his memory. It was not here that he spent his childhood or boyhood, or his vacations when at Cambridge ; but, after his father's death, which happened about two months subsequent to his return from a foreign tour, which he made in company with Horace Walpole, his mother retired from London with as much of her fortune as she could save from her husband's reckless extravagance, and, accompanied by a maiden sister, took up her quarters with another sister, Mrs. Rogers, at Stoke ; and from this date henceforth the poet appears to have had little or no other aim in life except to comfort the declining years of his only surviving parent. She died in 1753, and her tomb is in the peaceful churchyard under the east window of the church which is shown in our engraving.

It was while resident here that Gray composed

his ode 'On a Distant Prospect of Eton College,' the first English production of his pen which appeared in print, commencing with the lines

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,  
That crown the watery glade ;  
Where grateful science still adores  
Her Henry's holy shade.

Here, also, he penned his 'Hymn to Adversity,' which was first given to the world in Dodsley's Miscellany ; and here he commenced, and certainly resumed, and probably completed, the immortal work which was destined to give him an eternity of fame, his 'Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.'

It has often been said by writers, from Dr. Gregory downwards, that this poem owes its popularity entirely to its subject, and that the public would have received the 'Elegy' quite as warmly if it had been written in prose. We may fairly demur to any such criticism. It is to the double fact that the subject is one which comes nearly home to the heart of Englishmen, who love the parochial system and the places where their fathers' bones repose, and also that the subject is treated by Gray in a key-note thoroughly in harmony with the tender and touching associations which cluster around the English village church as such, that we must ascribe the sudden and permanent popularity which has been accorded to the poem in question.

And here, perhaps, we may as well devote a few lines to the pretensions put forward by other country



churchyards to the distinction of having originally suggested the 'Elegy' to Gray. Of these Grandchester, near Cambridge, and Upton, about half way between Slough and Windsor, assert their respective pretensions with the greatest confidence, though others have occasionally put in a more modest, though not more doubtful, claim.

Mitford, it is well-known, has argued strongly in favour of Grandchester; but I must own that the weight of evidence, both internal and external, seems to me strongly opposed to his view. There are those, too—my friend, Mr. Edward Jesse, among the number—who believe that the little Norman church of Upton, long in ruins, but recently restored, is the prototype of the church which Gray celebrated in his 'Elegy;' but although we must own that something may be said in favour of the "ivy-mantled tower," surrounded by the "yew-trees' shade," yet that is the only feature peculiar to Upton; and it must be remarked that the spire which surmounts the church of Stoke is a modern addition to the tower, and not a hundred years old; so that the "ivy-mantled tower" will harmonise as well with Stoke as with Upton, while the former can point to its "spreading elms," shown in our illustration, which Upton cannot.

The truth is, that Gray, a solitary and melancholy man, may have drawn the images in his 'Elegy' from various sources; but there can be no reasonable doubt that Stoke, his parish church, his favourite haunt, and

his residence in middle life, was the place where, often lingering, he composed the lines that will render his name immortal. At Stoke we have in perfection "the rugged elms, the yew-trees' shade;" and when we reflect that the 'Elegy,' long laid aside, was resumed upon the death of the poet's aunt, who is buried in the churchyard, we cannot help thinking that this place is more immediately associated with the labours of the poet than any other. But this assertion of the right of Stoke to be considered the churchyard in which the 'Elegy' was written is of no great consequence, farther than that the faith in the genuineness of our classical associations should be preserved, if possible, without the stain of scepticism.

*A VISIT TO LEEDS CASTLE.*

"This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses."—SHAKSPEARE.

LEEDS CASTLE stands in the very heart of the richly-cultivated county of Kent, in the midst of wild and picturesque scenery, about five miles due east of the town of Maidstone, on the high road leading to Ashford. It is a magnificent pile of building, of various orders of architecture, embracing that of the Edwardian era, whilst a considerable portion dates from the reign of Henry VIII. It was the great central stronghold of Kent, commanding as it did the very important line of road that passed eastward to Canterbury and the sea ; and it is probably owing to this position that many remarkable historical scenes have been enacted within its walls, and that its portals have at various times been opened to many remarkable personages. The castle was formerly one of the favourite residences of English monarchs, and is said

to have been one of the fortresses in which the unhappy Richard II. was confined as a prisoner; here also Joan of Navarre, the second queen of Henry IV., was imprisoned under a charge of conspiring against the life of her step-son Henry V. In more recent times it became the manor-house of the descendants of Henry, fourth Lord Fairfax, cousin of the Parliamentary General.

The castle is encircled by a broad moat of clear water, which comprises a circuit of nearly fifteen acres; but whether it was from this circumstance, or from the fact of its being the place of meeting of the manor court that Leeds Castle was frequently in ancient writings mentioned by the name of *Le Mote* must be left to antiquaries to decide.

It is well known that during the Middle Ages "the moat" was a term frequently applied to domestic strongholds of smaller extent than the castle. Instances of fortified houses called *Moats* are very numerous in Kent, and a long list might be written of old manor-houses in that county, which were surrounded by an inundated foss; one of the most interesting of which, namely Ightham Moat,\* is situated within a few miles of the fine old baronial pile of Knole.

The castles of the barons and the moated halls of the lesser gentry presented a striking evidence of the military character of the tenures under which they

\* See 'Pleasant Days in Pleasant Places,' p. 200.

were held of the crown. Every great landholder by knight's service erected and resided in his castle ; his retainers formed the garrison ; he became a prince paramount in his own fee or lordship ; he often obtained licence to exercise therein the highest judicial rights ; and his friendship and alliance were frequently of no small importance to the sovereign of the realm. In cases of disputed title to the crown, the lords of these castles were enabled, on many occasions, to prolong the contest between the claimants ; they opened their gates perhaps to the vanquished or retiring party, who, safe within their entrenched or embattled circuit, had time to gain breath, and to renew the struggle with recruited fortunes. Instances of this application of the political strength of domestic castles are particularly numerous in the wars between Matilda and Stephen ; and memorable traits abound in every period of our history, down to the rebellion of fanatical republicanism by which it was tarnished in the seventeenth century. Of the many cases of tyranny and gross oppression that were enacted by the feudatory castellans during the anarchy which prevailed in King Stephen's reign, ample evidence is given by William of Malmesbury, who wrote about that time, in his '*Historia Novella.*' The abuse of these private fortresses, however, was considerably reformed by Henry II. ; and from the period of his reign it became necessary for every subject who wished to fortify his house by embattlements, or to

entrench it by a moat, to obtain a licence for that purpose from the crown.

Leeds Castle stands in the midst of a park of considerable extent, charmingly laid out, studded with noble elm, beech, and oak trees, and consisting of an unbroken chain of undulations covered with a smooth velvet-like turf, upon which groups of deer recline or wander beneath the branches of the stately trees, whilst occasionally a sudden turn from the ordinary pathway will lead the rambler into a deep ravine, that with its tangled brakes and purple harebells, might forcibly bring to his imagination one of those enchanting scenes that form the chief characteristic of a fairy extravaganza. Here he may wander,

Or sit beneath the shade  
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts,  
Thrown graceful round by nature's careless hand,  
And pensive listen to the various voice  
Of rural peace : the herds, the flocks, the birds,  
The hollow whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,  
That, purling down amid the twisted roots  
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake  
On the soothed ear.

The roadway by which we proceed winds gently beneath the spreading branches of a noble avenue of beech trees, on emerging from which we suddenly come in full view of a picturesque cascade, down which the water rushes with mimic impetuosity from the moat which surrounds the castle. Here, too, the boldly-defined outlines of the fortress stand out in

clear relief against the dark foliage of the trees, with which the background is filled in. Following the course of the roadway by the side of the moat, we soon arrive at the most ancient portion of the castle, namely, the remains of an outwork in front of the principal gatehouse. This we will make our starting point in describing the principal features of the building as they come under our notice.

We may first observe that Leeds Castle consisted of four distinct forts, each of which was capable of being separately defended, and three of which were wholly surrounded by water, as indeed they have remained to this day. The moat is formed by throwing a dam across the lower part of a valley, through which runs the course of a rivulet called the Len. The castle is approached by three different causeways, two of which were defended by drawbridges: the third leads to the outwork above mentioned, which was not originally surrounded by water; in fact, it constitutes the dam or head by which the moat is formed: but having been walled on both sides, and leading up to a strong gateway, it presented no favourable access to an enemy. Further, in the event of this outwork being carried, there was still a deep ditch and a drawbridge, defended by loopholes and gatehouse, to be passed before the barbican or second fort could be gained. From the barbican the main fortress is separated by a bridge of two arches, originally a drawbridge, constituting the third fort; and this again is

separated by a similar bridge from the keep, the fourth and last stronghold.

Taking our stand in the "outwork," we have around us the mouldering remains of a massive square tower, which originally contained the castle mill. The arrangements for the water-wheel are sufficiently visible to show clearly where it was placed. The holes for the floor joists remain, as also the loopholes by which the different storeys were lighted. The plan by which the water was allowed to escape after turning the wheel, without giving an opening for the approach of an enemy, is simple but effective. The newel staircase can also be traced by which the upper storeys were approached.

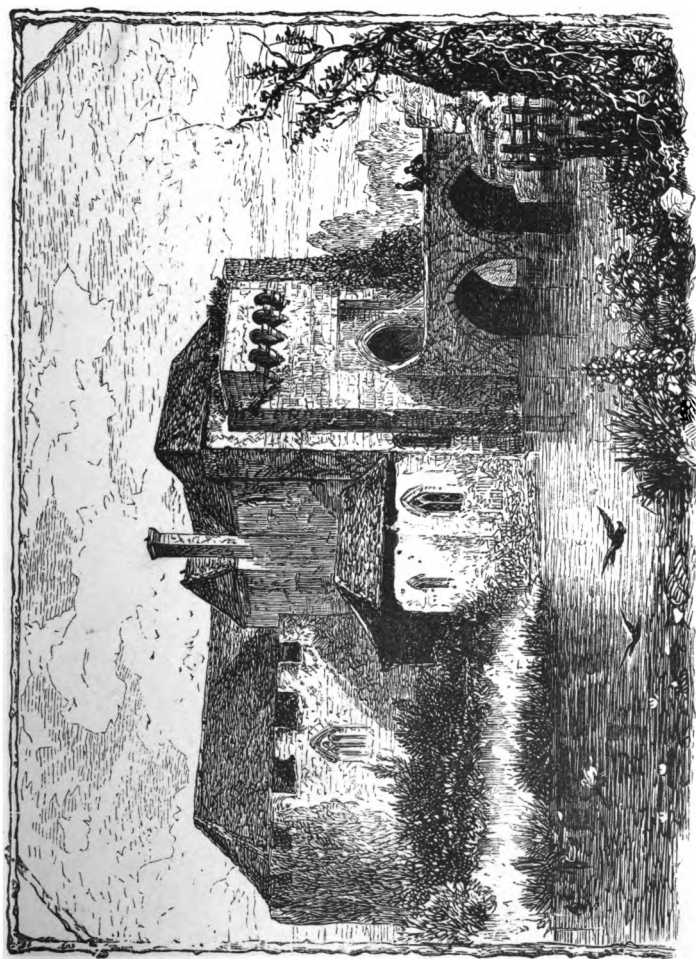
Separated from this outwork by a deep ditch and two drawbridges, each reinforced by a gatehouse and portcullis, is the barbican. This portion seems to have been of a semicircular form, and in it the three causeways, which constituted the approaches, appear to have united; one of the three, as before observed, terminating at the north-western gate of the outwork. The wall of the barbican facing towards the outwork, or *tête du pont*, and its loopholes, is tolerably perfect. One of the piers of the gatehouse, facing to the south, remains, with the massive hinges of the gate and the groove for the portcullis. That there was a drawbridge here is not only manifest from its construction, but it is recorded in a survey of the castle, made in 1314-15, that it had been broken down by the waggons of



Aymer de Valence, of Bampton Castle, Oxon.\* The drawbridge, however, has been removed, and the ground filled in to the level of the causeway. On the north-eastern side there were formerly similar remains: Hasted recorded their existence about the end of the last century, but they have since disappeared. There is in the barbican what seems to have been a lodge for the porter or sentinel, as it exactly resembles in all but size a similar construction in the principal gatehouse. There are the remains of a tower adjoining the gate-house at the west corner of the barbican, but it is too small to have contained a staircase; its precise use, therefore, unless as an ornamental structure, is not very apparent. Close by there is a slip in the wall towards the moat, which is noticed in the survey of 1314, and does not seem to have been repaired since that time.

From the barbican the approach to the main fortress is over a bridge of two arches, with a very solid pier between them. This was originally a draw-bridge, evidently so constructed that one half of it drew up towards the main building, and the other towards the barbican, thus insulating both sections, and rendering each capable of a separate defence. Over the gateway are some bold machicolations—projections from which water was thrown down to prevent the gate being set on fire, as well as stones or other

\* Aymer de Valence seems to have copied part of the gatehouse at Leeds Castle in building his own castle at Bampton.



LEEDS CASTLE.

Leeds Castle,

missiles on to the heads of the assailants—but the breastwork of wood which they carried is gone. The holes are still visible through which passed the beams and chains which raised the drawbridge. The portcullis-groove is perfect, as is also the recess above into which it was raised, but the gates are not parts of the original structure.

On entering the gateway we have on our left the porter's lodge, of which the doorway is a square-headed trefoil, or shouldered arch. Adjoining this is a tall arch, partly concealed by the modern porter's lodge, which led to the outer bailey. Within a second arch are the holes on each side for receiving the beam of a wooden palisade. On the left is a staircase leading to the upper storey of the gatehouse buildings. Here is a solar, or constable's apartment. From this a communication leads to another large room, on the right-hand side of the gateway, with an early fireplace, of which the chimney is in the thickness of the wall. In this chamber are some very ancient windows; but there are also the remains of a flushing of lead in the opposite wall, at a lower level than that of the heads of the windows, by which it is pretty clear that the main walls of the building are older than the windows. The walls are from seven to eight feet thick. In the solar or constable's room is a chimney-piece of the date of Henry VII. or VIII., with an inscription not very legible. There is also a kind of lateral opening, or "skew," the object of which seems to have been

to form a communication between the constable and those in charge of the gate and portcullis. It also communicates with a passage leading to a chamber over the gateway, which contains a fireplace; but whether this was for the purpose of heating liquids to be thrown through the openings of the machicolations, as above mentioned, or for purposes of habitation, is doubtful. In the sill of the window of the solar are the usual seats. The door of that chamber is original, and of a peculiar construction, giving the appearance of a feather-edged board on each side, the thin edge of each board being let into a groove in the thick edge of the next

On the left side of the entrance is a newel staircase leading to the guard-room. This chamber has a handsome window at the farther end, on the side towards the moat. The external arches of it are perfect. The lower storey, which does not seem to have been vaulted, is merely lighted by small oblong openings, not much larger than loopholes.

On the two ends of the gatehouse buildings are plainly seen the remains of the inner wall of enceinte, of which there were also, till the alterations in 1822, still more considerable remains at the opposite extremity of the largest island, facing the keep. The merlons of this, and also, perhaps, those of the outer wall, were very long between the embrasures, and every other merlon contained a loophole. Several specimens remain, though in a dilapidated condition.

It is not quite certain that there were any embrasures in the lower or outer wall ; it may possibly have contained loopholes only, as in the barbican. In the entrance archway the original bench for the guard is still to be seen : but the level of the ground having been sunk about a foot, it has a somewhat stilted appearance.

In the circuit of the main island are five bastions, or towers, of a horse-shoe form, one of which still has an upper storey, which was apparently rebuilt by Henry VIII. There is also a square tower, the upper part of which has been removed, but the lower contains the water entrance of the boat-house. Of the tower a portion projected into the moat sufficiently to admit of an entrance by means of an arch, which bears evidence of having been strongly fortified, there being two grooves—one for a portcullis, and the other for a gate or grating, which seems to have been drawn up from below. Nearly opposite to the entrance is a second arch in the opposite wall, which appears to lead to a kind of wharf or quay, on which the contents of the boats might be landed. The upper part contained a fireplace, and was floored with wood. The windows in both storeys were of one light, and with trefoil heads.

Adjoining the water-tower is a large building, partly built within the inner wall of enceinte, and partly without it ; the projecting part of it stands on the old outer wall. This building has been by many

writers attributed to William de Wykeham, but the bulk of what is now standing is certainly not older than the reign of Henry VIII. There is a tradition that it was built for the Maids of Honour, but this is very doubtful. It is now used as a brewhouse, laundry, carpenter's shop, &c. Farther on are the remains of a square tower, projecting from the inner to the outer wall of enceinte. It is not clear whether at this point, and at another on the opposite side of the island, there was a complete stoppage of the road along the outer bailey, or whether there was a continuous communication by means of an archway under the tower. From this point these two walls approached each other, until they met at the drawbridge leading to the keep.

In the portion of the higher wall of enceinte taken down in 1822 were several fireplaces, the flues of which ran up in the thickness of the wall, showing that buildings of considerable extent had been attached to it. The cellar is about sixty feet in length; the end projecting into the bailey still has a large semicircular doorway, though it is now built over and cannot be seen. A similar but smaller doorway is also concealed by modern work on the left-hand side. These are probably the oldest portions of the building now extant.

Opposite to the last-mentioned doorway is the entrance still in use, which is excavated through the rock. There is in the cellar a recess about eight feet by six, and very low; but whether it was constructed

for a dungeon or for some other purpose, is a question of some difficulty to decide.

Just by the drawbridge leading to the keep was a kitchen of timber, from which it is probable that the hall may have been over, or nearly over, the cellar. This is the more probable, because there was in this kitchen an ancient oven, built in the thickness of the wall, part of which projected from the outside on a bold corbel, still remaining ; hence it is clear that this kitchen was not a modern one ; and we may add that it is not likely that this apartment and the cellar should have been far from the hall.

A bold archway of freestone led to the drawbridge of the keep. The quadrant, carefully executed in the stonework, in which the head of it traversed when raised and lowered, is still perfect, under the openings of the stone arch erected in 1822 ; previous to that time the two openings leading to the keep had only been boarded over, and the passage enclosed by side walls of lath and plaster. The drawbridge was not only of two arches—or rather openings—but also of two storeys. In the minister's accounts, *temp.* Edward III., it is called the *Pons Glorietta*, as leading to the tower, called the gloriette, which now contains the clock, &c.

The entrance to the lower storey of the keep is a flat trefoil or shouldered arch, similar to the one noticed in the gatehouse ; above the arch is part of the work of Henry VIII., who restored the whole of



the upper storey. On the left of the entrance was the chapel. Three of the original windows remain, together with the arch, which contained the rich tracery of a fourth. These windows are of the period of Edward I., about 1280, as is also the outer arch of the richer one; but new tracery was put in about 1314-15, as the survey then taken states that the original tracery had been destroyed by a hurricane. The design of this latter window is of that peculiar geometrical kind called "Kentish tracery," examples of which are to be found only in that county and in a small part of Sussex.

The interior subdivision of the keep is modern. The chapel, which is situated in this part of the castle, was for many generations used for domestic purposes; but it was a few years ago converted to its original use by the late owner, Mr. Philip Wykeham Martin. The chapel originally, like that at Berkeley Castle in Gloucestershire, was divided into two storeys at the end opposite to the altar. A little beyond the chapel, Henry VIII. seems to have pulled down a part of the outer wall for the purpose of inserting two large windows; one of them, a bay window, of octagonal character, is in what was probably his banquetting-room. Over the banquetting-room was a withdrawing-room; beyond it, where the larder is now situated, was probably a second kitchen, as there is an unusually large opening for a chimney without any carving or hearth, and the flue divides itself into two in the upper

storey. On the eastern side of the keep is a newel staircase, which leads to a postern opening on the moat ; probably at this point there was across the moat a wooden foot-bridge, of which the portion next the building, at the least, was moveable. About half-way across, when the moat was cleared out in 1822, there appeared to be a small island, the water being very shallow and the bottom hard. It is the part of the bridge between this island and the building that is presumed to have been moveable. The staircase was probably constructed by Henry VIII. in a more peaceful age than that in which the fortress was first erected. From this staircase a door leads into a kind of cellar or store. In the corner, on the left of the entrance, was a spacious room, with a handsome chimney-piece, now destroyed, of the period of Henry VIII., with the arms of Sir Henry Guldeford, at that time constable of the castle, quartered with those of Colepeper. The principal floor of the keep contains three good fireplaces, with the arms of Henry VIII. in the spandrels. The rose and pomegranate also occur in them, together with the castle of Castille, by which it would seem they were executed before Katharine of Aragon fell into disfavour. The interior wall as left by Henry VIII. was of timber and plaster, and the oak or chestnut cornices were richly moulded. Several of the windows of the same material have been used again in the new wall recently erected. The interior of the keep, prior to this date, consisted of Sir H. Guldeford's

work, or rather the remains of it, for nine rooms towards the north were burnt by some Dutch prisoners confined there in the reign of Charles II. The remaining rooms formed three sides of a quadrangle ; some of them had been hung with tapestry, and on the floors were carved chess-boards, probably the work of the Dutch prisoners.

Quitting the keep, we will now ascend the winding staircase of the clock-tower, anciently called the "gloriette." The bell which it contains is one on which the curfew has been rung for many generations, the custom being kept up to this day ; it bears date 1435. There is also an ancient clock, supposed to be of the same date, which strikes on the same bell, but which has no dial or hands. A pendulum has been substituted for the original balance, and some new wheels have recently been added to facilitate the work of winding it up.

Retracing our steps over the bridge which connects the keep with the central island, we enter the principal domestic apartments. In this building, which was erected in 1822, some of the old work has been introduced, especially in the dining-room—a handsome oak chimney-piece of the time of James I., several of the oak spandrels of Henry VIII.'s time, and a curious chimney-back (brought from an old manor house on the estate), which appears to have been cast at the termination of the Wars of the Roses. It is divided into two compartments by a pattern in the

shape of two arches ; each arch contains a crown, of the period of Henry VII., with a rose beneath it, and the two panels are united by what seems intended for a cord. The dogs in the same fireplace were found in the room used as the withdrawing room over the banqueting-room of Henry VIII. above mentioned, and have also the rose and crown and *fleur-de-lis* among their decorations. From this it is almost certain that they belonged to the king.

The whole of the rooms in this part of the castle are very lofty and imposing, and admirably adapted for comfort and convenience. Amongst the paintings that adorn the walls may be mentioned,—Thomas, second Lord Colepeper, by Hanneman ; Margaret, his Lady, daughter and heiress of Prince Jean de Hesse ; the Prince of Hesse Bergen, her father ; two portraits of Thomas, third Lord Fairfax, the celebrated Parliamentary General ; Mary, his only daughter, Duchess of Buckingham—a picture which in the eyes of Walpole, when he visited Leeds in 1752, was “the only recompense for all the fatigue he had undergone” in getting there ; George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, her husband ; and a series of portraits of the Fairfax family. There are also several interesting curiosities, including a valuable casket formerly belonging to the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, several ancient stone cannon-balls, and a very curious key. Several MSS. of Lord Fairfax are also preserved here, together with his doublet and shoes.

Concerning the history of this interesting structure, we learn from Hasted and other Kentish historians, that Leeds was part of the possessions given by William the Conqueror to Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, by whom it was subsequently confiscated to the crown. The family of the Crevequers, or Crevecœur, soon afterwards had a grant of Leeds from the Conqueror, and by one Robert of that name the castle appears to have been erected. In conjunction with Adam his son, he founded a priory dedicated to St. Mary and St. Nicholas at a short distance west of the castle. He had previously fitted up a chapel in the fortress, and in it placed three canons, whom he removed thither upon his founding the priory.

Leeds continued in the possession of the Crevequers until the fifty-second year of the reign of Henry III., when the manor was exchanged with Roger de Leyburne for the manors of Trottesclyve and Flete. At his death Roger left a son and heir, William de Leyburne, who in the reign of Edward I. had granted to him possession of the manor of Leeds, as well as of the rest of the inheritance which was not settled on his stepmother, Eleanor, Countess of Winchester. However, it is said that finding the king regarded the strength of this fortress with great jealousy, William de Leyburne reinstated the crown in the possession of both the manor and castle; and on the king's marriage with Margaret, sister of Philip, King of France, he settled them with other premises as part of her

dower. She survived the king, her husband, who died in 1307 ; and, in the fifth year of the next reign, namely, that of Edward II., by the recommendation of the crown, he appointed Bartholomew de Badlesmere, a nobleman of considerable power and eminence, and steward of the king's household, as governor of this castle.

Upon her demise, five years later, her estates again reverted to the crown, when the manor of Leeds, together with the advowson of the priory, were granted to Lord Badlesmere in fee, in exchange for the manor of Adderley, in Shropshire. The ambition of this nobleman, combined with his immense wealth—for he was possessed of great estates, more especially in Kent, from which circumstance he was invariably styled the “rich Lord Badlesmere of Leeds”—led him to forget his allegiance, and he joined with the Earl of Lancaster and the discontented barons who had taken up arms against the king's great favourite, Piers de Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall. Upon this the king resolved, if possible, to gain possession of this strong fortress, and in 1321 a somewhat curious stratagem is said to have been adopted to effect that purpose ; for it is recorded how, under pretence of the queen's performing a pilgrimage to Canterbury, she set forward, accompanied by a large train of attendants, and, with the secret intention of surprising the castle, sent her marshal, with others of her suite, to order lodgings for herself and servants. Lady Badlesmere, her son, and

four daughters, were at that time in the fortress, under the care of Sir Thomas Colepeper, the castellan, who was directed to refuse the queen's servants admittance, and upon the arrival of the queen in person he still persisted in his refusal, without having received express orders to that effect. Force was thereupon resorted to ; in the skirmish which ensued, one or two of the queen's attendants were slain, and being thus repulsed, she relinquished her design, and was compelled to seek lodging elsewhere.\* To resent the indignity thus offered to the queen, a force was despatched under the Earls of Pembroke and Richmond, to take the castle by storm ; when those within, finding no hopes of relief, were soon compelled to surrender. A scene of general confusion quickly followed ; Lady Badlesmere with her children were sent as prisoners to the Tower of London ; Sir Thomas Colepeper, the castellan, was hung on the chain of the drawbridge, and the king took possession of the castle and all the treasures it contained. Lord Badlesmere was subsequently taken prisoner in Yorkshire, and being sent to Canterbury, was there executed, and his head set on a pole on Burgate in that city.

Leeds Castle was suffered to fall into a most ruinous condition, continuing meantime in the pos-

\* During the alterations which were made at the castle in 1822, the skeletons of several of the soldiers slain in this conflict were dug up ; one of them, which had its skull smashed in, must have been of colossal proportion, for it measured no less than six feet two inches, not merely without its shoes, but without its feet.

session of the crown, till 1359, when Edward III. constituted that eminent architect, William de Wykeham (afterwards Bishop of Winchester), its chief warder and surveyor, and invested him with power to appoint workmen, provide materials, and order everything for building and reparations. Under his directions the castle is said to have been restored in a very skilful manner; and Richard II. was induced to visit the place on several occasions, more particularly in his nineteenth year, at which period many of his public documents were dated "from his castle of Leeds." The building was also the residence of Henry IV. during the month of April, in the second year of his reign, A.D. 1406, when he retired hither on account of the plague which was then raging in London.

Towards the close of the fourteenth century Archbishop Arundel procured a grant of Leeds Castle: he frequently resided there, and on his death, in 1413, it again reverted to the crown. From this time forward, many of the principal gentry of Kent were at different periods entrusted with its custody.

In the seventh year of Henry V., Joan of Navarre, the second queen of his predecessor, was committed as a prisoner to Leeds Castle for having conspired against the life of the king; but she was afterwards delivered into the custody of Sir John Pelham, by whom she was conveyed to Pevensey Castle, in Sussex.



In the year 1440, Archbishop Chichele presided at Leeds Castle over the process instituted against Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, for alleged sorcery and witchcraft.

During the reign of Henry VIII., a great portion of the fortress was rebuilt at the king's expense, by Sir Henry Guldeford, who at that time held the office of constable of Leeds Castle and ranger of the park.

The manor and castle remained in the possession of the crown till the reign of Edward VI., when they were granted to Sir Anthony St. Leger, lord deputy of Ireland, to hold *in capite* by knight's service. The castle was subsequently alienated to Sir Richard Smyth, who died possessed of it in 1628, and on the death of his son and successor in 1632, it passed by sale into the hands of Sir Thomas Colepeper, of Hollingbourne. During the exile of Charles II., Leeds Castle seems to have been in the possession of the usurping powers, and to have been used by them for assembling the committee-men and sequestrators, and also as a prison for ejected ministers.

From the Colepepers the estate passed in marriage to Thomas Lord Fairfax, a relative of the famous General of that name so noted in England during the civil wars. The castle remained with the Fairfax family until the death of Robert last Lord Fairfax in 1793, when it devolved on his nephew, the Rev. Denny Martin, D.D., who, before his uncle's death, had taken the name and arms of Fairfax. On the death of Dr.

Martin-Fairfax, the estate passed to his brother, General Philip Martin, R.A. It subsequently passed by bequest to Fiennes Wykeham, Esq., grandfather of the late owner, Philip Wykeham-Martin, Esq., on whose death in 1878 the castle and manor of Leeds devolved upon his widow.

Quitting the castle, and pursuing a south-westerly course across the park, we reach the hamlet of Nash, the whole of which forms part of the Leeds Castle property. Here are one or two dwelling-houses of the humbler class which bear evident traces of great antiquity; and here, too, is a building, now used as a farm-house, which, although little remains of the original structure, still retains sufficient to show that it was formerly a place of some importance. Battle Hall, for such is the name this building now bears, is by some historians conjectured to have been the place where Robert de Crevequer, founder of Leeds Castle, placed the three canons whom he afterwards removed to Leeds Priory. This at least is inferred from the fact of there being what some writers consider a holy-water stoup—a representation of which is given below—in the wall near the doorway of the hall, but which is believed to have been nothing more nor less than a cistern and lavatory of the time of Edward II. or III., such as it was customary to construct in the great hall of mansions of the nobility about that period. It is composed of stone, and very handsomely carved. These lavatories, with their cisterns of water and

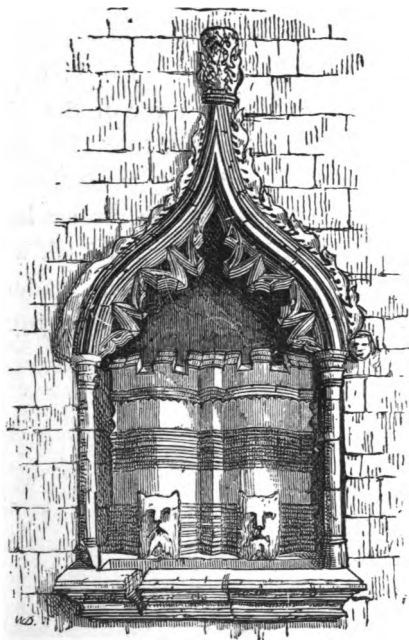
sideboards or recesses, were frequently very richly ornamented, and placed behind the screen, or "in the screens," as it was called. This fact is evidently borne out in the instance of the one under notice, by the remains of the screen still visible in the building close by it.

The following curious and interesting description of a lavatory in the *middle* of the hall of the Emperor's palace is given in the romance of 'Le Bone Florence of Rome,' and quoted in Mr. Parker's work on 'Domestic Architecture':

There comyth watur in a condyte,  
 Thorow a lyon rennyth hyt  
 That wrought ys all of golde ;  
 And that standyth in the myddes of the halle,  
 A hundurd knyghtes and ladyes smalle  
 Myght wasche there and they wolde  
 All at ones on that stone.

Battle Hall, notwithstanding its name, appears to have been but very slightly fortified. The hall, which is now divided into a number of rooms, and one wing of the house still remaining, are of the fourteenth century ; but they bear traces of considerable alteration in the time of Henry VIII. The building is supposed by some archæologists to have been the halting-place, or "half-way house," for the pilgrims between Canterbury and Battle Abbey, and they think that from that circumstance it received the name of Battle Hall ; others conjecture that the building may originally have been crenellated, or embattled—

(although no record of a licence granting that privilege exists),—and that the present name may have been simply an abbreviation of “the *embattled* hall.” The fact of the hall having had originally a flat leaded



LAVATORY, IN BATTLE HALL, LEEDS, KENT.

roof naturally leads to the inference that it was embattled, or that it had a parapet of some kind running round it. Besides the lavatory above mentioned, there is a remarkable painted panel, apparently the reredos of an altar of the fifteenth century, now built

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into the wall over the fireplace in one of the bedrooms.

The village of Leeds is pleasantly scattered over a series of abrupt elevations, and has about it altogether an air of remote antiquity ; many of the old timber-built houses, with rich cornices, gables, and beautifully-designed chimney stacks, are such as would charm the eye of the most ardent lover of the picturesque. The fine old Norman church, too, with its windows rich with fragments of painted glass, and the elaborate monuments commemorating the former lords of the surrounding domain, is an object of itself well worthy of being examined by such of our readers as, like ourselves, may be fortunate enough to pay a visit to Leeds Castle.

*A RAMBLE  
IN SEARCH OF THAMES HEAD.*

"Mine eye descending from the hill, surveys  
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays.

\* \* \* \*

Oh ! could I flow like thee, and make thy stream  
My great example, as it is my theme !  
Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull,  
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

*Sir John Denham.*

THE THAMES—like great men, indeed like the English constitution itself—has become great from a humble source. It springs into being in a scene of pastoral nature—not of beauty, or romance—a small valley, where in dry seasons sheep with difficulty are pastured. In its course it refreshes seats of learning and palaces ; it connects the commerce of the western and inland counties with that of the metropolis ; and floating scores of hundreds of merchant-men on its bosom, at last it is lost in the ocean.

Dr. Campbell, in his 'Political Survey of Britain,' expresses his opinion that the source of the Thames is not single, or double, but quadruple ; for he writes

of the "four rivulets, the Leech, the Coln, the Churn, and the Isis, that 'having touched Wiltshire' they join their waters in one channel a little below Leechlade. They form a deep and copious stream, which there becomes navigable for large barges, and is constantly, after it leaves this place (whatever poetical writers may contend), called the Thames."



THAMES HEAD.

Mr. James Thorne, in his pleasant 'Rambles by Rivers,' pleads hard for the "Seven Springs" as the real source of the mighty river, against the "Thames-head" of local tradition. He admits that the latter has always borne that name in the neighbourhood, and that the stream issuing from Trewsbury Mead has always been called the "Thames," while his own favourite has always been known as the "Churn." "But then," he writes, "it must yield to its rival both

as regards the distance of its source from the main brink, and also as to size." He holds, therefore, that "whatever may have been the received opinion, the Churn is now considered by geographers as the true head of the Thames."

From these speculations as to the real source of the Thames, it is refreshing to turn to the following beautiful lines by the author of 'The Christian Year : '—

- "Go up and watch the new-born rill  
Just trickling from its mossy bed,  
Streaking the heath-clad hill  
With a bright emerald thread.
- "Canst thou her bold career foretell,  
What rocks she shall o'erleap or rend ?  
How far in ocean's swell  
Her freshening billows send ?
- "Perchance that little brook shall flow  
The bulwark of some mighty realm,  
Bear navies to and fro  
With monarchs at their helm.
- "Or canst thou guess how, far away,  
Some sister nymph, beside her urn,  
Reclining night and day  
'Mid reeds and mountain fern,
- "Nurses her store, with thine to blend  
When many a moor and glen are past,  
Then in the wide sea, end  
Their spotless lives at last ?'

It is difficult to believe, although there are few "rocks" in its channel to "o'erleap" or to "rend," that the Thames and its sources were not present to the mind's eye of the poet, John Keble, when he



wrote the above lines. He was a native of Coln St. Aldwyn, on the river Coln, and he spent all his childhood in its pleasant parsonage.

I have called the river, whose source or sources I am about to trace, not the "Isis" but the "Thames;" and I will here give my reason.

That the true name of the whole stream is "Tems," "Temis," "Thamese," or "Thames,"—spell it how you will—is supported by a charter granted by Abbot Adhelm of certain lands on the east of "the river whose name is Temis," near the ford called Summerford in Wiltshire; and all British historians who mention the incursions of Elthelwolf, or those of Canute, a century later, into Wiltshire, tell us that they crossed the "Thames" at Cricklade. It is not a little singular that though in mediæval documents many lands in Berkshire, Oxfordshire, &c., are described as *near* the "Tamis," or "Temese," there is not a single village, bridge, or ford, above Oxford which is characterized as "on" either the Thames or the Isis.

It is called the *Thamesis* by Julius Cæsar, and the *Thames* by Richard of Cirencester. It may be concluded, therefore, that, for nine centuries at least the river both above and below Oxford, and far above its junction with the Thame, has borne the name of "Tems" in one shape or other, and that no other name is ever ascribed to it until the names used by our Saxon and British ancestors were fancifully modified in Greek and Latin verse.

But this knotty point I shall leave to professed antiquaries. I am content to follow the popular usage in these pages, and use the words Thames and Isis indifferently.

Readers of Spenser's 'Faëry Queen' will remember the stanza in which the Elizabethan poet speaks of the spouse of our favourite river—

“ The lovely bridegroom came,  
The noble Thamis, with all his goodly traine ;  
But him before there went, as best became,  
His auncient parents, namely, th’ auncient Thame ;  
But much more aged was his wife than he,  
The Ouze, whom men doe Isis rightly name.  
Full weake and crooked creature seemed shee,  
And almost blind through Eld, that scarce her way  
could see.”

Leland speaks of London as a “praty town by Tamise ripe,” an idea which is expanded by Mr. C. Austen Leigh, into the following poem, which appeared in ‘Once a Week :’—

“ Of ‘ Tamise ripe ’ old Leland tells ;  
I read, and many a thought upswells,  
Of Nature in her gentlest dress,  
Of peaceful homes of happiness,  
Deep-meadow’d farms, sheep-sprinkled downs,  
Fair bridges with their ‘ praty towns,’  
By Tamise ripe.

“ Stirr’d by the pulse of many oars  
That glide between the summer shores,  
I love the waters fresh and clear,  
And all the changes of the year,  
Down to late autumn’s ruddy woods,—  
The volume of the winter floods,  
By Tamise ripe.

“ The waving tresses of the weeds,  
The water's ripple in the reeds,  
The plunging ‘ lasher,’ cold and bright,  
Making sweet music to the night ;  
Old spires, and many a lordly grove ;—  
All these there are, and more to love,  
By Tamise ripe.

“ Fair Oxford with her crown of towers,  
Fair Eton in her happy bowers,  
The ‘ reach ’ by Henley broadly spread,  
High Windsor, with her royal dead,  
And Richmond's lawns, and Hampton's glades ;—  
What shore has memories and shades .  
Like Tamise ripe ?

“ Not vine-crown'd Rhine, nor Danube's flood,  
Nor sad Ticino, red with blood ;  
Not ice-born Rhone, nor laughing Seine,  
Nor all the golden streams of Spain ;—  
Far dearer to our English eyes,  
And bound with English destinies,  
Is Tamise ripe.

“ High up on Danesfield's guarded post  
Great Alfred turn'd the heathen host ;—  
Below, the vaults of Hurley sent  
A tyrant into banishment ;  
And still more sacred was the deed  
Done at the Isle of Runnymede,  
On Tamise ripe.

“ And down, where commerce stains the tide,  
Lies London in her dusky pride,  
Deep in dim wreaths of smoke unfurl'd  
The wonder of the modern world ;  
How much to love within the walls  
That lie beneath the shade of Paul's,  
By Tamise ripe !

“ And if, which God in Heaven forfend,  
On us an alien foe descend,  
The ancient stream has many a son  
To fight and win as Alfred won ;

High deeds shall illustrate the shore,  
And freedom shall be saved once more  
On Tamise ripe."

The name of the Thames in one shape or other—Tame, Teme, Thame, Theme, or Tamar—is doubtless as old as the time of Cæsar's invasion of this country. If we take it in its elongated and Latinized form of Thamesis, it is more than probable that the latter half of the name embodies the old Saxon word for water, 'Ouse,'\* a word which appears to be identical with the Esk, Usk, Isca, Wisk, Axe, and Exe, of the western counties. How the two words, Tems and Ouse, came to be combined in one is not easily seen, for the reason that but little has come down to us about the history of the two first centuries. It is sufficient to say that a popular etymology has united the two names as nature has joined the two streams.

Of course, if this theory be true, the name of 'Thames' is most properly applied to that lower part of the river which lies between Dorchester and the sea, the name of Isis being reserved to the higher part. Professor Phillips remarks that the river in its higher part is called the Isis by many writers of general repute, and also of local knowledge. Leland, for

\* Possibly the Isis, after all, is merely the poetical name of Ouse or Ooze, a common name for rivers, and one which sufficiently explains itself. "If," writes Professor Phillips, in his work on the 'Geology of Oxford and the Valley of the Thames,' "the word Tham-esis is taken as embodying in its latter half the name 'Ouse,' its right will not be disputed by any one who has seen the valley of the Thames under water for many miles during a season of flood."

instance, who was brought up at Oxford, and who traced our river's course with great care and minuteness, in spite of his praises of 'Thamise ripe,' calls the well-known spring, in the parish of Kemble, three miles west of Cirencester, "the very head of Isis;" and he writes that, "the head of Isis in Cotteswolde riseth about a mile on this side Tetbyrie" (Tetbury). It is quite clear also that he did not write without inquiry; for in his preface to the 'Swan's Song,' he tells us that he had at some time or other traced most "curiously" from its very sources its banks, turns, windings, and meanderings, and even the very eyots \* in the midst of its stream.

Camden also, the antiquary, himself an Oxford man, and probably an oarsman in his day, examined into the derivation of the name of the river, and he confirms this view. Drayton, too, half a century later, expresses the same opinion in his 'Polyolbion':—

“ ——— The nobler stream

Of Isis setting forth upon her way to Thame,  
By Greeklade, whose great name yet vaunts that learned tongue,  
Where to great Britain first the sacred Muses' song,  
Which first were sealed here, at Isis bounteous head,  
As telling that her fame should through the world be spread;  
And tempted by this flood to Oxford after came,  
There likewise to delight her bridegroom, lovely Thame;  
Whose beauty when they saw so much did they adore,  
That Greeklade they forsook, and would go back no more.”

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\* All along the river is full of aits or eyots (islands with osier beds), some very large. The name ait, abridged into 'eye,' still survives in Eton (*Eyton*, the town on the island), Boveney, Dorney, Putney, Battersea (St. Patrick's *Eye*), Bermondsey, &c.

And again, in the 14th canto, he writes :—

“ But eas’ly from her source as Isis gently dades,  
Unto her present aid down through the deeper slades,  
The nimbler-footed Churn by Cisseter doth slide,  
And first at Greeklade gets pre-eminence to guide  
Queen Isis on her way ere she receive her train,  
Clear Coln, and lively Leech ; so down from Cotswold’s plain  
At Lechlade linking hands, come likewise to support  
The mother of great Tames.”

Plot, likewise one of the earliest curators of the Ashmolean Library at Oxford, speaks in familiar terms of “our Isis,” at Ensham, Hincksey, and Oxford.

Still, for all this, it may be true, as often asserted, that the name Isis is a scholarly invocation, a fancy of Leland, who, in his ‘Swan Song,’ has freely Latinized the names of many places on the banks of the river, which he never styles ‘Tamesis’ till after it has passed Dorchester.

The best and most trustworthy account of the source or sources of this river will be found in Professor Phillips’ work above quoted, though written in a philosophic and scientific style. Assuming the great western branch, and not the Thame, to be the parent stream, the dispute between two rival sources is brought into a nut-shell. There are those who have preferred a claim on behalf of the Swill Brook, a “long, dull stream, flowing from the clays and stony hills about Malmesbury ;” but this claim the writer negatives as having no title in comparison with the “vigorous river” which once rose with a full stream out of Trewsbury Mead, and would do so still, had not

its fountain-head been dried up by the Thames and Severn canal. This "shorter, clearer, and refreshing rivulet" he considers to be rightly styled "Thames Head," or, in old Leland's words, "The very head of Isis."

According to this view, the Thames Head lies on the southern border of Gloucestershire, only about a mile out of Wiltshire. Mr. Thos. Walford, in his 'Scientific Tourist,' published in 1818, fixes it at Cotes, in Gloucestershire, two miles south-west of Cirencester, meaning obviously this same Trewsbury Mead. To the same effect writes the Rev. Richard Warner in his 'Excursions from Bath,' in 1801.

"Quitting Cirencester on our return to Bath, about two miles from the former town, and a hundred yards on our left hand, we meet with the source of the river Thames. Little of his future majesty and greatness, however, can be discovered in his diminutive original; and the spring, robbed of almost all his waters by a steam-engine, which levies a contribution upon it night and day, would be in vain looked up to by the meadows of Oxfordshire for fertility, and the quays of London for wealth, if numberless tributary streams did not lend their aid to support their venerable father, and fill his nearly-exhausted urn. The same unadorned scenery again spreads itself into extensive flatness for many miles."

Mr. Cooke, in his 'Picturesque Views on the Thames,' presents us with a view of the "head," which contains in it more of poetic fiction than of reality ;

for, instead of a fountain bubbling up beneath the covert of a grove of trees, the visitor now sees nothing but a small circle of naked pebbles in the middle of a barren and stony field, with scarcely a tree near them. It is feared that the steam-engine already mentioned is the cause of the change which has passed over the scene; for the small flow of even the lower spring is sensibly affected by the working or the stoppage of the engine. The consequence is that the Thames can scarcely be said to exist until we come to the little village of Kemble, some half a mile lower down, where some other springs meet it, and so help to form a little brook or rivulet. From Kemble it passes on to Somerford Keynes, where Abbot Adhelm has already introduced the brook to us as the Thames.

Thames Head is between two and three miles to the south-west of Cirencester, on the road towards Tetbury, and close to the Tetbury Road station of the Great Western Railway. The spring, or rather what should be, and what once was, the spring, lies in a hollow close to a bridge over the Thames and Severn canal, known as Thames Head Bridge. The field in which this spring rises is named Trewsbury Mead, and the hill at whose foot it rises has on its summit a circular earthwork, probably Roman, and called by the country people Trewsbury Castle. It is about 330 feet above the level of the sea.

As already observed, Leland calls this spring "The very head of Isis," saying that "it is in a great somer



drought, and offereth very little or no water, yet is the stream served with many springs resorting to one bottom." This feature of many springs resorting to one bottom is still discernible; but it no longer requires a great "somer drought" to "stop the supplies," for but little water now issues from it, the springs having found another vent at a lower level.

The discharge of water from the present source is not at all equal to that of a century ago; in fact, during the summer months, the "source" is so far dried up that the pumping station at times is brought to a standstill.

The author of a 'Picture of Thames Head,' published in 1794, described it as a well of about 30 feet in depth, enclosed within a circular wall of stone, raised about eight feet from the ground, with a trough of the same materials immediately before it, into which the water is thrown by a pump to supply the cattle of the adjacent villages. The writer adds: "In the driest season this spring never fails; and in the winter it sometimes not only flows over the wall, but issues from the earth around the well, and forming an ample stream winds through the meadow, when passing under the Cirencester Road, it enters the parish of Kemble in the county of Wilts, and reaches at a small distance those sister springs, which in the summer months form the first visible current source of the river." What then was the case in summer is now true only in winter.

In a valley now generally dry, but still occasionally wet with streams oozing out from the soil below, rose from time immemorial the "clear, full, bright, source of Thames," until in the latter part of the last century the stream was drank up by the Thames and Severn Canal Company, who by a steam-engine lowered the "water bed" throughout the district. The consequence is that in ordinary seasons the efflux now takes place on a lower level some half a mile below its former opening. Though thus lessened in its flow, it still constantly gives forth a strong current of sparkling water, which for the first few hundred yards of its seaward course is almost choked with water-flowers and sedges.

The view of Thames Head in its present condition is taken, by permission, from Professor Phillips' work on the geology of the district, quoted above.

At a short distance from its source, at Thames Head, the infant stream threads its way through the village of Kemble, where two large flat stones form the first bridge which crosses it. A little further it passes over beds of water-cresses, and expands gradually in width. It next supplies the motive power required at Ewen corn-mill in Kemble parish; and thence, with a devious course, shaded and frequently obscured by alders and osiers, flows quietly on towards the village of Somerford Keynes. From this place it is but a mile or so to Ashton Keynes, where our river is augmented by the Swill, a brook rising in the

high ground near Tetbury. Leland apparently allows this to be an integral portion of his beloved river ; for in spite of his partiality for the "very head" of Isis, he tells us that "the head of Isis in the Cotswold riseth about a mile this side of Tetbury."

The two brooks having joined their forces in perfect amity, flow on in one channel known as the Thames, along a somewhat dull and monotonous course, till they and the Churn meet at Cricklade.

During some part of its course thus far the Thames has flowed in Gloucestershire, and during another in Wiltshire ; but not till it has passed some miles further does it become the boundary of the county.

The Churn, or Churn—the first great affluent of the Thames—rises under the crest of the Cotswold Hills, near Cheltenham, and has often been regarded as the real parent of the Thames. The name of the stream—anciently *Ceri*, *Cori*, *Corin*, and perhaps *Cearn*—is derived from the British *chwyrn*, rapid. It rises at Seven Wells, a rural spot about ten miles north-west of Cirencester. It must be owned that its stream is longer, and that it flows through a more picturesque and diversified valley, in which stands Cirencester, the ancient *Caer*, *Corin*, or *Corinnium*, renowned both as a British settlement and as a Roman encampment. "Its claim to be the true source of the Thames," Professor Phillips remarks with a pleasant touch of irony, "is admitted by inconsiderately impartial persons who do not reverence the

opinions of antiquity." The sources of the Churn are both in the parish of Leckhampton, about three miles south of Cheltenham ; the one close to a farm called Ullen, and the other styled "The Seven Wells."



SEVEN WELLS OR SPRINGS.

Here, in a dell almost buried in foliage, a spring of the purest water bursts up in joyous activity through the solid rock, forming a scene in the midst of the dry Cotswolds which might justify the 'well-flowerings' in the equally dry limestone district of Derbyshire. The springs remain in their original form ; but the natural beauty of the spot has been altered greatly, and scarcely for the better, by turning it into a sort of tea-garden for gay parties from Cheltenham.

At the marriage of the Thames in Spenser's 'Faërie Queen'—from which we have quoted above — it may be remembered that his aged mother,

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the Ouse, was attended by the Churn and the Cherwell:—

“Therefore on either side she was sustain’d  
Of two small grooms which by their names were hight  
The Churne and Cherwell, two small streams which pained  
Themselves her footing to direct aright.”

The junction of the Thames and Severn Canal with the parent stream is made at Lechlade. This undertaking was a favourite object of speculation with the London and Bristol merchants for many generations. In the reign of Charles II. a bill was brought into Parliament to effect this object, and Joseph Moxon, hydrographer to the king, was employed to survey the ground, and to prove the practicability of the scheme. But the completion of the canal was reserved for more recent times: it was effected after considerable labour and perseverance, between the year 1783, when the Act was obtained, and 1792, when the first vessel passed from the Severn into the Thames. The canal begins at Wallbridge, near Stroud, and proceeds in a devious course through Gloucestershire to Lechlade, where it joins the Thames as stated above. This course includes a distance of upwards of thirty miles. From Phillips’ ‘History of Inland Navigation,’ we learn that “the general breadth of the canal is 42 feet at top, and 30 feet at the bottom. In many places where the ground is a dead level, it is considerably wider, the banks and towing-paths being made entirely with the soil dug from the canal. The tunnel at Sapperton, near Cirencester, is nearly two

miles and a half in length, being lined with masonry, and arched over at top, with an inverted arch at the bottom, except at some few places, where the solid rock being scooped out rendered such work unnecessary ; the expense of this was about eight guineas per cubic yard. The boats are 12 feet wide, and 80 feet long ; when loaded they draw four feet of water ; and will carry seventy tons." The union of the rivers Thames and Severn, by means of this canal, and its connection with the internal parts of the kingdom by the Oxford and Coventry canals, forms a line of communication with the metropolis, which was of the greatest national importance, until partially superseded by railways ; opening as it did a direct water communication between many of the great manufacturing towns and the capital. The water in its course from Stroud to Sapperton (rather over seven miles), is raised by means of locks 241 feet ; between the latter place and Lechlade it falls 130 feet. But we must return.

The outrush of water from the Seven Wells forms alone a small rivulet, with a rapid stream, the flow of which at Colesbourne is 420 feet in a minute. It is fitful in its course ; for according to the nature of the soil over which it flows its volume of water is increased or diminished to an extent which would scarcely be believed. The two streamlets which form the Churn, join at Cubberly, and then flow past Cowley and Colesbourne, where are still to be seen some traces of a monastic establishment. There " the nimble-footed

Churn" finds its way past Rendcomb\* Park and north Cerney, or Cherney, forming a romantic and beautiful river.

During a part of its course, a little below Colesbourne, the stream is reduced considerably by sinking into the open-jointed inferior oolite, and holding for some distance a subterranean course—no uncommon occurrence, as Professor Phillips observes, in districts of this formation.

Skirting North Cerney, where are the remains of a Roman encampment, and the pleasure-grounds of the Abbey House, the seat of Mr. T. W. Chester Master, at Cirencester, the Churn washes the town on its eastern side, and then wends its way leisurely along to unite its waters with the other infant stream as it flows onward from Cotes.

Cirencester, the town or camp on the Corin or Ceorn, is the ancient Corinium of Pliny, and the Duro-Cornovium of Antoninus; the former word, no doubt, the equivalent in sound of the British *dwr*, water. Antoninus places Cirencester fourteen miles from Gleva (Gloucester), on the way from Isca (Carleon) to Calleva (either Henley or Wallingford). It was probably a British settlement before it became a Roman camp; and it was anciently the metropolis of the Dobuni. Its walls were once more than two miles in circumference.

\* Rendcomb, now the property of Sir Julian Goldsmid, Bart, M.P., was, at the close of the last century, a seat of the Bishop of Durham.

In the reign of Henry IV. these walls would seem to have been entire, or almost so ; but shortly afterwards they were dismantled and razed to the ground. The outline of its fortification was traced by Leland, in the reign of Henry VIII., but very little of its old wall was then standing above ground. Leland's account of the place, in his 'Itinerary,' is as follows, excepting that the spelling is here modernized :—" A man may yet, walking on the bank of the Churne, evidently perceive the compass of foundations of towers sometime standing in the wall. And near to the place where the right goodly clothing-mill was set up lately by the abbot, was broken down the ruin of an old tower toward making of the mill-walls, in the which place was found a quadrate stone, fallen down afore, but broke *in aliquot frusta*, whereon was a Roman inscription, of which one scanty lettered that saw it told me that he might perceive the words *Pont. Max.* Among divers coins found there, Diocletians be the most fairest ; but I cannot adjoin the inscription to have been dedicated to him. In the midst of the town, in a meadow, was found a floor *de tessellis versicoloribus* ; and by the town, in our own time, was found the broken shank-bone of a horse, the mouth closed with a pegge, the which taken out, the shepherd found it filled with silver coins. In the south-west side of the wall beliekelyhood hath been a castle or some other great building ; the hills and ditches yet remain. The place is now a warren for coneys, and therein have been



found men's bones of unwonted size, also two sepulchres of hewn stone. In one was a round vessel of lead covered, and in it ashes and pieces of bones."

Dr. Stukely, author of the '*Itineraria Curiosa*, who visited this place in 1723, was not a trustworthy antiquary at best; but he imagined that he could then trace the complete circuit of the old walls. But all that now remains is but very slight; it lies to the east and south-east of the town. It is about half a mile in length, and covered several feet deep with rubbish. A portion of these remains, when uncovered in 1774, showed signs of former strength.

Within the area of the old wall is a tract called the Leases, perhaps from the old British word *Lys*, a Court.\* There have been found from time to time rings, coins, small statues,† tessellated pavements, and other signs of Roman occupation. An ancient building exhumed here was thought by Stukely to be a temple: but more probably it was a villa with baths, &c.

On the western side of the town is Cirencester House, otherwise Oakley Park, the seat of Lord Bathurst, remarkable for its beautiful park and classic woods; where are preserved some of the antiquities which have from time to time been discovered in this neighbourhood; among them is a tessellated pavement—one of the finest of its kind in the kingdom—

\* Stukely thought hence that this might have been the Roman *Prætorium*.

† One of Apollo is now preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

of which an account is given in Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt's 'English Antiquities.' A Roman monumental inscription found here is also given by Mr. Jewitt. The inscription, which is probably imperfect, reads thus:—

RVFVS . SITA . EQUES . CHO . VI.  
TRACVM . ANN . XL STIP . XXII  
HEREDES . EXS . TEST . F . CURAVE  
H S E.

In Lord Bathurst's park is Tor-barrow Hill, an old tumulus, in the shape of a circular mound. This is said by tradition to have been raised by Goodrum, or Guthrum, the Dane (called Gurmandus in the 'British Annals'): whence the name has gradually been changed to 'Grismond's,' and so to 'Christmas,' Tower.

Cirencester has at different periods been the scene of many historical events. Subsequently to the Conquest it appears to have been strongly fortified by the Normans. Stephen, however, demolished the castle; but it was rebuilt and garrisoned for Queen Matilda, by the Earl of Leicester. In the reign of Henry IV. some valuable privileges were conferred upon the town, which was some time after made a corporate borough. During the Civil Wars, the town was garrisoned for the Parliament, but was attacked and taken by Prince Rupert. At the Revolution in 1688 this town was again the scene of warfare. Lord Lovelace, with about 100 followers, on his way to join the Prince of

Orange, was here met by the County Militia, who stoutly opposed his further progress: a conflict ensued, and Lovelace was captured and sent as a prisoner to Gloucester Castle.

Although a place of such great antiquity and historic interest, Cirencester has now the modernized appearance of most other country towns; and houses and shops with plate-glass windows have taken the place of the ancient picturesque dwellings. Of the abbey founded here by Henry I., scarcely a vestige is left, one gateway of Norman architecture alone remaining to mark the site. On the western side of the town, amidst some curious mounds of earth known as "the Queens," is an elliptical amphitheatre, called the "Bull Ring," which is presumed to have been of Roman origin, and may have been used at a later date for miracle-plays or for tournaments. Three great military roads—the Fosse, the Ikenield, and Irmine or Irming Street—intersect each other at this point; and, although more than fifteen centuries have passed away since they were formed, they are still used as the highways of the district. The chief architectural feature of Cirencester in the present day is its fine old parish church, which dates its erection from the time of Edward III.

On quitting Cirencester, the Churn flows through a more level country, in a south-easterly direction, till it joins the Thames—it may be said upon almost equal terms—just above Crickiade. The course of

the Churn from Seven Wells to Cricklade is about twenty miles ; whilst the stream which rises at Thames Head, to the junction here, is only about half that length.

To the Churn—the first tributary of the Thames—the following lines from Milton's 'Paradise Lost' may be appositely applied :—

“—The rapid current, which, through veins  
Of porous earth, with kindly thirst up drawn,  
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill  
Water'd the garden ; thence united fell  
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood.”

The other chief tributary streams are thus catalogued by Spenser in his episode of the “Marriage of the Thames and Medway” in his ‘Faëry Queene’ :—

“And round about him many a pretty page  
Attended duely, ready to obey ;  
All little rivers which owe vassalage  
To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay ;  
The chalky Kennet and the Thetis gray,  
The morish Cole and the soft-sliding Breane ;  
The wanton Lee that oft doth lose his way,  
And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane  
Ten thousand fishes play, and decke his pleasant streame.”

- But these tributaries would each require a separate paper to do justice to their beauties.

*ST. ALBAN'S AND GORHAMBURY.*

STRANGE as it may sound to the ears of my readers, I know well an ancient and venerable town, scarcely twenty miles distant from London, many of whose inhabitants had never seen a railway train or a steam-engine in the latter half of this nineteenth century.\* Nor is this town an ordinary town ; in former times it might well have challenged the name of a city. Nearly nineteen hundred years ago it was known to the Roman occupiers of this island as Verulamium ; but for the last fifteen centuries it has been re-christened St. Alban's, after the first British martyr, Alban, who suffered death just outside its walls in the persecution of the heathen emperor Diocletian. It was only in the summer of 1858 that a branch line of railway was opened from Watford to St. Alban's, thus bringing the venerable city within the reach of modern influences. So strange was the sight, that a resident assured me that for several weeks after the line was

\* It is desirable to state that this was written in 1864.

first opened the departure and arrival of each train was greeted by the astonished Verulamians with cheers and shouts of admiration, and that it was only gradually that the excitement subsided.

From this fact my readers will justly infer that St. Alban's is not only an old town, but an old-fashioned one; and it will be doing it no injustice to confess that, as towns now go, it does strike the visitor as somewhat behind the age. The straw plaiting, it is true, keeps the hands of its young women and its children busy; still there are but few signs of life in its streets; its shops, its market, its inns, measured by the present standard of excellence within twenty miles of our great metropolis, are certainly far from first-rate; and if the grass does not actually grow in its streets, it is not because the busy feet of commerce keep it down.

Yet there is one feature in St. Alban's which is far from second-rate—I mean its grand old abbey, which frowns, or rather smiles, down so calmly on the roofs of the town below, and looks across the little river, the Ver, upon the gray massive ruins of ancient Verulamium in the green meadow beyond. So we may thank the railway after all for having opened up to the London excursionist and rural visitor one of the most delightful fields for summer rambles.

The ancient city which the Romans named Verulamium, and modern historians have shortened into Verulam, stood on the south-west side of the Ver,

a river which seems in those days to have been of far greater size than now, when it will scarcely do more than turn a mill ; for antiquaries tell us that a ship's anchor has been found imbedded in its mud. Be this, however, as it may, two thousand years ago it was an important British city, and the seat of the princes of the Cassii ; and there are not wanting zealous partisans who claim for its foundation an earlier date than for that of London itself. Some British coins, it is well known, bear on them the letters VER ; and Camden supposes, with a great show of probability, that they were coined at Verulam.

As soon as the Romans got possession of the southern and central parts of Britain, we find Verulam promoted to the dignity and privileges of a municipium—a proof that it was already a place of some importance, though, no doubt, it owed its advancement to the zeal with which it had furthered the interests of its new masters—

*Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque togatam.*

But the same zeal which helped on its material prosperity would seem to have aided in working its fall ; for we read that after laying London and Camalodunum\* in ruins, Queen Boadicea wreaked her vengeance on Verulam, whose riches, according to the historian Tacitus, were one great cause why the Britons attacked it, passing by other military outposts

\* Either Maldon or Colchester, in Essex.

of equal or even greater importance ; for they knew that they should find "loot" and plunder within its walls. But the success of Boadicea was not lasting ; the defeat of her ill-disciplined forces by Suetonius gave the final victory to the southern invaders, and Verulam gradually recovered a large portion of its former splendour.

The fame of Verulam was largely increased by the martyrdom of Albanus, or Alban, a Roman soldier, who, having suffered during the persecution of the Christians by Diocletian, was enrolled by the Church in her catalogue of martyrs as St. Alban. The story of his death is thus told by Alban Butler, his namesake, the well-known Catholic hagiologist :—

"Alban was a Roman by extraction, but a native and an eminent and wealthy citizen of Verulam, who, struck with horror at the cruelties which were perpetrated on the Christians, gave shelter to Amphibalus, a Christian preacher, who had fled to his house for refuge. Edified by the faith and piety of Amphibalus, he became a Christian ; and when the heathen soldiers came to his house in search after their prey he changed clothes with Amphibalus, and, allowing him time to effect his escape, presented himself to the soldiers as the object of their inquiry. He was bound and led off to the judge, who happened just then to be sacrificing to his idols. When he saw Alban he was very angry at the fraud which had been practised on him, and commanded his prisoner to sacrifice to the



gods. Alban refused, and the Roman judge ordered him first to be scourged and afterwards to be beheaded on a hill just outside the town. The legend runs that so eager was Alban for the honour of martyrdom that, the little bridge being too narrow to admit the crowds which flocked to the place of his execution, the waters of the Ver were parted at his entreaty, just as the waters of the Red Sea had been parted by the rod of Moses, and that the executioner, converted by the miracle, threw away his sword, and fell at Alban's feet, praying to be allowed to become a Christian and to die with him. The confessor," adds Butler, "went on with the crowd up the hill, which was a pleasant spot, covered with several sorts of flowers, about five hundred paces from the river. There Alban fell upon his knees, and at his prayer there sprung up a fountain, with the water whereof he quenched his thirst. A new executioner being found, he struck off the head of the martyr, but immediately lost both his eyes, which fell out of their sockets upon the ground at the same time. Together with Alban, the soldier who had refused to imbrue his hands in his blood, and had declared himself a Christian, was beheaded. . . . Many of the spectators were converted to the faith upon the spot, and followed the holy priest who had converted St. Alban into Wales, to the number of a thousand, but were all cut to pieces by the idolaters. . . . These miracles of stopping the river and of the rising of the spring at

the spot where Alban was beheaded are expressly mentioned by Gildas, Bede, and others."

The scene of these events was called Holmhurst; in after times it came to be styled Derswold Wood, and forms part of the site of the present town of St. Alban's. A local tradition identifies a field about 150 yards distant from the east end of the abbey church as the spot where Alban shed his blood; but most probably the abbey covers the scene of his sufferings.\* The martyr died in A.D. 303; and within little more than a quarter of a century, in the reign of Constantine, a church was built close to the scene of his sufferings, and was rendered illustrious, if we believe the legend, by many great miracles. The pagan Saxons destroyed this edifice; but Offa, king of the Mercians, in atonement for the misdeeds of his past life, raised there, about 790, another church, together with a great monastery, and endowed them with ample possessions. Several popes honoured the abbey with singular privileges and exemptions; and all the lands which belonged to it were freed from the duty payment of Romescat, or Peter's Pence.

But it is time that we paid a visit to the abbey as it now stands. From the railway station we cross the river Ver on terra firma, like the martyr, only with the trifling difference that we have a bridge to

\* The latter theory is strongly supported by the fact that there have been several successive buildings all on the same spot, the first (called, by Matthew of Paris, Ecclesiola) immediately after the martyrdom.

carry us over. We then ascend a somewhat sharp hill, at the top of which we easily find our way through a passage on the left hand to the grand point of attraction, the abbey church, which stands in a most commanding situation, and really forms a most conspicuous object from all parts of the surrounding neighbourhood. Its external appearance, when viewed from a distance, is very dignified and imposing ; but this effect is marred to some extent upon a nearer view, owing to the rude confusion of colour produced by irregular mixture of Roman tiles, flints, bricks, and stones which compose its walls, and whose rugged outlines give the whole fabric an air of dilapidation which is really untrue. The tower, taking it all together, looks the most perfect portion of the whole, owing to its having been covered by a substantial coat of plaster, which has of late years been taken off, thus adding a striking variety of colour to the fabric, which is constructed to a very great extent out of the ruins of Old Verulam.

The general outline of the external features of the abbey is thus described in a local guide-book :—

“The battlements are of later date than the lower portion of the tower, which is divided by bands into three stages ; the uppermost exhibits two double windows on each side (latticed) having semi-circular arches, ranging beneath a large semi-circular arch ; in the spandril between the large and smaller arches,

and also above the former, are various diamond-shaped apertures, evidently constructed to give issue to the sound of the bells, which are hung in this compartment of the tower. Below, the windows, in the middle on each side, admit the light into a narrow passage formed in the walls ; these also have larger semi-circular arches above them, and every double opening has a thick heavy column in the centre. In the stage beneath these are eight windows, which admit the light into the lantern.

“ Along the upper part of the south and north walls of the nave extends a range of narrow pointed arches, of early English date, reaching to the transept ; these appear to have been altered into this form, from round arches, and opened as windows ; in the aisles below, the windows are few and irregular. The whole eastern part of the church is furnished with plain battlements ; the buttresses are strong and massive. The south-east side displays some remains of elegant flying buttresses, which rose from the aisles to the upper part of the choir, the windows of which are pointed. The chapel of the B. Virgin (long used for the Grammar School) exhibits some beautiful architecture, in the forms and ornaments of its windows, all of the early decorated style ; but most of these have been mutilated, and are miserably patched and disfigured. The east end of the choir, and the extremities of the transept, are terminated by octagon turrets, rising above the roof, and embattled ; two or

three of these, are of the Norman era ; but the others are of subsequent date. On the opposite sides of the north doorway are two well-sculptured leaves, worthy of remark, perhaps, inasmuch as they form the capitals of pillars, without any other band or moulding.

“The principal entrance is at the west end, beneath a projecting porch, opening by a high pointed arch, supported on massive buttresses, and ornamented with several mouldings ; the outermost moulding rests on two human heads greatly mutilated. Above the arch are shields displaying the arms of Offa, *three crowns*, and the abbey arms, *azure, a saltire or*. The inside of the porch has been elegantly ornamented with pointed and trefoil arches, sustained on clustered pillars of Purbeck marble, some of which have capitals of foliage, and others of the upper parts of angels, but much defaced. In the centre are three pillars clustered, with a pointed arched doorway on each side, having three pointed arches above. The doors are of oak, finely carved into trefoils, quatrefoils, roses, finials, and other ornamental forms.”

Those who would desire to find a more technical and elaborate account of the architecture of St. Alban's Abbey, should study the interesting volume of Messrs. Buckler on that subject. They show good reasons for believing that the west end of the nave was once adorned with two towers, and that the central tower,

which now stands, was surmounted by a lofty octagonal lantern.

One cannot but own that the vast dimensions of the fabric in point of length,\* combined with the simplicity of its plan, render St. Alban's Abbey one of the most striking edifices in the kingdom, even to an eye which is utterly inexperienced in the details of Gothic architecture. But for the student of ecclesiastical art it has an additional charm in the fact that in it is to be found exemplified every era and style of architecture, from the earliest Norman down to the decadence which marks the age of the Tudors. In this respect it has been a complete school of art for the numerous restorations of pointed architecture which the spirit of the age has effected. Nor is it only in modern days that it has served this purpose ; for it is from the stone screens which bound the choir and ante-choir within, that William of Wykeham and Wainfleet took many of the details of their plans for the chapels of New College and Magdalen College at Oxford. The most beautiful portion of the entire fabric is to be found in the tall and admirably proportioned windows of the Lady Chapel and the adjoining buildings at the east end, where the graceful and delicate outline receives an additional charm from the exquisite colours of the brick and stone

\* Till lately it has been supposed to be 600 feet long, and 3 feet longer than Winchester Cathedral ; but careful measurement has shown it to be only 548 feet from east to west.

which are employed, and which present a singular contrast to the bare and massive contour of the nave and the transepts as a whole.

But, indeed, it is no wonder that such great cost and labour were spent upon the fabric, when we remember that the Abbot of St. Alban's was one of the nine-and-twenty dignitaries of that degree who sat in the House of Lords as Peers of Parliament before the dissolution of religious houses, and that, as A. Butler assures us, "the Abbot of St. Alban's, however newly appointed he might be, always took in Parliament the first place among the mitred abbots, while the others sat according to the seniority of their summons, in virtue of a precedence granted to the house in A.D. 1154 by Pope Adrian IV.," who, as Nicholas Brakespear, began his religious life by becoming a brother in this monastery.

From the days of Offa to those of the Reformation, forty abbots here held sway, of whom the earliest was Willegod ; the thirty-eighth (and, to all intents and purposes, the last) was Wolsey. The great cardinal and minister of state, however, never honoured his abbey by a visit, being content with receiving the income accruing from it. After his death, Henry VIII., who was breaking up all the religious houses in the kingdom, put in as abbots two creatures of his own — Robert Cotton, who lived to enjoy his honours only eight years ; and Richard Boreman, who surrendered the abbey to the king, by whom it was sentenced

to be destroyed. But the mayor and burgesses of the town retained so strong an affection for the fine old building, that they raised a sum of 400*l.*, which they made over to Henry, in consideration of the abbey church being left standing, and it then became the parish church of St. Alban's.

Entering the venerable building by the great western porch, we are struck, as at Winchester, with the great length of the interior, which, though once adorned with rich decorations, is now what one might expect, a long bare empty nave.

A stone in the pavement of the choir was long pointed out as the place where once stood the shrine of St. Alban, and where miracles were performed through his influence. The stones of which it was composed were discovered in 1877, worked into some of the walls, and were collected and put together with great skill; so that the shrine is partly restored, though its jewels and gold, and the relics of St. Alban, are gone. Above it is a wooden pew used as a watch-box by one of the brethren in olden days to see that the treasures of the shrine were not purloined. The most singular object is a flight of stone steps leading down to a vault, the door of which is kept open, though an iron gate prevents the curious from entering; through the gate we perceive what are said to be the bones of the good "Duke Humphrey" of Gloucester, whose dinner-parties for centuries have passed into a proverb. The magnificent



sepulchre to his memory was erected in the time of Abbot Whethamsted, whom Mr. Gough has styled, in allusion to his architectural skill, "the Wykeham of his time." The sepulchre was richly painted and covered with niches, filled with exquisitely-carved statues, some of which, supposed to represent the ancient kings of Mercia, are still standing. The body of the Duke himself was discovered in the year 1703 in the vault below. It was lying in pickle in a leaden coffin, carefully enclosed in another of wood. Since that period the skeleton has been rudely handled, bone after bone has been purloined by the curious, till very few remain. On the east end of the wall of the vault is painted on a tablet a crucifix, with four chalices to receive the blood which drops down from its wounds, while a hand from the left corner touches a scroll or label inscribed, "Blessy'd Lord, have mercy on me." The access to this vault is secured by a trap door. Against the wall at the east end of the south aisle is an inscription in Latin, to the Duke's memory, recording his good deeds, both at Oxford and elsewhere, and his fall by the wiles of a woman.

The abbey is very rich in other monuments of a singular description. The most remarkable are those which commemorate Abbots Wheathamsted and Ramryge, both enriched with heraldic devices, which, if they were not so ancient, would be set down as punning on their venerable names in a very vulgar way—being profuse in ears of "wheat" and heads of "rams,"

intermixed with dragon's heads, the abbey arms, and a representation of the martyrdom of Amphibalus. But in order to do justice to these relics of the past, we ought to have brought down with us one of the Kings of Arms, or a Pursuivant from Heralds' College at the least.

Among the other celebrated persons who are said to have been buried here is Sir John Mandeville, a learned physician, one of the earliest of English travellers in foreign parts, and one of the first writers of English prose. He is reported to have spent no less than thirty-four years in his tours abroad, and to have visited not only Africa, but also the eastern and northern parts of Asia; a vast exploit, it must be remembered, for a man who died five hundred years ago, and whose results, therefore, it would be scarcely fair to compare with those of the Belzonis, the Spekes, the Livingstones, the Barths, and the Burtons of more recent ages.

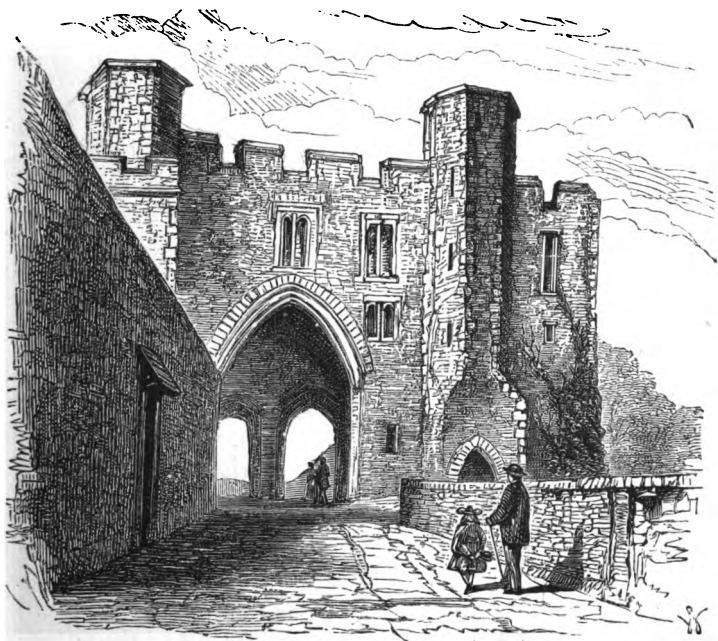
In different parts of the church some fine specimens of mural painting have been discovered, or rather uncovered, from time to time, on removing coats of plaster from the walls. A narrow staircase leads up to the large central tower, from the top of which an extensive view is obtained, but the ascent is neither agreeable, nor advantageous to ladies' dresses.

It ought to be mentioned here that, if some of the monasteries in England were accused of indolence, the Benedictine fathers and brothers of St. Alban's

would seem to have been a marked exception. Their Scriptorium or Writing-Room was in those days to the neighbourhood very much what the new Reading-Room at the British Museum is to Londoners of our own day. It is well known that within the walls of the abbey some of the earliest books in this and other languages were printed, including the celebrated 'Boke of St. Albans,' and Dame Juliana Berners' 'Treatise on Hunting and Hawking.'

Closely adjoining the west end of the nave stands the heavy and gloomy gateway of the old abbey, in all the original massiveness of the reign of Richard II. It was long used, as it was before the Reformation, as a prison for the Liberty of St. Alban's, but it now accommodates the Grammar School. The great gateway is surmounted by an early pointed arch, and its roof is groined and otherwise ornamented. The large extent of the courtyard belonging to the abbey may be traced from the scattered fragments of walls which once stood round the inclosure. Just before the abbey gateway is a triangular plot of ground now used as a cemetery, which is traditionally called Romeland. Inside the gateway, at the bottom of what is now called the Abbey Field, but was probably the convent garden, stands a very singular and picturesque octangular building, close by the water side. In the olden time, no doubt, it served as the boat-house or a part of the mill of the monastery; but it now is profanely turned into a public-house.

In 1856, a public meeting of the gentry of Hertfordshire was held, to take into consideration the best means of obtaining a bishop of St. Alban's. Sir G. Gilbert Scott made a careful survey of the abbey, and furnished a thorough report as to the state of the



**ABBEY GATEWAY, ST. ALBAN'S.**

building. He estimated that the sum of 18,000*l.* would suffice to put the abbey into thorough repair, and fit it as a cathedral. It was determined to petition the Government on the subject, and make the offer on

the part of the county to supply the cathedral, if Government would give the bishop. Since the above lines were written, an Act of Parliament has been passed (1877) for the erection of St. Alban's into a Bishop's See, and its abbey has become a cathedral. The work of restoring the nave, side aisles, and chancel, is progressing year by year; the scattered materials of the veritable shrine of St. Alban have been found and put together with great artistic skill; and the central tower has been thoroughly repaired and restored, all the works being directed by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, and his son. The great tower was found to be in a most dangerous state, having been most cleverly undermined at one corner, where the stones were replaced by upright supports of timber, which it was probably intended to set on fire, when the whole edifice would have fallen to the ground.

Before bringing his "summer day's ramble" to a close, we would recommend the tourist to pay a visit to the Old Clock House in the town, to the ruins of Sopwell Priory, to the walls of Old Verulam, and to St. Michael's church. The Clock Tower is described in one of the local guide-books as follows:—

"The origin and purpose of this very ancient tower are now quite unknown; and the various accounts of it have probably arisen merely from conjecture, but it is generally thought that such a building existed prior to the ruins of Verulam. The traditional account generally given is that two females

of the city of Verulam, having wandered to where St. Alban's now stands (it being then a wood), were benighted, and from the site of the present building first descried a light, which enabled them to retrace their steps ; and that, in order to prevent the recurrence of such an event, to themselves or others, they caused a high tower to be erected, from whence might be more easily ascertained the way out of the wood. Another account is, that it was built for the purpose of a watch-tower, to give an alarm on the approach of an enemy towards the city.

“It consists of a high square tower, formerly embattled, constructed of flint pebbles ; in the interior is a stone staircase, at present in a very ruinous state. The lower part is occupied as a dwelling-house. On the top of it, during the war with France, was placed a telegraph, communicating with Yarmouth and the Admiralty, but the telegraph has been taken down. In the upper part of the tower is a bell of about a ton weight, which has been appropriated to various uses ; in times past, it was rung at four o'clock in the morning to call apprentices to their work, and at eight in the evening for them to leave off ; it was anciently used as a curfew, or *couvrefeu* bell ; but it is not now used for either of those purposes, but merely as an alarm bell in case of fire, and in consequence is termed the fire bell. It is said that Roger de Norton ‘caused a very large and deep-sounding (*sonorosissima*) bell to be made and hung

up, to be struck every night at the time of curfew, which probably was the bell alluded to. Upon it is the following inscription, in Church text, and also a Roman cross, viz. :—

*Hemissi Celis Habeo Nomen Gabrielis.*

“The town clock is placed in this tower, and strikes upon the skirt of the above bell. The frame in which it was hung is extremely decayed,” says the local guide-book, “and the iron-work attached to it much corroded by rust, but it has recently been restored.” We may add that measures have been taken for restoring the Clock Tower to its original state.

About half a mile south-east of the abbey, in the meadows near the Ver, stand the ruins of Sopwell Priory, but they are so imperfect that the plan of the convent can hardly now be traced. The nuns who occupied it were Benedictines, and among its lady abbesses was Dame Juliana Berners, of whom we have already spoken. It is said that Sopwell was the scene of the private marriage of Anne Boleyn with Henry VIII., who somewhat ungratefully bestowed the convent buildings on a courtier, Sir Richard Lee, from whom it passed eventually, after sundry changes, into the hands of the present Earl of Verulam.

A walk of half a mile along the banks of the Ver will conduct our visitor, by way of the boat-house

already mentioned, to the ruins of Verulamium. Built as the city was on the old Watling Street which led from London to the north, it is not to be wondered at that, even in the desolation of their present ruined state, they bear on their fronts abundant testimony that they were erected at a date as early as the commencement of the Christian era; though any inquiry as to their locality addressed to the country people, is generally met by a vacant stare of wonder and ignorance, which shows that our English rural population is far less poetical than practical.

But alas, when we arrive at Verulamium, how shattered are all our previous bright imaginings! The red-brick carcasses of five small cottages and those huge masses of grey stone all overgrown with ivy, do these constitute all that remains of the once great Roman town? Did Caius, and Lucius, and Publius, and Marcus, and Quintus, inhabit these miserable hovels? The floors are overgrown with weeds, the walls are dilapidated and roofless; yet still it is somewhat strange to remember that the Romans, whom we know only in history, were actually living men and women when these walls were built, just the same as we who now look at them, after nearly two thousand years, are living men and women. And perhaps that archway in the long wall attracted the eyes of Julius Cæsar, in the same way that it now attracts the eyes of Mr. or Mrs. John Smith. It is



almost needless to add that Roman coins and pieces of tessellated pavements have been found in Verulamium in great abundance, and that antiquaries have discovered *in situ*, close to St. Michael's church, the entire outlines of a Roman amphitheatre. These remains were opened some few years since under the auspices of the St. Alban's Archæological Society, but having lain open for a time, were filled in again. Perhaps the day will come when we shall see exhumed here ancient thermæ, and the floors of Roman mansions, as has been the case at Wroxeter; and let us hope that, if such a day should come, the necessary researches may be carried on with as much public spirit as success.

The view of the abbey from this point is not to be surpassed in grandeur. Messrs. Buckler, in their interesting work on the Abbey,\* write as follows:—

“We may view in imagination, from among the lingering relics of the walls of Verulam, the old abbey in the full glory and perfection of its buildings on the opposite hill, the long slope of which from the summit to the very edge of the little river which washed the base of its outer wall, was covered to a wide extent with the quadrangles, the gateways, the chapter-house, the halls, the towers, the turrets, and every variety of form and feature suitable to the position and destination which they held in the systematic arrangement

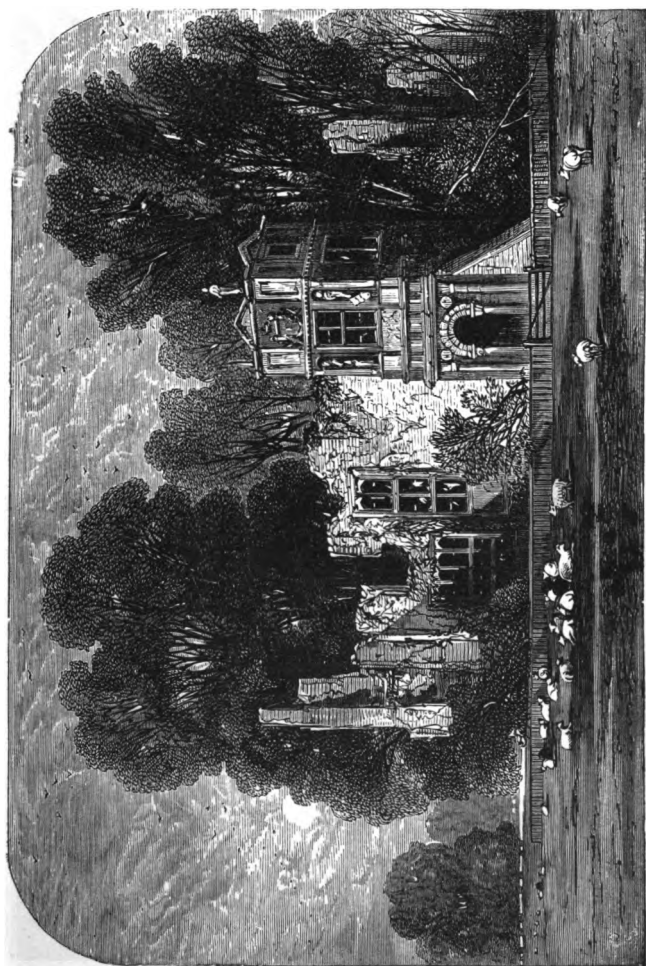
\* ‘A History of the Architecture of the Abbey Church of St. Alban’s.’ By J. C. Buckler and C. A. Buckler

of the entire plan. Above all this goodly array of architecture arose, as its crowning feature, the stupendous abbey church in its full proportions, with its three noble towers, the central one augmented in height and in beauty of appearance by its lofty octagonal lantern tower and tapering pinnacles."

At a short distance to the north-west of the ancient Verulam, an hospital for female lepers was founded about the time of Richard I. by Guarine, the twentieth abbot of St. Alban's. The institution was increased as its inmates became more numerous; and it obtained some possessions, though of no great value. The hospital was suppressed in the reign of Henry VIII., and its lands annexed to those of the abbey. The site of the building, however, was ultimately granted to one Ralph Rowlat, of whose female descendants it was purchased by Sir Harbottle Grimston, ancestor of the Lords Verulam of Gorhambury, its present possessor.

Gorhambury, the seat of Lord Verulam, derived its greatest lustre from having been the property and residence of the great Lord Bacon and others of his family; but the house now standing is not the one which was inhabited by the Lord Chancellor of King James—*that* building is now a picturesque ruin, situated at a short distance eastward from the mansion which now forms the residence of Lord Verulam. Old Gorhambury house was built by Sir Nicholas Bacon, Queen Elizabeth's Lord Keeper; and here he was

frequently visited by the "Virgin Queen," who dated many of her state papers from Gorhambury. This house appears to have formed a quadrangle; but the chief parts that have remained to this day—or at all events till far into the present century—are the ruins of the Hall, which constituted the inner side of the court. The entrance porch is a square projection of stone, rising to the top of the building, and fancifully ornamented. Under the pediment are the Royal Arms of Elizabeth; and below it, in niches on each side of a square window, are statues of Roman warriors. Below the window an inscription in Latin set forth the name and style of the builder. The interior of the building appears, from the Aubrey Manuscripts, to have been highly ornamented in the splendid style of the age. "In the hall," says Aubrey, "is a large storie, very well painted, of the feast of the gods, where Mars is caught in a net by Vulcan. On the wall over the chimney is painted an Oake, with akornes falling from it, with the words *Nisi quid potius*; and on the wall over the table is painted Ceres teaching the soweing of corne, the words *Monita Meliora*." The 'Beauties of England and Wales,' published in 1806, describes an octagonal tower as then standing and forming part of the ruins: this was of brick, plastered; and in a niche in a broken wall near it, was a full-length statue of Henry VIII. in gilt armour, but greatly defaced, and otherwise mutilated. This wall formed part of a noble



OLD GORHAMBURY, ST. ALBAN'S.



piazza, or porticus, which, according to Aubrey, was built by Lord Chancellor Bacon, and is described by Pennant as having a range of pillars of the Tuscan order in front. In an orchard connected with the old mansion was a small banqueting or summer-house, the walls of which were curiously painted *al fresco*, with representations of the Liberal Arts, having appropriate mottoes under them; and above them, the heads of the most illustrious of those who had excelled in each art, whether ancient or modern.

This mansion of the Bacons was reduced to its present ruinous state not by the "hands of Time," but by the hands of one of the Grimstons, who sold the "materials" of Bacon's abode, in the reign of George III., and with the proceeds built a larger mansion, the present Gorhambury House, in a more elevated part of the park. It is, however, not so much in Gorhambury House as in the great Lord Chancellor Bacon that the interest of the visitor would be most felt in his rambles round old Verulam. Peter Cunningham, in an interesting paper on this subject in 'Once a Week,' has given us a graphic picture of the "large-browed Lord of Verulam," as he calls him, rolling in his high and strong-built chariot from London to St. Alban's:—"We see him lolling, in *sic sedebat* fashion, in what we should now call a cumbrous and un-Long-Acre-like coach, with four stout, punchy, corn-and-grass-fed Flemish mares, a full-bottomed beans-and-bacon Jehu on the box,

flanked by a hammer-cloth richly wrought with the Bacon crest—a boar—and his servants in the Gorham-bury livery, each wearing a silver boar on his left arm. Thus travelled in woolsack ease—his seals and his mace before him—the great Lord Chancellor of Human Nature, Queen Elizabeth's Attorney-General, King James's Lord High Chancellor, the "greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind" of the undying satire of Alexander Pope. He, the great poet of modern philosophy, makes his customary journey in this wise. He has twenty-two miles of road to travel before he reaches his fish-ponds and oaks, or drinks his favourite ales in the manor-house of his own building, on what were the lands of Abbot de Gorham—a mitred abbot, let us bear in mind, and one of three entitled to sit so mitred in the Parliament of England. My Lord's horses are better than the road, for each takes kindly to his collar, and paws and curvets as if proud to carry the great dignitary of England's law over or through ruts of long standing and ruts but half repaired. The well-fed Jehu laughs with his fellow-servants at the Horns at Highgate, dedicated to cuckolds, has his tankard of ale at my Lord Arundel's Arms, and, while wiping his lips, somewhat sarcastically contrasts the deep draught he has taken with the kilderkin he has left at Gray's Inn, and the kilderkin he is to taste at Gorhambury. His master, the great Bacon, is differently employed."

Among the numerous family portraits that grace

the walls of Gorhambury House, first and foremost is that of Lord Chancellor Bacon. Aubrey has recorded many curious particulars of his private life, of which the following may serve as a specimen :—"At every meal," he remarks, "according to the season of the year, his Lordship has his table strewed with sweet herbes and flowers, which he sayd did refresh his spirits and memorie. His servants had liveries with his crest, a boare; and when he was at his country-house at Gorhambury, St. Alban's seemed as if the court had beene there, so nobly did he live. His language, where he could spare or passe by a jest, was nobly censorious: no man ever spake more neatly, more presly, more weightily, or suffered lesse emptinesse, lesse idelness, in what he uttered. His hearers could not cough, or looke aside from him without losse. He commanded where he spake, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion: no man had their affections more in his power. The feare of every man that hearde him was, lest he should make an end."

Of Bacon's habits generally, when at home, his biographers tell us but little. The house in which he lived, as we have said, is now a ruin; but the undulating hills which encompass the domains of Gorhambury, upon which his eyes must have often rested, together with the site and ruins of Roman Verulam, rich in Roman tiles and Roman coins, are still there.



As we look on these roofless remains, we may fancy him now at his home, on his own manor, in a house of his own design, and seated in the midst of his books. He has just travelled down from town. He can walk under the shadow of his own oaks, and gain health anew, in his own broad acres. Suitors in Chancery may murmur at delays—his thoughts are not now in law, or of law. Here he will receive Ben Jonson on his foot-pilgrimage towards Scotland, and, in parting, tell Ben pleasantly, and in a scholar-like way, that he does not care to see poetry go on other feet than dactyls and spondees. Here he can walk and talk with Master Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury, who then, young as he was, was most skilled in catching the thoughts that breathe and words that burn—falling at every second step from a head so wise and lips so ready. Here, playing with the strings of his band all the while (as was his wont), he can fathom the instability of human greatness, and think little, and care less, for what posterity may say about him. Poor man! he little thinks that one of those journeys in his rumbling and jolting carriage from Gray's Inn to Gorhambury shall be his last; and that in crossing the bleak and open lands of Highgate Hill he shall catch such a chill from a fall of snow as in a few days shall bring upon him Death's "icey hand." Yet so it was.

In the little ancient Church of St. Michael, down in the hollow westward of St. Alban's, now reposes

all that is mortal of the great Lord Chancellor Bacon, and there his monument is still to be seen : it not only records the date of the decease, but perpetuates the form and features, of the Baron of Verulam, Viscount of St. Alban, and sometime Lord High Chancellor of England.

*AN AUTUMN DAY AT CHERTSEY.*

A PLAIN, quiet, dull, country town is Chertsey ; and yet it is well worth a visit in this 19th century, if not for its own self, at all events for its past reminiscences, and the charms of its neighbourhood. Few towns, indeed, are to be found within twenty miles of the great metropolis, which have equal claims to our notice on either score. Had the stones of its once noble abbey but tongues to speak, how eloquently would they discourse about the olden times ! Although the Thames runs by it, yet it passes at a more than respectful distance ; and till lately, when a branch line from Weybridge to Virginia Water was opened with a station at the end of the town, it lay as much out of the beaten tracks of visitors, and was almost as little known to Londoners as was St. Alban's itself.

In the ancient documents quoted by "Manning and Bray," and other county historians, the place is called " Certesseye," or " Ceroti Insula ;" and indeed

it is still all but an island ; for on the north and east it is bounded by the abbey river and the Thames, while on the south and west it is washed by the little stream of the Bourne in its course from Virginia Water down to the Thames, which here, and indeed all the way down from Laleham to Weybridge, affords excellent sport to the followers of Isaac Walton. Indeed, as Mrs. S. C. Hall remarks, "Nowhere, within twenty miles of London, except in the immediate neighbourhood of Richmond, does the beautiful Thames appear more queen-like, or sweep with greater grace through its fertile dominions, than it does at Chertsey."

It is now more than 1200 years since a religious building first marked out Chertsey as a sacred spot. According to Dugdale, an abbey was founded here in A.D. 666, in the reign of Egbert, King of Kent, by Frithwalde, Earl or Viceroy of Surrey, under Wilfarius, King of Mercia, and Erkenwald, who was afterwards made Bishop of London. The register of Chertsey, in the Cotton Library, contains the charter of privileges granted to the monastery by Pope Agatho, and brought from Rome by Erkenwald himself. The same register contains a confirmation of the possessions of the abbey by Offa, King of Mercia, A.D. 787, and another from King Ethelwulf, A.D. 827. We are told that Erkenwald, who died in the "odour of sanctity," was a younger son of Anna, King of the East Saxons, and that before his elevation to the episcopal

chair he presided over his new foundation as its first abbot. Reyner, however, quoting from Capgrave's "Life of St. Erkenwald," will have it that Chertsey Abbey was founded in A.D. 630; but the date which we have assigned to it is fixed by the Chertsey register, according to Dugdale. Be this, however, as it may, it is certain that as early as the seventh century, long before Alfred thought of founding an university at Oxford, and when Cambridge was an open expanse of meadow-lands, a noble abbey crowned the low-lying meadows of the Thames at Certessey. It was an abbey of the Benedictine order, and therefore a school of the arts and of literature. The institution prospered greatly, and it was finished and largely endowed by Frithwalde, Earl of Surrey. As time went on the abbey steadily increased in wealth, and in its reputation for sanctity and learning; and some idea of its size and importance may be gathered from the fact recorded by its historians, that when it was sacked and burnt by the Danes in the ninth century, no less than ninety monks along with their abbot perished by the sword. But though desolated, it was not destroyed; the holy plant had struck its roots deeply in the soil, and again bore fruit upwards.

Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso  
Duxit opes animumque ferro.

Dugdale, with greater minuteness, states that during the Danish wars in the latter part of the eighth century, Beocca the abbot, Ethor, a presbyter, and all

the monks, were slain, the church and monastery burnt to the ground, and the surrounding possessions laid waste. The restoration of the monastery, according to Dugdale, was not effected till a century after this, by Ethelwald, Bishop of Winchester, who sent to Abingdon for thirteen monks to refound the house. They elected an abbot from out of their number, and began at once to rebuild their ruined church and home.

Scarcely were the Danish pirates fairly driven back to their distant homes, when King Edgar, as we read, became the second founder of the abbey, which he dedicated to St. Peter. Edward the Confessor, in his turn, was a large benefactor to the house, on which he bestowed the broad lands of Chertsey town, and the villages of Egham, Thorpe, and Chobham. Nor did the change from Saxon to Norman sovereigns make any great difference to the monks of Chertsey, for at the Conquest King William confirmed to them the gifts of his predecessors, exempted them from taxes, and gave them full rights of jurisdiction. These grants were continued and increased by his successors ; so that, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the abbey of Chertsey became one of the most powerful in the land. It was one of the mitred abbeys, and though its abbot did not sit in Parliament as a baron, yet he was a tenant of the Crown, and held his lands under the king by military service. In his account of the ward of Queenhithe, Stow writes :

“ There is here one great messuage, sometime belonging to the Abbots of Chertsey, in Surrey ; and it was their home, wherein they were lodged when they repayred to the citie.” As a matter of fact, we hear little of the abbey in the records of secular history ; while the rest of the nation was being drained of its best blood by the Wars of the Roses, it quietly held its own, carefully shunning the fierce tide of politics and strife, and thus remained in possession of its riches until the reign of Henry VIII., when it was swept away at the dissolution of the greater houses. No force or violence was used at Chertsey ; the king did not hang the abbot as a traitor, as he did the prior of the Carthusians in London ; but he quietly suggested that it was his royal will and pleasure “ for the honour of God and the health of his soul . . . to incorporate and establish the abbot . . . of Chertsey as abbot . . . of Bisham, in Berks,” which the pious king forsooth intended to “ refound.” The abbot, John Corderoy, and his brethren had no alternative but to accept the terms offered by the king ; and the document still is extant whereby they “ give, grant, sell, and confirm to the king their house and all manors belonging to them.” In so doing, however, it appears that they realised the fable of the dog and the shadow ; for though Chertsey was dismantled and revelled to the dust, they did not obtain the broad acres and proud walls of Bisham ; or if they did, they did not hold them long, for Bisham also speedily

passed into lay hands, and has long been in the possession of the Vansittart family.

The list of the abbots mentioned by Dugdale includes some twenty or thirty names of men who doubtless did good in their generation, but appear to have been most remarkable for acquiring broad acres in various villages in Surrey, Berks, and Bucks, and extending the domains of the house. One of them, John de Rutherwyk, seems to have been a church-builder and ritualist; for he added a chancel to the church at Egham, and also (as we read in the register), "*Contulit Deo et ecclesiæ Sancti Petri apud Certes casulam, tunicam, et dalmaticam de rubeo velveto.*" John May appears to have been abbot at the time when the body of King Henry VI. was temporarily interred at Chertsey, whither it was brought by water up the Thames from the Tower, where he was found dead.

John Corderoy was joined by fourteen of his brother monks in resigning the house to King Henry VIII. But the wind of the royal tyrant's favour suddenly shifted round again, and in little more than eleven months afterwards we find the same John Corderoy signing his name to a deed surrendering Bisham also to the rapacious Henry. At the dissolution, the gross revenues of the abbey were about 745*l*. After the dissolution, the site of the abbey was granted by Edward VI. to Sir William Fitzwilliams; but Dugdale tells us no more of its subsequent history.



As we walk now across the pleasant meadows between the town of Chertsey and the Thames, it is almost impossible to imagine that we are standing on the very site of one of the largest mitred abbeys of the middle ages, so complete has been the work of the destroyer. Indeed, with the exception of one or two walls of mingled brick and stone which now serve to mark off some well-stored market-gardens and a farm-yard, there is scarcely one stone left upon another. Church and cloister, dormitory and refectory, the abbot's house and the monk's ambulatory, the once hospitable "guest chamber," the once learned "Scriptorium," and the formidable apartment of the novices, all are swept away in one undistinguishable ruin. The abbey river (as an artificial branch of the Thames is called) still flows on deep and clear, and the orchards are bright with apples and pears, descended from parent stocks planted by monastic hands; but the rest has all passed away as a dream. Aubrey, who wrote nearly two hundred years ago, remarks that even in his day scarcely anything of the old buildings of this great abbey remained except the outer walls; and Dr. Stukely, nearly a century later, having been taken by the gardener through a court to inspect the scene, thus describes its condition:—

"The east end reached up to an artificial mount along the garden wall; that mount and all the terraces of the pleasure-garden, to the back front of

the house, are entirely made up of the sacred rudera or rubbish of continual devastations. Bones of abbots, monks, and great personages, who were buried in large numbers in the church and cloisters which lay on the south side of the church, were spread thick all over the garden, so that one may pick up whole handfull of them everywhere amongst the garden stuff."

Brayley mentions in his 'History of Surrey' that this artificial mound was levelled in 1810, and its materials employed to fill up a pond, many human skulls and bones being intermixed with the chalk and the mortar of which it had been formed. There were no County Archæological Societies in those days to extend the Ægis of their shields over mouldering ruins, and to save the ashes of the dead from desecration. And so it came to pass that, a little more than sixty years ago, the scanty remains of the abbey-house were purchased by a London stock-broker, who speedily pulled them down and sold the old materials to mend the roads. And so ended the glories of the once mitred abbey of Chertsey.

To the present day the men who work in the adjoining market-gardens, with their spades turn up human bones and skulls, mixed with encaustic tiles, and carved stones; and there is no doubt that, even after this lapse of time, a well-directed search would bring to light many buried treasures and many curious remains. The outlines of what was doubtless

the chancel of the great conventual chapel are still to be traced in a private garden a little to the north of the parish church. They have been carefully laid open, and are kept from further destruction or devastation.

“At the further end of one market-garden,” says Mrs. S. C. Hall, “a vault has been discovered which is of considerable length and breadth; but the water rises so high in it—except when a long continuance of dry weather has sealed the land-springs—that it is impossible to get to the end of it without wading. . . . But the most interesting remains in this place are the ‘stews,’ or fish-ponds, which run parallel to each other, like the bars of a gridiron; these ponds do not communicate one with the other, nor has the water any outlet: a little care and attention might make them valuable for their old purposes, but they are deplorably neglected. Occasionally you see the fin of some huge fish, whose slow movement partakes of the character of the stagnant water he has inhabited for years—who can tell how many?”

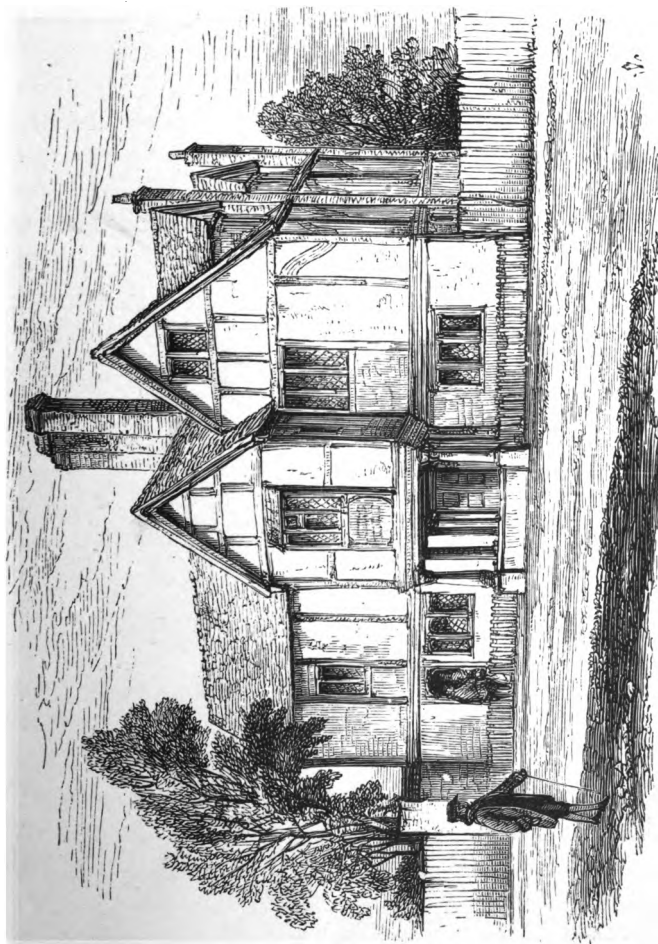
But it is time to quit the abbey ruins, if we may dignify with such a name the few walls which still stand among the tangled hedge-rows and smiling orchards on our left and right. A short walk along a crooked lane takes us past the parish church, which must have once been handsome, to judge from the chancel and the lower part of the tower; for unfortunately, about seventy years ago, just in the depth of

the "dark ages" of Gothic architecture, the collective wisdom of the men of Chertsey resolved to pull down the nave, and rebuild it after a style of their own, a style which, bad as it is, might have been worse.

We will now bend our steps in a westerly direction, and follow the course of the road which winds along pleasantly to the foot of St. Anne's Hill—a spot for ever sacred as the "home and haunt" of Charles James Fox. We walk a long half-mile, and find ourselves close to the very picture of an English road-side inn, the Golden Grove, before which, on a small green, rises a noble elm, the last of the clump of trees which, no doubt, gave a name to the spot. It has evidently been pollarded in the days when the Stuarts, or possibly the Tudors, sat upon the throne. Its branches spread out luxuriantly at about eight feet from the ground, and support a railed platform, fitted round the central stem, and making a rustic arbour. Embosomed among the leaves and branches, the arbour contains a table and some seats "for whispering lovers made;" and the ascent to it is by a flight of wooden steps.

It is almost needless to add that the Golden Grove is a favourite hostelry for visitors and tourists. It stands close at the foot of the hill. We take the right of two well-shaded roads; the thick foliage of the shrubberies of Monksgrrove on our right hand, and of Fox's residence on our left, affording a most pleasant contrast to the hot and dusty road behind us. We

leave the tall iron gates of the deceased statesman's house on our left, and soon after enter a wicket gate, not without reading a printed warning (needless, we hope, in our own case) against the English cockney practice of committing injury and depredation on the property. Lady Holland, the present owner of the estate, very kindly allows the public free access to a large portion of her domain, through which are cut a number of rustic paths in every direction. Following the widest, and steepest, and most beaten of these, we soon find ourselves at the top of a hill, where two gigantic elms offer a hospitable shade, and a rustic arbour invites the traveller to "rest and be thankful." The interior of this arbour is adorned with one fresco of a sage teaching a little child, and another of the arms of Lord Holland. Close by is a heap of stones—all that now remains of a chapel once dedicated to St. Anne, and served in old times by the monks of Chertsey. This chapel still gives its name to the hill which was formerly called Oldbury, or Eldbury, and bears traces of an encampment still more ancient than the chapel. Passing on a few paces, we come to a central space in the green sward, where the trees have been cut away upon the slopes at intervals, so as to open a series of vistas, each affording a different view. The panorama is charming, and truly and thoroughly English. Below us, a little to our right, are the red roofs and tower of Chertsey; before us is the silvery Thames as it flows past Staines and Laleham—Arn-



H. R. WADMORE.]

COWLEY'S HOUSE AT CHERTSEY, 1860.



old's own beloved Laleham ;—beyond, we catch the white spire of Stanwell, and the woody heights of Richmond, and the hills of Harrow and Hampstead, clear of the smoke of London, which only just allows us a glimpse of St. Paul's, and fairly conceals the clock tower at Westminster.

“ Mine eye, descending from the hill, surveys  
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays ;  
Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons  
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,  
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,  
Like mortal life to meet eternity.”—DENHAM.

Down in the meadows below our feet is “ Almner's Barns,” for more than ten centuries the home of one yeoman family, the Wapshotts, who, till within the last forty years, tilled the same acres which they tilled in the days of Alfred, and realised the description of the model farmer of our old friend Horace :—

“ Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,  
Ut prisca gens mortalium,  
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis  
Solutus omni fœnore.”

They never rose to the dignity of Justices of the Peace, or aspired to be reckoned among the “ County Families” of Surrey, but remained for a thousand years in the middle rank of simple yeomen, free from the curse alike of poverty and of riches, and proudly rejoicing in the “ aurea mediocritas” which they handed down from sire to son as the best of inheritances. What other country can produce a parallel to this ?



To our left rise the woods which surround Cooper's Hill, just above Egham, and by the side of which we get a peep, and that is all, of the royal standard as it floats on the round tower of Windsor Castle. Passing on still further, we see the Hog's Back, and St. Martha's, near Guildford, and further still to the south and south-east, the hills about Leatherhead, and the grand stand at Epsom. A little path among the fern and heather on the north side of the hill, leads to a pretty spot, the Nun's Well, which is still famed for its healing properties. "Even now," writes Mrs. S. C. Hall, "the peasants believe that its waters are a cure for diseases of the eye ; the path is steep and dangerous; and it is far pleasanter to walk round the brow of the hill and overlook the dense wood which conceals the well, fringing the meadows of Thorpe, than to seek its tangled hiding-place in the dell."

The spring itself rarely freezes ; it is lined with stone, and it is nearly hidden by the vegetation which springs up luxuriantly around it. It is said that in Monksgrove wood, on the east side of the hill, there is another spring, which was formerly celebrated for its medical properties.

As we came down from St. Anne's Hill, we re-passed the gates of Fox's former residence ; but not having any introduction, I did not see the interior. Those who have seen it, however, say that the gardens are laid out with great taste, and kept up with reverent care. One noble cedar on the lawn was planted

by Mrs. Fox, the statesman's widow, in early life. "There is also a temple," says Mrs. S. C. Hall, "dedicated to Friendship," which was erected to perpetuate the coming of age of one of the late Lords Holland; on a pedestal ornamented by a vase, are inscribed some verses by General Fitzpatrick; and another pedestal, placed by Mrs. Fox to mark a favourite spot where her husband loved to muse, is enriched by a quotation from the 'Flower and the Leaf,' concluded by two graceful stanzas—

"Cheerful in this sequester'd bower,  
From all the storms of life removed,  
Here Fox enjoy'd his evening hour  
In converse with the friends he loved.

"And here these lines he oft would quote  
Pleased from his favourite poet's lay,  
When challenged by the warbler's note  
That breathed a song from every spray."

I may add that at the bottom of the garden is Fox's grotto, or summer-house, which must have once possessed many attractions: above it, there is a pretty little quaint chamber that was used as a tea-room, when, according to the custom of the time, the English drank tea by daylight; it is adorned by painted glass windows; there are portraits of the Prince of Wales and Mr. Fox, when both were looking their best, and the balcony in front commands a delicious view of the surrounding country. There is, too, in the grounds a shady arbour, which still is called by Fox's name. At St. Anne's Hill, Pitt's

rival enjoyed as many intervals of repose and tranquillity as generally fall to a statesman's lot; and here he realised, in company with his wife and a few choice spirits, the picture drawn by Horace in his *Satires* :—

Quin ubi se a vulgo et scenâ in secreta remôrant  
 Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis sapientia Lælf,  
 Nugari cum illo et discincti ludere donec  
 Decoqueretur olus soliti.

As all the world knows, Fox died not at Chertsey, but at the Duke of Devonshire's villa at Chiswick. Yet, on his death-bed his thoughts went back to Chertsey, and here it was his wish to be buried; the nation, however, willed it otherwise, and he lies in Westminster Abbey, hard by his rival Pitt. There is a tablet, however, to his memory on the southern wall in Chertsey church.

Returning leisurely back into the town, on our way down to the railway station in Guildford Street we pass, on the right, an ancient house,\* now (1867) covered externally with a coat of white plaster, which once was tenanted by Cowley, and still bears his name. In former days it had some high-pitched roofs and gables, and a porch which might almost be termed a transept, projecting some ten feet into the street upon two posts; but this part of the house was removed about a century ago as a dangerous obstruction to the

\* Pulled down about 1874, and replaced by a modern mansion (E. W., 1879).

thoroughfare. The front of the house still (1867) bears a tablet on which is inscribed,

“Here the last accents flowed from Cowley’s tongue.”

Mrs. S. C. Hall states that on the front of the old porch was another inscription, written by the poet when alive :—

“Hic O Viator, sub Lare parvulo,  
Couleius hic est conditus ; hic jacet,” &c.

The house, which clearly dates from the reign of James I., or probably of Elizabeth, is quaintly cut up into a variety of oak-panelled rooms, two of which at the least were tenanted by Cowley himself. He died in one of the front rooms facing the street ; and his study was a little room, some six feet square, on the second floor at the back. Its tiny latticed window still projects towards the garden, and commands a pleasant view of St. Anne’s Hill across the meadows. The room is adorned with a few scarce prints of English celebrities ; the staircase leading up to it is heavy, but handsome of its kind ; it is made of chestnut. It may be added that the interior fittings of the rooms are religiously kept in the same condition in which they were 200 years ago ; and that every tradition about the poet is venerated by the hospitable and amiable owner, the Rev. John C. Clarke, who most kindly showed me over the house, and whose father, a former chamberlain of the City of London, purchased it towards the close of the last century.

On the wall of Mr. Clarke's dining-rooms are two small pictures of the old house as it was before the porch was removed; they are by Thomas Daniel, R.A., whose aunt was formerly the landlady of the Swan Inn in this town. From one of these my illustration is taken. The garden which once, no doubt, was the poet's favourite lounge, as being one of the—

*Genus ignavum, somno quod gaudet et umbrâ,*

of the days of Horace, is no doubt entirely changed from what it was in Cowley's time, with the exception of the river which still runs through it. By the side of the little river is one of the most wide-spreading chestnut trees in the land; but, much as we should like to picture to ourselves the poet himself seated under this tree, we fear that its age is not such as would justify such a freak of imagination.

Here, however, amid peaceful and tranquil scenes, the "melancholy" Cowley passed the latter days of his short but rather eventful life; here we may fancy him receiving Evelyn, and Denham, and the other poets and men of letters of his troubled age, who found the disappointments of courtly life more than their philosophy could endure. Here, too, his friend and biographer, Sprat, cheered his lonely hours. Cowley died July 28, 1667, and rests in Westminster Abbey, whither his body—like that of King Henry VI.—was conveyed by water. There is something solemn and highly poetic in the idea of such a funeral

for such a man ; and to it, possibly, allusion is made by Pope when he writes,—

“ What tears the river shed  
When the sad pomp along his banks was led.”

Old customs still reign in Chertsey. For instance, the curfew bell is still (1867) rung nightly, tolling the hour after which, under our Norman sovereigns, the towns-people did not dare to appear in the streets. As Mrs. S. C. Hall says in her ‘*Pilgrimages to English Shrines*,’ “ It serves at once as a relic and a reminder of ancient days, when it rung as it rings now, from Michaelmas to Lady-day, at eight in the evening. The worthy sexton of Chertsey first ‘rings up,’ that is to say, raises the bell ; he then rings for a few minutes, and stops a little while ; after which he tolls the number of the day of the month ; on the first day of the month he strikes the bell once, and on the last day, thirty or thirty-one times, as the case may be.” We fear, however, that the young folks even of the sober and steady town of Chertsey do not pay such respect to the curfew as to abjure all moonlight walks.

The neighbourhood of Chertsey is thoroughly English and thoroughly lovely in almost every direction. There is peaceful and quiet Laleham, with its tall, dark cedar trees, still marking the house where Arnold lived, and where his elder children were born ; it lies just across the ferry, at the distance of a mile across the greenest of meadows. Then there is

Anningsley, once the abode of Thomas Day, the eccentric and accomplished author of 'Sandford and Merton,' the friend of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and the civiliser of the neighbourhood, which he turned from a waste wilderness into a smiling village. There is Addlestone with its firs, and the park of Woburn, and Crouch Oak, and Weybridge, with its tall, and graceful spire, and its quaint little chapel beyond, that contained the remains of Louis Philippe and his widow, the noble-hearted Queen Amélie ; and beyond it Oatlands Park, once the abode of royalty, but now turned into a splendid "Hotel" ; and a little to the left, Walton-on-the-Thames with its bridge familiar to all who know Turner's earlier and soberer paintings, and its church, where poor Dr. Maginn lies buried.

But an autumn day draws rapidly towards its close, and the shades of evening remind us that we must return to head-quarters at Chertsey.

*A DAY AT HAROLD'S TOMB.*

ON the iron road which carries us along the Great Eastern Railway up from Cambridge, when we come within some twelve or fourteen miles of London, we see on our left a dull and heavy church tower, of somewhat larger dimensions than those commonly found in country parish churches. The tower is a good mile from our route, but it is surrounded by the red roofs of a small country town, evidently not built yesterday. That town is Waltham Abbey,—so called to distinguish it from its neighbour, Waltham Cross: and that venerable tower belongs to “the old Abbey Church” which marks the traditional resting-place or the last of our Saxon kings. Let us make a *détour* of a few hours, and go on our way to the busy city in the evening with some pleasant reminiscences of the old place to carry back with us to our homes.

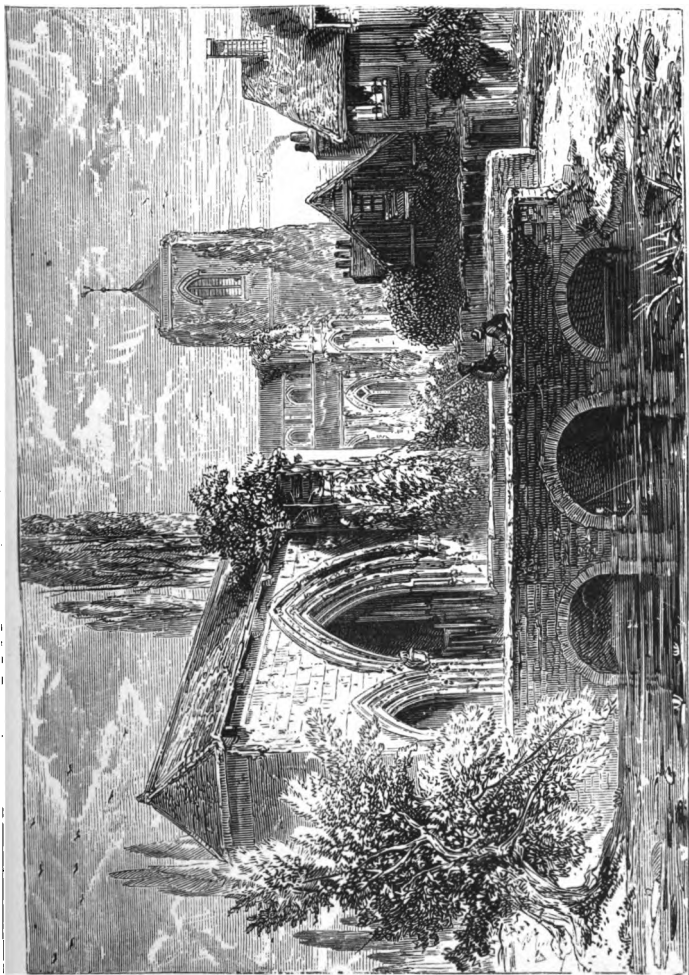
The road from the railway station to the Abbey is by no means attractive. It is as straight as an arrow, and is little more than a raised causeway between low-lying green meadows, with a deep ditch on either



side. The river Lea, which we cross—the Lea of quaint old Isaac Walton—here separates into a variety of streams; and we pass no less than four bridges before we find ourselves at the end of a narrow street, with gabled tenements on either side, and close under the shadow of the tower which has been our beacon.

The place is evidently one of considerable antiquity, as is shown by the variety of projecting gables, and the quaint carved figures which still stand in bold relief at the corner of more than one of its streets, like those with which one meets at Ipswich, Saffron-Walden, and in many other towns of the eastern counties.

The local guide-books tell us that Waltham was a place of note before the Norman Conquest. The Abbey, it is said, was founded by Tovi, the standard-bearer to Canute, who built on the skirts of the forest a hunting-seat, near which he formed a village, erecting some tenements for his "villains," and placing in them "threescore-and-six dwellers." The next thing, in all probability, was to build a chapel or church for their use, with six canons to act as chaplains. The village was called Waltham, from the Saxon words *weald-ham*, the dwelling on the weald or forest: and the parish derived its second name of "Holy Cross" from a cross, with a figure of the Saviour upon it, which is said to have been found at Montacute, in Somerset, and to have been brought miraculously by oxen, undriven, to the place. This cross is reported



WALTHAM ABBEY.

P. SKELTON.]



to have shown very miraculous powers; among the wonders told of it is, that Harold, the son of Earl Godwin of Kent, was cured of the palsy in consequence of a visit to it; whereupon, as in duty bound, he rebuilt the Church, doubled the number of its canons, settled on them ample estates, and founded hard by a school of religious and useful learning.\*

Farmer, in his 'History of Waltham,' gives a somewhat different account of the foundation of the Abbey. He says:—

“‘Tovi, the original founder of Waltham Abbey, had a son named Athelstan, who proved a prodigal, and quickly spent all the goods and great estates which his father had got together; so that by some transaction this place returned to the crown. . . . Edward the Confessor then bestowed Waltham, with the lands thereabouts, on Harold, his brother-in-law, who was then only an earl and son to Earl Godwin, who immediately built and endowed there a monastery.’ It is further stated by this author that each of the canons had one manor appropriated for his support, and that the dean had six; making in all seventeen. From the charter of confirmation granted by Edward the Confessor, it appears that Harold endowed his new foundation with the manors of Passefeld, Welda or Walde, Upminster, Whalfara or Wallifare, Tippedene, Alwartune, Wudeforde, Lambhyth, Nasingam, Birkendune, Melnho, Alrichsey,

\* Dugdale's 'Monasticon,' vol. vi. p. i. p. 56.

Wormelci, Nethleswelle or Neteswell, Hicche, Lukintone, and Westwaltham. 'All these manors the king granted them with sac, soc, tol, and team, &c., free from all gelds and payments, in the most full and ample manner, as appears by the charter among the records of the tower.'" It would be difficult, I fear, to identify them all at the present day.

It is the received account that Harold was killed at the battle of Hastings, and that his corpse was carried from the field and buried at Waltham Abbey; and his tomb was shown for many centuries as marking the resting-place of the last of our Saxon kings, though Giraldus Cambrensis among old historians, and Sir Francis Palgrave among modern writers, relate a tradition that Harold escaped alive from the field of battle, and lived in religious seclusion at Chester, where he ended his days as a monk or lay brother. The latter author considers that the tomb at Waltham was nothing more than a cenotaph, though it bore on it the inscription, "*Hic jacet Harold infelix*," words which certainly seem to assert a positive fact; and Fuller, in his '*Church History*,' gives a circumstantial account of the opening of the monument towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, when a skeleton was discovered inside it. Farmer's History, already quoted, contains a copperplate engraving of a mask sculptured in grey marble, which, the author says, was one of the ornaments of the tomb, and was then in his own possession.

It might easily be supposed that William owed little kindness and showed little favour to the religious house which owned his vanquished rival for its founder. He accordingly laid heavy hands upon the church of Holy Cross, robbing it of vestments, plate, and jewels, though, somehow or other, he left the monks in possession of their manors and other estates: and in subsequent reigns their properties in the neighbourhood appear to have increased; for Matilda, the first wife of Henry I., bestowed on the convent the abbey mill, which still stands close to the gateway shown in our illustration, and was, at that time, a valuable gift; while the same king's second wife, Adeliza of Lorraine, bestowed on it all the tithes of Waltham, including those not only of her tenants, but of her own demesne lands.

Henry II. did not find that the monks of Waltham turned to good account the gifts so generously bestowed on them; and therefore, as we find recorded in his charter, he dissolved the foundation, and scattered the dean and eleven canons to the wind. The last dean was Guido Rufus, who, having previously been suspended by the Archbishop of Canterbury, resigned his deanery in 1177 to the king. The story is thus told by a local antiquary:—

“This preliminary proceeding having taken place, the king visited Waltham on the eve of Pentecost, when Walter, Bishop of Rochester, on the part of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Gilbert, Bishop of London,

John, Bishop of Norwich, and Hugh, Bishop of Durham, assembling by precept from the King and mandate of the Pope (Alexander III.), the said archbishop consenting, sixteen regular canons of the Order of St. Augustine, namely, six of Cirencester, six of Oseney, and four of Chich,\* were inducted into the church, and Walter de Gaunt, a canon of Oseney, was constituted the first abbot of the new foundation. The Church was at the same time declared exempt from episcopal jurisdiction: and Pope Lucius III. subsequently by his bull confirmed to this monastery the exemption.

“The Church thus settled was dedicated first to the Holy Cross, and afterwards to St. Lawrence. At the same time, anno 1191, the use of the *pontificals*, namely, the mitre, crosier, ring, &c., was granted to the abbot.”

A charter of Henry II. thus defines the ancient liberties of Waltham Church: “Semper fuit regalis capella ex primitiva sui fundatione, nulli Archiepiscopo vel Episcopo, sed tantum ecclesiæ Romanæ et Regiæ dispositioni subjecta.” It may be remarked that Waltham still claims to be exempt from the arch-deacon’s visitation.

Henry not only confirmed to the newly-founded canons the lands which they had held by gift from Harold, but added to them other possessions in the neighbourhood, including the manors of Epping and

\* That is, St. Osyth’s Priory, in Essex. See the author’s ‘Pleasant Days in Pleasant Places,’ p. 114.

Siwardston, or Sewardstone ; adding to his charter, by way of preamble, the remarkable expression that it was "fit that Christ his spouse should have a new dowry." The convent was further enriched by a charter from Richard I., confirming all former grants, and also bestowing on the canons the entire manor of Waltham, with "the great wood and park called 'Harold's Park,'" the market of Waltham, and most of the village of Nasing—460 acres in all—on the easy terms of the monks paying 60*l.* into his royal exchequer in lieu of all services. Other pious persons, in the course of the same reign, gave broad lands to the monks "*pro salute animarum suarum*;" and Henry III., who frequently took up his residence at the abbey, requited the hospitality of the canons by giving to them the right of holding a fair annually for seven days. He also augmented their revenues with many rich and costly gifts; and from this date the Abbey gradually became so distinguished by royal and noble benefactors as to rank with the most wealthy institutions in the kingdom. Henry resided here, it is said, in order to save the expense of keeping a court; and in 1242, according to Matthew Paris, the church was re-dedicated, though he does not enlighten us as to the occasion on which this ceremony was performed. Most probably it was on the occasion of the addition of new buildings on the south side of the old Norman church, including what now is called "our Lady's Chapel."



“When Simon de Seham was abbot, in the 30th Henry III. (1245), a dispute arose between the abbot and the townsmen of Waltham about the common lands. ‘The men of Waltham,’ says Farmer, ‘came into the marsh, which the abbot and his convent formerly enjoyed as pertaining to themselves, and killed four mares, worth forty shillings sterling at least, and drove away all the rest : the abbot was politically pleased for the present not to take notice thereof. Next year the same men of Waltham went to the abbot the Tuesday before Easter, in the name of the whole village, and demanded of him to remove his mares and colts out of the marsh. This the abbot refused to do, adding, that if his bailiffs had placed his cattle otherwise than they ought they might do well to have it amended, and yet so as to defer the matter till the Tuesday after Easter. On that Tuesday, Richard, brother to the king, Duke of Cornwall, came to Waltham, at which time both the men and the women of the town repaired to the gate of the abbey to receive the abbot’s final answer.’

“He put them off with the information that he was preparing for a journey into Lincolnshire, to meet the justices itinerant, and said that he would settle the affair at his return. Not satisfied, they went into the pasture, and in driving out the abbot’s mares and colts, drowned three worth twenty shillings, spoiled ten more to the value of ten marks, and beat

the keepers, who resisted them, even to the shedding of blood. Fearing, however, that they should be prosecuted on the return of the abbot, they desired a 'love day,' and offered to pay damages for the injury committed; but, instead of doing so, they went to London and accused the abbot to the king of having wrongfully taken away their common land and bringing up new customs, adding that he would 'eat them up to the bone.' The abbot then excommunicated the men of Waltham; and they impleaded him at common law for appropriating their common land to himself. They were unsuccessful, and after a long suit in the King's Bench, were glad to confess that they had done wrong, and they were amerced twenty marks, which the abbot remitted; and, on their submission, he *assoyled* them from the excommunication.\*

"Not long afterwards, the same abbot was engaged in a lawsuit with Peter, Duke of Savoy, the king's uncle, lord of the manor of Cheshunt, about boundaries. The contest concerned the property of some meadow-land between two branches of the Lea; one party asserting that the eastern stream, and the other that the western stream was the main current of the river, dividing the counties of Herts and Essex. An agreement at length was made between Abbot Simon and Duke Peter; but the dispute about the land was often revived afterwards, and was undecided

\* 'History of Waltham,' pp. 71, 72.

when the last abbot resigned the convent to Henry VIII."

Farmer relates the following pleasant anecdote of Henry III. ; but the abbot who enjoyed the benefit of his prescribed regimen is not named :—

"Having disguised himself in the dress of one of his guards, he contrived to visit, about dinner time, the Abbey of Waltham, where he was immediately invited to the abbot's table ; a sirloin of beef being set before him, he played so good a part, that the abbot exclaimed, 'Well fare thy heart, and here's a cup of sack to the health of thy master ; I would give a hundred pounds could I feed so heartily on beef as thou dost, but my poor queasy stomach can hardly digest the breast of a chicken.' The king pledged him in return, and having dined heartily, and thanked him for his good cheer, he departed. A few days after, the abbot was sent for to London, and lodged in the Tower, where he was kept a close prisoner, and for some time fed upon bread and water. At length, a sirloin of beef was set before him, on which he fed as heartily as one of his own ploughmen. In the midst of his meal, the king burst into the room from a private closet, and demanded his hundred pounds, which the abbot gave with no small pleasure, and on being released returned to his monastery with a heart and pocket much lighter than when he left it a few days before."

Stow, in an account of Wat Tyler's rebellion, says

that King Richard II. was "now at London, now at Waltham," so that it is clear that more than one king made the abbey a place of residence.

We read but little more of Waltham Abbey until we come to the reign of Henry VIII., when it accidentally became the scene of a conversation, the results of which ultimately changed the whole course of ecclesiastical affairs in England, by bringing about an event on which the Reformation mainly hinged. It was here that Thomas Cranmer, then a plain Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, happened to be resident, on account of the plague, as tutor to the sons of Mr. Cressy, whose wife was the future archbishop's relation, when he was accidentally introduced to Fox and Gardiner, just at the time when the propriety of King Henry's divorce was being canvassed in privileged and "well-informed circles." I allude to the occasion when, in reply to Fox and Gardiner, he said that, instead of waiting month after month and year after year to learn the Pope's will, it would be better to have the moot-point about a man's marriage with his brother's widow referred to the Universities and learned divines of this and other nations. When Fox reported this speech to the king, the latter said, with an oath, that the Cambridge fellow "had the sow by the right ear." And so it proved in the end, in one sense at least.

But this service did not save the abbey from the king's greedy commissioners. No charge of immorality

was proved against its brethren; but in 1539, its gross income, according to Speed, was 1079*l.* 12*s.* 1*d.*, while the clear income is reckoned by Dugdale at 900*l.* And so the fiat went forth. The canons were forced to quit their comfortable nests, and their broad acres and manors were seized by the king and his ministers. The last of a long line of two-and-thirty abbots was Robert Fuller. He was afterwards chosen prior of St. Bartholomew's, in Smithfield, which he held *in commendam*, and which he was also obliged to surrender to the king next year. Abbot Fuller may fairly be reckoned among the literati of his monastery; and from his 'History,' written in a folio volume of 460 pages, his namesake Fuller, who was curate of Waltham in the time of the Commonwealth, compiled almost all the particulars of his account of Waltham Abbey, which he appended as a supplement to his 'Church History of Britain,' published in 1656.

By Edward VI. the conventual estate was granted to Sir Anthony Denny, whose grandson, Sir Edward Denny, the second owner, was raised by Charles I. to the earldom of Norwich. From him it passed, by the marriage of his daughter and heir, to the celebrated James Hay, Earl of Carlisle; and from the Hays it came into the possession of the Wakes, whose head and representative, the present Sir Herewald Wake, is now Lord of the Manor of Waltham Abbey. His grandfather, the late Sir Charles Wake, was an extensive contributor to the funds raised about twenty

years ago for beautifying and restoring the noble church, and the east window of painted glass was his donation.

Though the buildings of Waltham Abbey were once so extensive as to include a space of many acres, scarcely any part remains entire but the nave of the Abbey Church, now the parish church ; an attached chapel on the south side, called the Lady Chapel, long used as a school-room and vestry ; some ruinous walls, a small bridge and gateway, near the Abbey mills, and a dark vaulted structure of two divisions connected with the convent garden, and which adjoined the Abbey House, inhabited by the Dennies. Not any remains exist of the Abbey House (which is reported to have been a very extensive building), except, perhaps, the vaulted structure mentioned above ; and of a large mansion which was erected upon its site, nothing is left but a plastered wall. In the convent garden, which is now tenanted by a market gardener, is an aged *tulip-tree*, reported to be the largest in England ; this tree, when I last saw it, was very full in flower.

“Originally, the Abbey Church was a very magnificent building, and its curious remains must be regarded as the earliest undoubted specimen of the Norman style of architecture now existing in England. Though erected by Earl Harold, in the Anglo-Saxon period, it cannot be justly referred to any other style than that which the Normans permanently introduced

after the Conquest. The great intercourse between the two countries, which King Edward the Confessor so particularly encouraged previously to that era, and the preference which he gave to Norman customs and Norman artificers, will readily account for this church being constructed from Norman designs. Edward himself caused the Abbey Church of Westminster to be rebuilt on similar principles ; and in respect to the Monastery at Waltham, that monarch, as appears from his charter, dated in 1062, may be almost regarded as its coeval founder with Earl Harold.

“Sufficient is known of this structure, to state that its original form was that of a cross, and that a square tower, which ‘contained a ring of five great tuneable bells,’ arose from the intersection of the nave and transept ; the two great western supporters of which are connected with and partly wrought into the present east end. Some part of the tower fell from mere decay ; the remainder was purposely destroyed, as we gather from the following entry in the Churchwardens’ Accounts : ‘Anno 1556. *Imprimis*. For coles to undermine a piece of the steeple which stood after the first fall, 2s.’

“The Lady Chapel, which is probably of Henry III.’s time, is supported by graduated buttresses, ornamented with elegantly-formed niches. Beneath it is a crypt (now a charnel house), ‘the fairest,’ says Fuller, ‘that ever I saw ;’ the roof of which is sustained by groined arches. The superstructure

was modernised, so that scarcely a vestige of its ancient character remained. The crypt was once used as a place of worship, and had its regular priest and other attendants ; the reading-desk was covered with plates of silver. In the Churchwardens' Accounts, mention is made of six annual *Obits*, to defray the expenses of which various lands were bequeathed, and a stock of eighteen cows was let out to farm for 18s. The sum allotted for each *Obit* was thus expended :— To the parish priest, 4*d.* ; to our Ladye's priest, 3*d.* ; to the charnel priest, 3*d.* ; to the two clerks, 4*d.* ; to the children (choristers), 3*d.* ; to the sexton, 2*d.* ; to the bellman, 2*d.* ; for two tapers, 2*d.* ; for oblation, 2*d.*, &c. In the contiguous burial ground is a very fine widely-spreading elm, the trunk of which, at several feet above the earth, is seventeen feet and a-half in circumference."

The present tower stands at the west end of what is now the parish church, but was formerly the nave. It is a heavy and uninteresting structure, and is a miserable substitute for its predecessor ; it was built by the parishioners in the reign of Philip and Mary, out of "their stock in the Church box." This "stock" was an aggregate from various sources, as the sale of stone, lead, and timber from the monastic buildings ; but it was chiefly obtained by the sale of the goods of a *brotherhood* belonging to this church, consisting of three priests, three choristers, and two sextons, which was not dissolved until Edward the Sixth's reign.



Two hundred and seventy-one ounces of plate, the property of this fraternity (which had been saved from confiscation on account of the avowed intention of the parish to erect the above tower), were sold for 67*l.* 14*s.* 9*d.* At the same time many rich dresses were disposed of, including a cape of cloth of gold to Sir Edward Denny for 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; and two altar cloths of velvet and silk, for 2*l.* more. It is not improbable but that the brotherhood thus despoiled was that of an *Hospital*, which had been originally founded within the precincts of the monastery by the Abbot and Convent of Waltham, about the year 1218.

It appears from Fuller that the bells out of the old tower were hung for some years in a temporary frame of timber which stood at the south-east corner of the churchyard, and remained there till the tower was finished, when, the funds falling short, the good people of Waltham resolved to sell their bells to raise money,—like some “Vandals” of more recent times at Sandwich,\*—so that Waltham, “which formerly had steeple-less bells, had now a bell-less steeple.” It would be unfair to suppress the fact, that in the very dark days which mark the beginning of the present century, the inhabitants of Waltham did their best to atone for the faults of their forefathers by hanging a new peal of bells in the tower.

Some idea of the former extent of this church may be conceived from stating, that the ancient tomb,

\* See ‘Pleasant Days in Pleasant Places,’ p. 94.

considered to be King Harold's, was situated in the eastern part of the original choir, about forty yards from the present termination of the building. This tomb is described as 'plain,' in form, but of 'a rich grey marble;' having sculptured on it 'a sort of cross fleury, much descanted on by art.' Fuller says that it was supported by 'pillarets,' one pedestal of which was 'in his own possession.' In Queen Elizabeth's reign, a gardener, in the service of Sir Edward Denny, discovered, in digging, a large stone coffin, inclosing a corpse, supposed to be that of King Harold: but the remains, on touching, mouldered into dust. Near the same spot, about eighty years ago, a second coffin was found, containing an entire skeleton inclosed in lead.

Near the Abbey Mill, which is still occupied for grinding corn, is a wide space of ground, surrounded by small dwellings, called the Bramblings, but formerly Rome-land (as at St. Alban's and at Norwich), which is conjectured to have been so called from its rents being in former times appropriated to the use of the Holy See. On this spot King Henry VIII. is reported to have had a small pleasure-house, which he frequently occupied on his visits to Waltham. The statute fair is still held annually on this piece of land.

The gateway and bridge shown in our illustration stand a little to the north of the Abbey, close above the Abbey Mill. The gateway is of stone; but it has

been repaired from time to time with bricks of various sizes and hues, which lend it a great variety of colour and render it a great favourite with water-colour painters. It consists of two pointed arches, one larger than the other. The outer mouldings of the larger arch rest on corbels, formed by two demi-angels supporting shields, on which are engraved the royal arms of the time of Edward III., viz. those of France and England, quarterly.

The various streams of the Lea in this neighbourhood are said by tradition to flow in the very same channels which were cut by the great Alfred, when he turned aside the course of the river, and left the Danish fleet aground.

The interior of the church is certainly striking for its massiveness rather than its beauty. Passing under the western tower, we enter the church through a very handsome pointed arch, adorned with floriated, crocketed, and finialed work, and through a porch or vestibule with a handsome groined roof, both probably of the reign of Henry III.

The first two and most westerly arches of the nave are pointed ; but they probably were made to supersede the semicircular Norman originals, six in number, which divide the main body of the church from its side aisles. The columns vary from each other both in diameter and in ornamentation. They are thus described :—"Spiral grooves (deeply cut), proceeding from the base to the capital, diversify two

of these columns ; and two others are surrounded by indented zig-zags, in successive rows ;—thus assuming a strict similarity of character with the great columns of the nave in Durham Cathedral. Another tier of large arches, springing from very short columns and pilasters, surmounts the former arches, on each side ; except at the west end, where, as before stated, two of the lower ones have been altered into the high-pointed form, and carried up to the string-course of the *triforium*, or clerestory, which contains the principal windows that give light to the nave. These are each fronted by a central and two smaller arches, between which and the windows there is a narrow passage extending along the sides. Most of the mouldings are of the zig-zag form, but there are some distinct variations of character. The length of the church is 106 feet ; its breadth, including the aisles, is about 53 feet. A ground plan, a perspective view, and a longitudinal section, of the interior of Waltham church, may be seen in Britton's 'Architectural Antiquities.'"

We have already said that Harold's tomb stood several yards beyond the east end of the present church, and that its site is *sub Dio*, and that his bones, if they be there, now lie *sub Fove frigido*. But besides the founder, Harold, many eminent persons, in the good old palmy days of its glories, found their last resting-place within these monastic walls. "Hugh Nevil, Protho-forester of England, who died 'full of

years,' in 1222, according to Matthew Paris, was buried here 'under a noble engraven marble sepulchre, not the least remnant of which is now known to exist.' His son also, John Nevil, the successor to his revenues and offices, and Robert Passelew, archdeacon of Lewes, a despised and discarded minion of Henry III., who died at his house at Waltham, in the year 1252, were also among the number of those interred here. Near the altar rails is a defaced grey slab, which is indented with a mitred figure; these, with two or three brass plates of Queen Elizabeth's time, are the oldest memorials which now remain."

As may be easily imagined, the Dennies did not hold the fair abbey lands and monastic buildings of Waltham without leaving their dust behind them in its vaults. Thus, if we search the parish registers, we find that "Edward Denny, first and only Earl of Norwich" (of that creation), was buried in this church in December, 1630. And near the east end of the south aisle is a mural monument in memory of Sir Edward Denny, Knt.,—"Sonn of y<sup>e</sup> Right Honourable S<sup>r</sup> Anthony Denny, Counsellor of Estate and Executor to King Henry 8, and of Joane Champernon, his wife,'—and his Lady who was the daughter of Pierce Edgecombe, Esq., of Mount Edgecombe, and 'svmtime Maide of Honor to Qveene Elizabeth,'—and who, 'ovt of meane Fortvnes bvt no meane affection, prodvced this Monvment.' Sir Edward was one of the Counsel of Munster, in Ireland, and

governor of Kerry and Desmond. He died on the 12th of February, 1599, aged 52 years, and is represented in plate armour, lying on his side : his head is partly supported by his helmet, and partly by his left hand, the elbow resting upon a cushion ; his right hand, being brought across the body, rests upon his sword. His Lady has a ruff and close boddice ; and kneeling in front are their ten children, *viz.* four boys and six girls. The inscription states that 'this Worthy Knight, cvt off like a pleasavnt frvite before perfect ripeness,'—was 'religiovs, wise, jvst, right valiant, most active, learning's frinde, pride's foe, kindly lovinge, and mvтч beloved ;' and that 'he was honored w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> dignitie of knighthood, by dve deserte, in y<sup>e</sup> Field.' Over the tomb are the family arms (with quarterings), *viz.* Gu. a saltire Arg. between twelve Crosses patée Or."

About 1864 a partial restoration of the old Abbey Church of Waltham was commenced, and the cost of the work done since that time has amounted to upwards of 8000*l.* The church is now no longer the dreary and dilapidated building that it was less than a quarter of a century ago ; although the edifice has not been thoroughly restored, but merely saved from that rotten decay and ruin by which it was at one time threatened. The Lady Chapel, on the south side of the chancel, and the most ruinous part of the old structure, has been repaired at a cost of 1000*l.*, defrayed by Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Bart., and has

been thrown open into the body of the church ; the hideous old deal pens, called pews, have been replaced by oaken benches all looking eastward ; and all the galleries have been removed. The perfectly flat and horizontal ceiling—the dark colours of which for years only served to add a sense of weight and oppression, where all should be light and graceful—has been replaced by one of wood, painted in colours, and more suited to the architecture. Instead of the large square holes in the walls, filled with glass, that had long served as lights, new windows, set in a framework of the Norman style, have been inserted ; and almost all the windows have been filled with painted glass as memorials of departed friends. The chancel was repaired at the expense of the late Sir Charles Wake, Bart., the lord of the manor of Waltham ; the new reredos was the gift of Mr. Edenborough, of Thrift Hall, in the neighbourhood of the town ; whilst the remainder of the work has been carried out at the cost of the parishioners and their friends.

*A DAY AT ROCHESTER.*

WITHIN a radius of thirty miles from the metropolis, there are few places, perhaps, possessing greater attractions from a scenic point of view, or a higher interest from historical associations than the city of Rochester. Situated on the great highway between London and Dover, it has, from the very earliest period, until the introduction of steam travelling, been the halting-place of travellers of every degree, more especially prior to the Reformation, when numerous bands of pilgrims passed through it continually on their way to Canterbury, to pay their oblations at the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket. Among the royal personages who have sojourned at Rochester we may name Henry VIII., who first met Anne of Cleves at the Crown Inn there, and, it is reported, pronounced her a "Flanders mare;" Queen Elizabeth also visited the city, and remained there five days, in 1573. In 1606 King James and the King of Denmark were present together in Rochester Cathedral; Charles II.

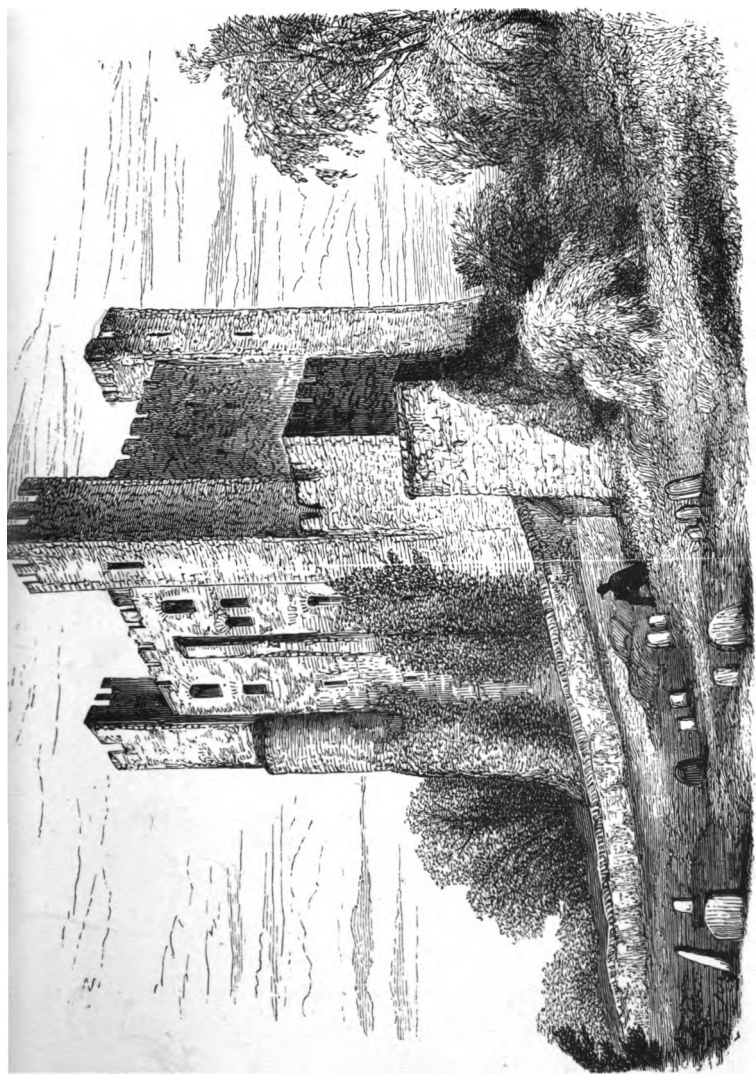


too passed through the city with great demonstrations of joy on his Restoration, and was presented by the loyal citizens with a silver basin and ewer. Hither also James II., after his first attempt to escape, removed from Whitehall with a Dutch guard, and after a week's detention, embarked privately on board a tender in the river, and was safely conveyed to Ambleteuse. Last, not least, Queen Victoria many times honoured the city with her presence, on her way to visit the wounded troops from the Crimea, lying in the neighbouring hospitals of Fort Pitt and Brompton.

Unlike Chaucer's Canterbury pilgrims who passed that way,—

The holy blissful martyr for to seke,

we shall not set out on our journey thither from the old "Tabard" Inn, in the Borough, but shall make our way to the railway station at London Bridge, whence a journey of two hours' duration—chiefly through deep cuttings and tunnels, but with occasional glimpses of meadow-land and of the Thames—brings us to Strood, where we alight. The town of Strood lies on the left bank of the river Medway, immediately opposite Rochester; but there is little to delay the visitor here. One of the richest valleys in England is that through which the Medway—the 'Medway smooth,' as Milton has called it—flows on to the ocean, making its way through broad meadows and corn-fields. It is on the south or right bank of



ROCHESTER CASTLE.



this river, in an angle formed by a bend in its course, that the city of Rochester stands. The approach to Rochester from the London side of the river is very striking, more especially from the brow of Strood-hill. From this point we look down on a noble expanse of water, fringed on the left by the city of Rochester, with its venerable castle and Cathedral, and bounded in the distance by the slate-roofed buildings belonging to the dockyards of Chatham, the garrison and fortifications along Chatham Lines forming a complete background to the picture.

Leaving Strood, we at once proceed over the new iron bridge which spans the Medway, and forms a continuous line with the High-street of Rochester. The present noble bridge is the work of Sir William Cubitt, and was finished in 1856; it stands at a short distance below the site of the old one; and though the effect of the view on one side is greatly marred by the unsightly railway bridge which carries the line onward to Chatham, the view up the river differs but little from that obtained from the old bridge, so graphically described by Dickens in his inimitable 'Pickwick Papers':—"On the left of the spectator lay the ruined wall, broken in many places, and in some overhanging the narrow beach below in rude and heavy masses. Huge knots of seaweed hung upon the jagged and pointed stones, trembling in every breath of wind; and the green ivy clung mournfully round the dark and ruined battlements. Behind it

rose the ancient castle, its towers roofless, and its massive walls crumbling away, but telling as proudly of its old might and strength as when, seven hundred years ago, it rang with the clash of arms, or resounded with the noise of feasting and revelry. On either side, the banks of the Medway, covered with corn-fields and pastures, with here and there a windmill or a distant church, stretched away as far as the eye could see, presenting a rich and varied landscape, rendered more beautiful by the changing shadows which passed swiftly across it, as the thin and half-formed clouds skimmed away in the light of the morning sun. The river, reflecting the clear blue of the sky, glistened and sparkled as it flowed noiselessly on; and the oars of the fishermen dipped into the water with a clear and liquid sound, as their heavy but picturesque boats glided slowly down the stream."

A wooden bridge of uncertain antiquity, defended by a wooden tower and strong gates at its east or Rochester end, formerly occupied, as nearly as possible, the site of the present bridge; and in constructing this latter, a great quantity of oaken piles, shod with iron, the foundations of the older work, were drawn from the bed of the river. Early in the reign of Richard II. this old wooden bridge was replaced by a stone one, some forty yards higher up the river, founded by Sir Robert Knolles and Sir John de Cobham, each of whom had acquired great wealth during the French wars of Edward III. This second

bridge, although massive and picturesque, becoming at length too narrow and inconvenient for the requirements of modern traffic, gave way in turn to the present structure, the foundations of which were laid in 1850.

The superstructure of the present bridge consists of three cast-iron arches, two of 140 and one of 170 feet span. At the Strood end is a swing bridge, to allow of ships passing, which of itself is a remarkable piece of engineering skill. The section forming the swing-bridge is 99 feet long, and the clear passage for ships 50 feet; the portion which spans this space turning on a ring of iron 30 feet in diameter. The entire weight to be moved is upwards of 200 tons, yet this ponderous mass can be easily swung by two men at a capstan. The iron bridge adjoining, mentioned above, was constructed for the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company; it consists of four parts, namely, a swing-bridge and three openings of similar width to those of the other bridge.

Having crossed the bridge, we at once enter the city by the High-street—in fact, Rochester boasts of but little more than one street, which forms a continuous line with the High-street of Chatham. The houses are for the most part built with brick, with few pretensions to architectural magnificence; but here and there a house with projecting stories, constructed of timber and plaster, and with pointed gable and ornamented bargeboard, gives to the street an air of

antiquity, independent of that derived from its close proximity to the castle and Cathedral : but the hand of modern improvement is fast sweeping away all traces of those picturesque and venerable buildings.



R. TAYLOR

PRECINCT GATEWAY, ROCHESTER.

Rochester never was of great size, and its principal street has many characteristics in common with the other towns clustered about it. Soon after passing

the Town-hall, a turning on the right under an ancient archway brings us at once to the Cathedral. The archway here alluded to is depicted in the accompanying wood-cut; it was one of the three gateways leading to the Precincts, and was called the Cemetery Gate; of the other two, called St. William's and the Deanery Gates, only the latter remains.

The original fabric of the Cathedral was one of the earliest erected in the kingdom after the Saxons had embraced Christianity. The present structure, which is to a great extent Norman, stands on the site of a missionary church, founded about the year 601, under the auspices of St. Augustine, who appointed Justus the first bishop of Rochester in 604, when the first church was dedicated to God and the honour of St. Andrew. On the succession of Gundulph to the see in 1077, this Cathedral was in such a dilapidated condition, owing to the ravages of the Danes, that that prelate at once proceeded to repair and all but rebuild it, together with the Priory connected with it. The Cathedral is built in the form of a cross, with a square tower rising at the intersection of the nave and west transept; and its entire length is about 300 feet. Of the edifice now standing, almost the whole of the nave is said to be Gundulph's work. Before entering the Cathedral, the great west door-way should be noticed. This is composed of semicircular arches, deeply recessed and enriched with elaborate mouldings; it rests on four pillars encircled with ornamental



bands, and crowned with capitals of foliage, birds, and animals. On two of these shafts are effigies, conjectured to represent Henry I. and the good Queen Maud. The lintel bears reliefs of the twelve Apostles ; and in the tympanum above is the figure of the Saviour, supported by two angels, and surrounded by the evangelistic symbols. The large window above this doorway is of the time of Henry VII. ; of the four arcaded octagonal towers, which once adorned the front of the Cathedral, only one retains its original turret or pinnacle. In the centre niche of the north tower, which has been recently rebuilt, is a figure, thought to represent Gundulph. The present Cathedral was not consecrated till the year 1130 ; and at the ceremony of consecration, a somewhat startling circumstance took place. The king (Henry I.) and queen, attended by the Archbishop of Canterbury and a large company of bishops and the nobility, were present to give *éclat* to the affair. The bishop of the see had conducted the grand choral service nearly to its close, when an alarm of fire was raised, and his majesty, the nobles, bishops, and Cathedral dignitaries went forth from the church to be spectators of a conflagration which had broken out in the city, and which destroyed a great portion of the houses, damaging the new Cathedral and convent, and turning the general rejoicing and festive character of the day into scenes of sorrow, confusion, and distress.

After passing through the great west door, there

is a descent by steps into the body of the church. The long rows of Norman pillars and arches are very effective, and the triforium, which surmounts them, is richly ornamented. The clerestory windows above, however, like the windows of the side aisles, are of later date ; and the roof appears to have been raised at the period of their insertion.

Among the monuments in the nave, are two somewhat showy ones, composed of groups of full-length figures, of Lord and Lady Henniker, in which Time and Eternity, and Honour and Benevolence play conspicuous parts. Beyond these monuments, and at the south-east corner of the nave, is the Chapel of St. Mary, once the chapel of the Priory infirmary ; it was well restored about the year 1870 ; and in it was prepared the grave to receive the mortal remains of Charles Dickens, which were, however, interred in Westminster Abbey. In the south transept, hard by, is a coloured bust of Richard Watts, the founder of the Hospital for the Relief of Poor Travellers, in the High Street.

The choir was completely remodelled about half a century ago, under the direction of Mr. Cottingham, at which time the central tower was rebuilt, in a style worthy of anything but praise. The choir is entered by a flight of ten steps, rendered necessary by the height of the crypt below. Recently the choir and eastern end of the Cathedral have been thoroughly restored and renovated ; and the walls of the former

decorated with the armorial bearings of the several bishops of Rochester. In the north choir transept is a tomb of some interest, to William, the canonized baker of Perth. The legend attaching to this "saint" is that about the beginning of the thirteenth century he had undertaken a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, intending to visit the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury on his way; but after passing through Rochester he is supposed to have been attacked by his servants or by thieves, who were always on the look-out for wealthy pilgrims passing along the Watling Street. His murdered body was subsequently discovered, brought back to Rochester, and solemnly interred in the Cathedral. Numerous miracles are said—we know not on what authority—to have been wrought at his tomb, and so great were the oblations made by the devotees at his shrine, that in a few years the Prior was enabled to rebuild the whole east end of the Cathedral. Bishop Walter de Merton, the founder of Merton College, Oxford, has a very beautiful tomb, which has been carefully restored at the expense of Merton College. The effigy of the bishop, which formerly lay on the tomb, now reposes in the adjoining recess. Eastward of this transept is a small chapel, containing the tombs of Bishop Warner, the founder of Bromley College, and of Archdeacon Warner, both of whom died about the middle of the seventeenth century; and under the archway dividing the chapel from the choir is the elaborately-painted

monument of Bishop John de Sheppey, who died in 1361. This interesting tomb had been bricked up within the arch which now surmounts it, and was discovered during the alterations made in 1825; it is one of the most ancient specimens of colouring now existing in England.

The short sacra<sup>ry</sup>ium, or chancel, which we now enter, contains the shrine-shaped tomb assigned to Bishop Glanville, and an elaborate monument of Bishop Lawrence de St. Martin. It was this bishop who procured the canonization of the Scottish baker, mentioned above. The tomb of Bishop Inglethorpe occupies the opposite corner, and under the adjoining window is a plain marble tomb supposed to cover the ashes of the famous Bishop Gundulph.

We have not space to give in detail particulars of all the monuments and architectural features of the Cathedral; but we must not omit to mention one of its "greatest glories"—the Chapter-house doorway. This doorway is considered so good an example of the architecture of the thirteenth century, that models of it have been placed in the South Kensington Museum and the Crystal Palace; that in the latter place is coloured in a very questionable manner. The rich carved work on either side of this doorway represents the decline of the Jewish and the rise of the Christian dispensation, whilst above is the representation of a soul escaping from Purgatory.

Many of the monuments and brasses in Rochester

Cathedral were defaced or torn away in the time of the Commonwealth, when the transepts were made to do duty as stables for the horses of the Parliamentary soldiers, the nave converted to the purposes of carpenter's shops, and even sawpits dug in the places where the ashes of some of England's worthies reposed.

But after all, though full of interest, the Cathedral of Rochester is small in comparison to most of its English sisters; and the lion of the city is its fine old Norman castle, which very much resembles the Tower of London in its leading features. This venerable fortress stands upon a gentle eminence to the west of the Cathedral, between the sacred buildings and the river. It was originally surrounded on three sides by a deep fosse, which may still be partly traced, the fourth side being enclosed by the Medway. The entrance to the Castle enclosure was formerly by a somewhat steep ascent from the High-street, and through an ordinary wooden gateway in the wall. The entrance now, however, is by a handsome archway, of Norman design, on the esplanade close by the bridge; a broad flight of steps leading up to the castle grounds. Once within the enclosure we find ourselves surrounded by the remains of the old walls, of immense thickness, and highly picturesque in their decay, some portions being apparently held together by the network of ivy which surrounds them. At the sides and angles were raised

several square towers, some of which are still remaining. The "keep," which is of course the great object of attraction, rises to a height of a hundred feet; and the walls, forming a square of about seventy feet, vary from eleven to thirteen feet in thickness. At each angle is a buttress tower, twelve feet square, and rising above the principal mass. Attached to the east angle is a smaller tower, about two-thirds the height of the other; this was originally the grand entrance to the "keep," by a broad flight of steps, and an enriched arched gateway. The large tower contained three stories of lofty apartments and a vault beneath. A partition-wall divides the building in the centre, and in it is a well running through all the stories from the top, and having an arch of communication to every floor. The first floor of the building seems to have been that occupied by the soldiery. In the east angle, adjoining the entrance, a broad winding staircase ascends to the second story, which contained the state apartments, and was more ornamental and lofty than either of the others. These apartments communicated by four large semicircular arches, formed in the partition wall, and sustained by massive columns and half-columns, curiously wrought. From the upper floor, the staircase rises about ten feet higher, to the top of the great tower, round which is a battlement with embrasures. From this elevation there is a fine prospect of the surrounding country, of the city and adjacent towns, with their public

buildings, and the meanderings of the river Medway, both above and below the bridge, down to its confluence with the Thames at Sheerness.

Dating from the time of the Conquest, and standing upon the site of an earlier structure of the kind, the present castle is closely allied with and almost makes up the history of the city itself. On more than one occasion it has undergone the horrors of a siege. In the early part of the last century an attempt was made to destroy the building altogether; but beyond the removal of the roof and flooring, this idea was ultimately abandoned, possibly on account of the solidity of the walls. In 1870 the Earl of Jersey, who now owns the castle, offered the building and grounds to the Corporation of Rochester on lease for a term of years, provided a sufficient sum was raised to lay out the grounds as a public promenade for the inhabitants. This proposal, we need hardly say, was accepted by the Corporation, and a subscription at once set on foot for the purpose of collecting the required sum. The grounds were tastefully laid out with broad gravel-walks, flower-beds, grass-plots, &c.; the new entrance above-mentioned was erected; and in 1873 the place was thrown open as a recreation-ground for the good people of the three towns of Rochester, Strood, and Chatham.

Out of the remaining buildings of interest in the city of Rochester, space will not permit us to do more than mention the Hospital for the Relief of Poor

Travellers, "not being rogues nor proctors," as the inscription over the door tells us, and also a remarkable house of very early date, a short distance below it, now used as a school. Some considerable portions of the ancient walls may be seen in different parts of the city ; and some vaulted cellars, with elaborately-carved bosses and corbels, under the George Inn, are also worthy of inspection. Of Satis House, on Boley Hill, where Queen Elizabeth was entertained by Master Richard Watts, very little now remains, the house having been rebuilt.

We need hardly remind our readers that Gad's Hill, in the parish of Higham, about two miles from Rochester, is classic ground, being mentioned by Shakespeare in the play of 'Henry IV.,' and having been during the last twenty years of his busy life the home of Charles Dickens. Rochester was always a favourite place with the great novelist, and forms the scene of more than one incident mentioned in his works ; it was his last wish to be buried under the shadow of its Cathedral. A few years ago Watts's Charity supplied the groundwork for his Christmas story, 'The Seven Poor Travellers ;' and in his last—but unfinished—work, 'Edwin Drood,' the city of Rochester is represented under the name of Cloisterham.



*A SUMMER DAY AT ELY.*

THOUGH I love the hills and valleys of the west of England, and rejoice in gazing on the blue hills of the Cheddar and Exmoor ranges, and on the less lofty beech-clad hills of Buckinghamshire and Hertfordshire, yet I own that, an East Anglian by birth, I can see charms in the broad expanse of the Fen country, and acknowledge that nowhere are the sunsets finer, or the effects of colour on the landscape more beautiful, upon a day of clouds intermixed with sunshine, than in those broad, flat, dreary districts which reach from the south of Lincolnshire into Northamptonshire, about Peterborough, into Norfolk, about Lynn, and over a large part of Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, and Bedfordshire. It is no wonder, therefore, that Tennyson, as a native of Lincolnshire, and with a poet's keen eye for the beauties of nature, has made that somewhat monotonous district the scene of some of his finest poetry, and the source from which he has drawn his most genuine metaphors.

Nor is the region of the Fens devoid of other and

more material charms. Perhaps nowhere in England are the churches and abbeys more magnificent ; and nowhere do saintly memories cling more tenaciously around sacred spots bearing the names of the great and good of bygone ages. Few districts in England cherish a greater reverence for their respective benefactors than do these wide Cambridgeshire wastes for St. Guthlac, their early Christianizer and civilizer, for St. Etheldreda, the holy recluse who made them her adopted home, and for Hereward, the Saxon hero who held out these all but inaccessible fastnesses against the armies of the Conqueror.

A visit, therefore, to St. Etheldreda's home and shrine in the fair city of Ely, whose cathedral proudly crowns the only slight elevation—I cannot call it a hill—that the neighbourhood boasts, may not be altogether unattractive to my readers on one of those glorious summer days which sometimes smile upon us in the early part of September. I can promise, at all events, that they may travel over nearly all England before they see a more noble and beautiful Gothic structure, one to which only Canterbury, York, Lincoln, and Durham can be regarded as formidable rivals, and which many admirers of Gothic architecture think equal to any and to all.

Most of our English cathedrals have a beauty of their own. Thus Durham and Lincoln tower proudly down over the cities that rest under their shadow, and over the lands that surround them on all sides ;

Salisbury and Chichester rise light and airy to the sky over a vast expanse of flat corn-fields and meadow lands; Wells represents and fairly dominates over the fair city whose streets are but pathways to the cathedral close; but Ely sits as a queen in a somewhat dreary district of marsh and fen, and fairly extinguishes the small town, or rather we should say, perhaps, the large village, which has risen into being as an adjunct to the monastery which was founded there by St. Etheldreda, now just twelve hundred years ago.

The Church historians tell us that this saintly lady was a daughter of the Christian King of East Anglia, and that she was born at Exning, near Newmarket, in Suffolk, about A.D. 630. She intended to devote herself to God's service as a child; but when she grew up to womanhood she was asked by her parents to marry Tonbert, an East Anglian noble, who settled on her the Isle of Ely as a dowry. Left a widow in three years' time, she retired to Ely for the purpose of religious meditation, in the hope of escaping from the world in the midst of that waste of waters and fens. And though she was again a wife, and again left a widow, she took the veil, and ultimately at the age of about forty became the Abbess of the little convent which she had helped to found a few years previously. She gave the whole Isle of Ely to the convent as an endowment, and after living a life of piety and holiness, died in A.D. 679.

Protected by its almost insular situation—for in the absence of good drainage Ely was all but an island, and almost inaccessible in the winter months—the convent was but slightly affected by the wars of the Heptarchy; but in A.D. 870 it was destroyed by the Danes, the monastery was burnt, and its inmates put to the sword.

Refounded a century later by Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, in the reign of Edgar the Peaceful, the convent obtained a charter of its ancient lands and revenues; an abbot was appointed, and the ninth abbot, Simeon, commenced the foundations of the present cathedral in A.D. 1081. Under Hervey, or Hervé, the eleventh abbot, the abbey was converted into a bishop's see.

Perhaps no cathedral in England affords finer specimens of each of the successive styles of church architecture which prevailed in England from the eleventh to the fifteenth century. The Norman portion, chiefly to be seen in the nave, is lighter in character than most other examples, being of a later type, and almost approaching to the Early English in point of date as well as of design. The western porch or "Galilee," as it was and is still called, is a pure and almost perfect specimen of the Early English, or first pointed style; the octagon, or central tower, the arches to the east of it, and the "Lady Chapel" on the north side were built while the Decorated period was in its prime, as shown by their elegant glowing

tracery ; and finally the chapels of Bishops Alcock and West, towards the east end, are very fine examples in their way of the Perpendicular order.

The foundation of the cathedral, says Mr. Hills, in his 'Handbook to the Cathedral Church of Ely,' was laid, as before stated, A.D. 1081, in the Norman style, by Simeon ; the choir, with its circular apse, the central tower, the transepts, and a portion of the nave were begun by him, but were not finished at his death in 1093 ; they were, however, completed A.D. 1106, having been carried on, after a delay of seven years, by Abbot Richard, Simeon's successor. Of this work the transept only now remains. The nave was finished about 1174, affording a fine specimen of later Norman, and giving the church a cruciform shape. A few years later the great western tower with the wings were began, during the episcopate of Bishop Ridel, and finished to the first battlements during that of his successor, Longchamp, about A.D. 1189. The "Galilee" is supposed to have been erected by Bishop Eustachius, between A.D. 1200 and 1215, and is an early specimen of the first pointed or early English style.

The six eastern arches of the nave, formerly the presbytery, were built in the same style, at the expense of Bishop Northwold, who took down the apse at the east end of the choir ; they were finished and dedicated in 1252. The next progressive step was the erection of the Lady Chapel, in the second pointed or ornamental English style ; this was begun in 1321, in the

time of Bishop Hotham, and finished in 1349, under Bishop Montacute. In the year following, namely, in the month of February, 1322, the fall of the great central tower, by which the three bays of the original choir were demolished, gave cause for another great alteration : it was then the octagon and lantern, and the three arches eastward of it, were built in the same style as the Lady Chapel ; the stonework of the octagon was finished in 1328, and the woodwork and roof about 1342. The expense of erecting the three arches was defrayed by Bishop Hotham. In 1380 an octagonal story flanked with turrets was added to the great western tower, and over that a spire was erected. This appears to have been about the last erection with the exception of the chapels of Bishops Alcock and West, the former in 1488, and the latter in 1534, both in the third pointed or florid English style ; but the alterations of windows and other parts, together with necessary repairs, have been numerous and various at different periods.

Of the western front, being high and broad, and shut in by other buildings, it is not easy to get a good view, unless by stepping back into Palace Green. There the visitor is at once struck by the massive but irregular grandeur of the fabric, and can form some idea of what its glories must have been when the northern wing was standing, and when the "Galilee," so beautiful in itself, had not affixed itself as an excrescence, interfering with the harmony of the design.

The lower part of the great tower and of its wings—which form a sort of second range of transepts—were built by Bishop Ridel, in A.D. 1189: the upper portion of the tower, which is in the Decorated style, not being added till nearly two centuries later. The Galilee, which consists of two stories, and is externally adorned with four rows of small pillars and arches, one above the other, was so called, as being at the extreme west end of the church, just as “Galilee of the Gentiles” was the part of the Holy Land most remote from Jerusalem. Accordingly, this part of the building was devoted to those unhappy persons who had fallen under the censure of the Church, and who, while excluded from bearing their share in the central mystery of the altar, were counted as little better than the heathen themselves.

The inside of the great tower was much improved a few years since, by the removal of a floor which had been inserted under the lower arch, thus opening it to the great lantern, and bringing into view a series of beautiful colonnades and arches which had been hidden for many years. This gives us a view of the four fine arches which originally supported the tower, but which are now contracted by the insertion of interior arches of a later date, in order to add strength to the edifice.

The south-west transept, until a comparatively recent date, was cut off from the tower by a plaster wall, and used as a workshop and receptacle for lumber

and materials; but it has now been carefully and judiciously restored. The architectural details of this part of the cathedral are worthy of special notice, and the exquisite forms of the arches and their mouldings must attract the attention of every educated eye.

On entering the nave itself, the visitor is struck with the great length and also with the height of the cathedral. The view from the western end is very grand, the tower rising above a series of lofty Norman arches; the south-west transept on the right, rich with its arcades of graceful intersecting arches. In front, the long vista looking eastwards, including the nave, and beyond it the octagon and the choir, with the eastern window at the furthest point. The nave itself is ample in size, but far from richly adorned; its length is comprised in twelve bays, divided by pillars alternating in size and pattern. The arches are somewhat higher than semicircular, and therefore light for Norman work, and the upper tiers of arches are more graceful still. Over the aisle on each side runs a triforium, giving access to the upper tier of windows or clerestory; the roof is open to the view. The side aisles are in harmony with the nave; a range of small semicircular arches and pilasters runs along under the windows, which have all been filled with painted glass within the last quarter of a century. The vaulting of the aisles is plain; and it is the original Norman work. A doorway under the fourth window in the south aisle, formerly the prior's entrance from the



cloisters, is beautifully carved on the exterior. Over the door stands a figure of the Saviour in a *vesica piscis*, with two attendant angels; and the mouldings and capitals are enriched with running foliage and curious medallions. In the north aisle is to be seen a plain space in the wall, through which formerly there was a way into the parish church of St. Cross. At the west end of the aisle is preserved a curious relic, being part of a stone cross older than any part of the cathedral itself. The roof of the nave was painted by the late Mr. L'Estrange, of Hunstanton, Norfolk, who bestowed many years of severe toil on the designing and execution of it. He had about half completed the task he had undertaken at his decease in 1862, when the work was continued by his friend, Mr. Gambier Parry. The nave itself is now repaved and inlaid with marble.

The octagon, however, as the central tower is called, which springs at the conjunction of the nave, choir, and transepts, is the glory of the cathedral. It is a wonderful example of the way in which the skill of our mediæval church architects triumphed over difficulties which would have crushed the energies of most modern church builders. This tower was originally square, but from the unequal pressure of the four parts of the church it gave way and fell eastwards, crushing in its fall the three adjoining arches, A.D. 1322; but, although the convent was busy on the erection of the Lady Chapel, the restoration of the

tower was at once undertaken by Alan de Walsingham, the Sacrist. The conception of the architect was original ; for, as Miller says, in his 'Description of Ely Cathedral,' p. 63, "By throwing the weight upon eight strong piers and arches instead of four, he has probably guarded against the recurrence of a similar accident ; at the same time, he has given more ample space, a more agreeable form, and more scope for embellishment, which is, however, most judiciously confined within such limits as not to interfere with sober and impressive grandeur. It is not equilateral ; there are four longer and four shorter sides, alternate and respectively equal. Four lofty arches, in the four longer sides, open into the four principal parts of the church ; alternately with these, in the four shorter sides, are as many more, much lower, opening obliquely into the aisles above and below the transept. The arches are all supported by elegant clustered and conjoined columns, and their capitals are wreaths of flowers and foliage. Above the key-stone of each of the high arches there is, or rather was, a whole-length sitting figure, probably of some saint ; but even this seemingly inaccessible situation did not protect these figures from malicious injury, all having been defaced or partially destroyed. No one can behold the octagon without admiring the skill which has suspended rather than supported a very heavy timber roof over so wide an area without a pillar ; and a fine effect is produced by the great quantity of light let

down from above." The restoration of this feature of the Cathedral, on its old lines, was one of the last works of the late lamented architect, Sir Gilbert Scott.

The transepts are the oldest parts of the Cathedral, being portions of Abbot Simeon's first works, in A.D. 1081. Both transepts have a middle aisle and also side aisles. It is almost needless to add that they are Norman in plan and detail. One part of the north transept is used as a sort of vestibule to the Lady Chapel, which runs parallel to the choir, though quite detached from it. In the south transept is the library belonging to the Dean and Chapter.

Of the eastern portion of the Cathedral, or choir, the first three arches are in the decorated style ; they were erected by Bishop Hotham about the same time as the octagon ; and the style of both the arches and the ornamentation is, as might be expected from the position and the date, far more elaborate than anything to be seen in the nave. The absence of a Bishop's throne is a marked feature in this Cathedral ; the reason being that when the abbacy was changed into a bishopric, the Bishop took the "Abbot's" place, the Dean retaining that of the "Prior." The seat of the Bishop is canopied, and it stands on the right as we enter the choir, that of the Dean being on the left. The ancient stalls, with their canopies, still stand as they did when first erected by Bishop Hotham ; and they harmonize admirably with the newer works. "The organ stands in a position differing from that of any

other in England, though not unusual in Continental Cathedrals. The pedal and swell organs are placed in the 'triforium,' on the north side, while the great organ, and the choir organ beneath it, project in front of the eastern arch of Hotham's work, resting on an overhanging chamber behind the stalls." \* The six arches eastward, added by Hugh Northwold, the eighth Bishop, in 1235, form an admirable specimen of Early English work. The east end of the church itself is very beautiful; it comprises two tiers of lights, the lower consisting of three tall lancet windows, while above are five smaller windows of the same shape. The altar and reredos, or altar-screen of porphyry and coloured marbles, inlaid with precious stones, were given to the cathedral about a quarter of a century ago, by Mr. J. D. Gardner, as a memorial to his wife. The floor of the choir has been relaid with marble, combined with Minton's encaustic tiles; nearly all the windows of the fabric have been filled with the richest of painted glass; and the noble tombs of Bishops Northwold, Hotham, Redmayne, Kilkenny, and Barnet are such as to add much to the dignity and ornament of this portion of the fabric. There are many recumbent and other monuments in the side aisles of the choir, and also some very beautiful brasses, both ancient and modern; but this paper has already extended to such a length that I must content myself with recording the fact. The Lady Chapel,

\* Hill's 'Handbook to the Cathedral Church of Ely,' p. 39.

now used as the parish church of the Holy Trinity, is a very beautiful building, and quite original in its character, being square in ground plan, and enriched with sculpture of the Decorated period ; but to describe it in detail within our allotted limits would be simply impossible.

The conventual and monastic buildings dating from the days of the Normans, and which adjoin the cathedral on the south-west and south-east, and the lovely, undulating, park-like close which stretches away to the south, both claim and invite our attention ; but the words of Horace come into my mind, "*inclinare meridiem sentis*" ; and I find that I must hasten down the old-fashioned street, with its rugged foot-pavement and quaint old-world cottages, to the railway station, if I wish to catch the train which is to convey me to Cambridge in time to dine with my friend the antiquarian Fellow of Trinity in his College Hall, and where I am promised, *inter alia*, a dish of those eels, for which the Cam is famous, and which, they tell me, gave its name to the city of Ely, or "Eely," though I would not answer for the soundness of the derivation.

*HALNAKER AND BOXGROVE.*

SOME four miles north-east from Chichester, and upon the southern side of the great natural defence formed by that wall of Downs running from Eastbourne to Portsdown and skirting Goodwood, lies the fine old park of Halnaker, in which stand the ruins of the ancient manor once the home of the Delawares. Like all baronial residences of an early date, its site occupies a commanding position, overlooking the great plain stretching from Portsmouth to Brighton, and having the ocean for its southern boundary. Upon the north rise the Downs, on the other side of which lies Petworth, while eastward is Goodwood, and westward are the masses of forest which hem in old Slindon House.

With such accessories as these, wedded as they are to its own unrivalled beauty, the painter and lover of the picturesque would find it difficult to light upon a fairer spot for labour or admiration. Here the changing foliage, starting forth from the dark back-ground

of evergreen, oak, pine, and yew, lights up the dying year with a veritable blushing smile, as if it would remind us that although we are one year older, we are one year nearer the great fruition of all hope and labour. That portion of the park which was more especially called the Home Park, presents a fair, smooth slope, surrounded by elms, beeches, and Spanish chestnuts, of a magnificent growth. Six of these chestnuts, forming the old avenue, measure from 18 to 20 feet in girth two yards from the ground. The elms and beeches are perfect studies for the artist.

The avenue, which probably skirted the lower portion of the park, had two entrances, both meeting in front of the principal gateway, up to which leads a straight avenue, bordered by Spanish chestnut trees. The house itself is of very ancient date, having been granted by Henry I., together with the neighbouring priory of Boxgrove, to Robert de Haia, as a royal dowry. The St. Johns of Staunton obtained it, and again lost it by marriage, Elizabeth St. John carrying it to Sir Thomas West, Lord Delaware, well known to students of the time of bluff king Hal—who it seems so highly appreciated the beauty of the place and the enormous outlay made by Lord Delaware, that a royal exchange was commanded, and Boxgrove and Halnaker passed to the Crown. They were thus held, until Elizabeth, in the twenty-ninth year of her reign, granted the estate to Sir John Morley, whose

descendant, Mary Morley, in 1708, married James, Earl of Derby. At her death the estate passed to her kinsman, Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, by whom it was sold, in 1766, to the Duke of Richmond.

From that time the old house began to suffer decay, until about fifty years ago it was deemed advisable to pull down a portion of it, leaving only the outer walls, which now, mantled by ivy, form a most picturesque ruin. The house itself, in the days of its magnificence, must have covered a large space, and its plan may still be traced in a great measure, though the main body of the building alone remains. This has a fine gateway, originally flanked by octangular towers, having greater corner towers at a considerable distance. The form is a square; the spacious court within was surrounded by the various portions of the dwelling, the windows of the principal apartments being of the sort then peculiar to baronial residences, and ornamented with fine mullions and rich carving.

When I visited Boxgrove, now some ten or twelve years ago, I was fortunate enough to fall in with an ancient dame, who, having been "born and brought up" upon the place, could give me—partly from memory (she owned to 80), partly from hearsay—a pretty fair description of what had existed within the last hundred years. She pointed out to me the spot where her mother, in hunting for firewood, found a box of papers and deeds belonging to the Morleys,



for which lucky chance the old lady and her husband obtained a life pension, and their daughter, my informant, still enjoys a cottage of the "Duke's," rent free, together with a pension.

During the period while the Manor was in the royal possession, we find that its lower apartments were found useful as dungeons, and that a number of "heretics," taken from among the citizens of Chichester, were carried thither and confined; until fearing the fact would become known to Edward VI. on the occasion of a royal visit which he made to Halnaker, Bishop Gardiner removed them, first to Arundel, and thence for safer keeping to his immediate presence at Winchester, from which place they were again brought back to Halnaker when the king had departed, and finally taken thence to suffer their final doom of the stake and faggot at Chichester during the reign of Mary. Lord William Lennox has woven into one of the *Annals* a pretty legend of love and tourney in connection with this visit of Edward VI.

Boxgrove Priory was so inseparably connected with the history of Halnaker, that a few words descriptive of its antiquarian interest will, I think, be acceptable. The priory was founded by the same Robert de Haia to whom Halnaker was granted. It was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and St. Blase for three monks of the Benedictine order. It was increased to fifteen monks in the reign of King Stephen, but this number was again reduced before the suppression.

When Edward took possession of the alien priories, Boxgrove was permitted the privilege of being what was called "indigena," or denizen, thereby obtaining its independence and retaining its endowments. Of the ancient conventual buildings, the church and refectory alone remain, the remainder having been taken down to erect a farm-house; and the site was so completely obliterated, that it is impossible now even to trace the ground-plan. The refectory, until the time of the present rector, formed a portion of a barn and rickyard; but now, thanks to an improved ecclesiastical and antiquarian taste, these evidences of the age have been cleared away, and the quaint old ruin left in peace, forming, as seen side by side with the church, an object of no small beauty.

"It is probable," says the local historian, Dallaway, "that the ancient parochial church was the nave, which from its remains was evidently of a higher era than the choir, preserved by Lord Delaware, and given for the service of the parishioners, which was done in many instances by the purchasers of the monastic sites, instead of pulling down the chapels to sell the materials. At this time the choir and semi-transepts, with the central tower, are perfect. The nave retains a low arcade only, left as a ruin, and the small chapter-house at the end of the north transept may be traced. A doorway, with three Norman arches, opened into the cloister, which extended to the refectory and the habitation of the monks; the tower is very low above

the roof, which has windows and a general form resembling Winchester Cathedral."

The portion now used as the parish church consists of a nave, chancel, and two aisles. The south transept is imperfect, and is curiously ceiled with a flat frame of timber. A doorway, with Norman arches, opened into a cloister, which extended to the refectory and to the apartments of the monks. The dividing arcades are in the form of low pointed arches, resting upon circular pillars, having above an ambulatory lighted by open triforia. The eastern window has three long lights, internally separated by marble shafts, while externally it has the nail-head-moulding. This window is now a very interesting and beautiful ornament, having been recently filled with a magnificent stained glass memorial to the late Duke of Richmond, the spontaneous tribute of the tenantry upon the Goodwood estate. In the choir there are a number of curious monuments, and a very grand and beautiful chantry chapel, erected for the celebration of masses by Lord Delaware, and now used as a family seat by his Grace of Richmond. The proportions and chaste appearance of the interior render it independent of any ornament; and having been thoroughly restored, it may now challenge all the country churches of England for beauty, internally at the least.

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